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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—O'Neill's domestic comedy of innocence at the turn of the century is so charming, so funny, and so firmly crafted that all it needs is a passable performance. Several members of the company assembled by the Roundabout for its pleasant production are considerably better than passable, notably Philip Bosco as the father of the family that the play is about; Scott Burkholder as his moonstruck, bookish middle son; Robert Nichols as his bibulous brother-in-law; and Laurinda Barrett as his spinster sister. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2 Closes Sunday, July 24.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Doug McKeon as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by John Rubinstein and Michael Moriarty, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A spirited revival of the late Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. Mr. Houseman himself tells as a prologue the dramatic story of the show's original opening in 1937, with Mr. Blitzstein alone onstage at the piano. The actor-singers, notably Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

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Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. Previews Wednesday through Friday, July 20-22, at 8; Saturday, July 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 24, at 2. Opens officially Sunday evening, July 24. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols takes a long look at suburban adultery and finds it partly comic and partly tragic, as who has not? Well acted by a cast that includes Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Women's Series: Four New Black Playwrights—Joyce Walker-Joseph's **GAMES:** Wednesday, July 20, at 7 (opening), and Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, at 7. . . . ¶ Nubia Kai's **PARTING:** Thursday, July 21, at 9 (opening), and Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, at 9. . . . ¶ Pearl Cleage's **HOSPICE:** Friday, July 22, at 7 (opening), and Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, at 7. . . . ¶ Risë Collins' **INCANDESCENT TONES:** Saturday, July 23, at 9 (opening), and Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, at 9. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes Sunday, Aug. 7.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, Ellis Rabb, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Birney, Mark Hamill, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,664 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—A two-week engagement. Wednesday, July 20, and Saturday, July 23, at 2 and 8: "Proust—Les Intermittences du Coeur." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, at 8, and Saturday, July 30, at 2 and 8: "Notre Dame de Paris." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 25-26, at 8; Wednesday, July 27, at 2; and Friday, July 29, at 8: "Soirée Debussy," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "L'Arlésienne." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Synergic Theatre—Performances of "Birthday" and "Private Lives," by this company from Durham, North Carolina, appearing here for the first time. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, July 20-23, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, pianist **RON BURTON** will guide a quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** directs his band through Sunday, July 24; Monday, July 25, will be claimed by Carol Harris and Cindy Devereaux; and on Tuesday, July 26, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will bring in a quartet, featuring tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN.** Music from ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, Doug & the Slugs and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, O'Bryan and comic Marsha Warfield; Monday through Wednesday, July 25-27, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Dennis Bouellie & the Dub Band; Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, Dr. Demento. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The piano-bass duos: Through Saturday, July 23, **HUGH LAWSON** and **CALVIN HILL,** and Monday through Saturday, July 25-30, **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five.

roadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays from eleven to two, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio. Dining.

afé Pierrre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, July 20, Get Lost, Modern Pioneers, and Rock Phonics; Thursday, July 21, the Cowans, Mother May I, and Kammermusik; Friday, July 22, the Drongoes and Limbo District; Saturday, July 23, the Roustabouts, Ned Sublette, Never Never, and Standing Waves; and Tuesday, July 26, Connie & the Linguistics, Section 8, Accardiac Arrest, and Whirling Dervishes. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

ookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**TEDDY WILSON,** the pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday, is still pretty wonderful, and he's being discovered by a whole new generation of listeners. He's here every night but Sunday, when pianist Ronnell Bright performs. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

agle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, July 20, John Roberts & Tony Barrand; Saturday, July 23, the Gridlock String Band; Tuesday, July 26, the Paton Family Band; Wednesday, July 27, Liz Carroll; and Saturday, July 30, Diamonds in the Rough. Music from nine Wednesdays and Saturdays, and from eight on Tuesdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, July 24, has been set aside for Danny D'Imperio's quintet, which will begin at about nine-fifteen. Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The lineup: Through Sunday, July 24, two real bluesy saxophonists, **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and **HANK CRAWFORD;** starting Tuesday, July 26, Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings jazz standards—Brazilian and American—and an occasional funky number in a cool, clear, uncolored voice. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, July 20, the Replacements and Great Plains; Thursday, July 21, Frank Maya; Friday, July 22, Tex Rubinowitz and Johnny Seaton; Saturday, July 23, the Harp Band; Sunday, July 24, comic Jane Brucker; Monday, July 25, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, July 26, **GEORGE GERDES,** Bernie Shanahan, Willie Nininger, and others in a benefit performance; Thursday, July 28, Deidre McCalla and Jan Greenwald; and Friday, July 29, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band. Music from about nine.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, and Sunday, July 24, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, singer Billy T. Scott; Monday and Tuesday, July 25-26, bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts; Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, singer Irene Datcher; and Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, singer Val Eley. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio occupies the tiny bandstand Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**JOHN EATON,** a mainstream-type player who is known as "the best pianist in Washington, D.C.," performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, July 24-25, **DILL JONES** will control the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON MC CLURE** Tuesdays through Saturdays, and the Sunday-and Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, July 20, Tex-Mex virtuoso accordionist **FLACO JIMENEZ, PETER ROWAN,** Tex Logan, and Willie & Annie Nininger; Thursday, July 21, Lonnie Mack; Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire and Saddle Tramp; Sunday, July 24, the Bill Dicey band; Wednesday, July 27, **MEMPHIS SLIM** and Dave Keyes; Thursday, July 28, the Mamas & the Papas and Scioto County; and Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, Blackwater and Peach Fish Pie. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Lots of groups: Eddie Allen's quintet on Wednesday, July 20; hard-boppers **BILL HARDMAN,** on trumpet, **JUNIOR COOK,** on tenor saxophone, and their quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23; pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay on Tuesday, July 26; drummer **BILLY HART** and a trio on Wednesday, July 27; and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW'S** quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

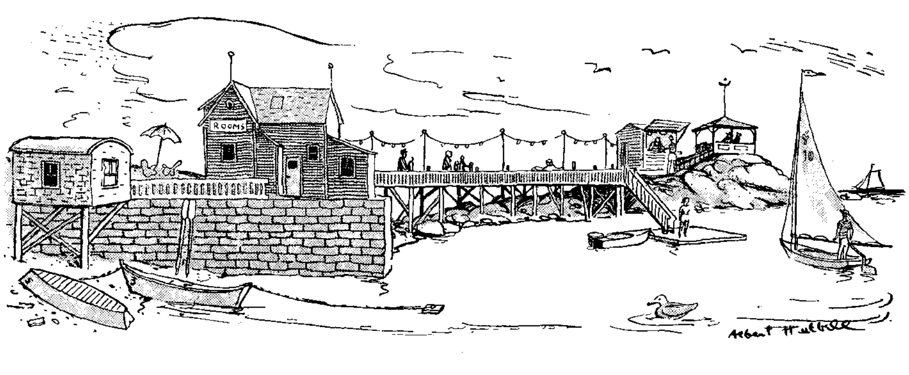
Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** perhaps the best vocal duo in jazz, are appearing Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JON HENDRICKS** is here singing with a backing crew and other singers Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, jazz singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, gospel and pop singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, July 20, Steve Postel, Cody Lee & Walk, and Strate A's; Thursday, July 21, the Roustabouts, the Sharps, and the Backbones; Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, the **PERSUASIONS** and Jae Mason; Monday, July 25, Squeaky Clean; Tuesday, July 26, comedian David Heenan; Wednesday, July 27, Street the Beat and the George Theiss band; and Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, Melanie. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which func-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, July 22, Violent Femmes; Saturday, July 30, Waitresses. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**sy oliver,** *chief arranger for and trum*peter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music *begins at seven. Dining.*

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, July 21, Madonna and Run DMC; Friday, July 22; You and Urban Blight; Saturday, July 23, the Rockats; Monday, July 25, Urban Blight; Thursday, July 28, Meatloaf; and Friday, July 29, Donnie Iris. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, July 20, Rock Wilk; Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, **deuce,** an R. & B. outfit co-piloted by **jean fineberg** and **ellen seeling;** Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, saxophonist **bob mintzer;** Tuesday, July 26, the Everyman Band; and Wednesday, July 27, pianist **phil markowitz.** Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesdays Clive Stevens; Thursday, July 21, Vinicius Cantusria; Friday, July 22, and Saturday, July 30, **loremil machado & the sarava bahia band;** Saturday, July 23, and Friday, July 29, **pé-de-boi;** Tuesday, July 26, Edison Machado; and Wednesday, July 27, Cigano. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trombonist **craig harris** leads his quintet through Saturday, July 23; on Tuesday, July 26, alto saxophonist and blues singer **eddie (cleanhead) vinson** will bring in his band. Sundays are given over to Brazilian jazz with **thiago de mello & amazon,** and Mondays are devoted to the music of **gil evans** and his young, vivacious big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for exuberant audiences: on July 25, **luis (perico) ortiz** will trade sets with **larry harlow** and his **orquesta** and the guest soloist will be tenor saxophonist **chico freeman.** Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, will belong to **mongo santamaria** and the **chico hamilton** sextet. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **daphne hellman** performs on Tuesdays from nine, and **junior mance** and **marty rivera** play piano-bass duets Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a *jazz club.* **jack wilson's east/west coalition** is present through Sunday, July 24; on Tuesday, July 26, pianist **hank jones** and tenor saxophonist **warne marsh** will take up with bassist **george mraz** and drummer **bob durham.** Mondays, the **mel lewis** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Drummer **grady tate** and pianist **mike renzi** wind up their visit on Sunday, July 24, and on Tuesday, July 26, tenor saxophonist **buddy tate,** pianist **ray bryant,** and bassist **george duvivier** will move in. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Barry Olsen has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **george kelly** and his **jazz sultans** work out through Friday, July 22; Saturday, July 23, will be reserved for the Shelbo Jump Band; on Sunday, July 24, pianist **dick katz** and his quartet will have the floor; and saxophonist-vocalist **earle warren** will bring in his quintet, the **countsmen,** on Monday, July 25. Music from about nine.

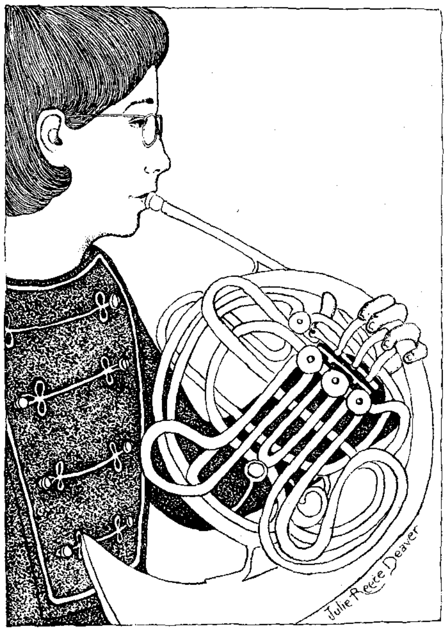
Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts team up through Saturday, July 23; on Monday, July 25, pianist **joe albany** and bassist Jeff Fuller will come in for six nights. **john bunch** and **phil flanigan** handle the piano-bass duties on Sundays. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Donald Byrd—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 9:30, 12:30, and 2:30.

David Bowie—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday through Wednesday, July 25-27, at 7:45.

A Flock of Seagulls—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 28, at 8.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Jan Groth—Drawings in which a vibrant black line traverses a white field, and large tapestries in which the design is white and the ground a rich black. Through Friday, July 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mati Klarwein—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through Friday, July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

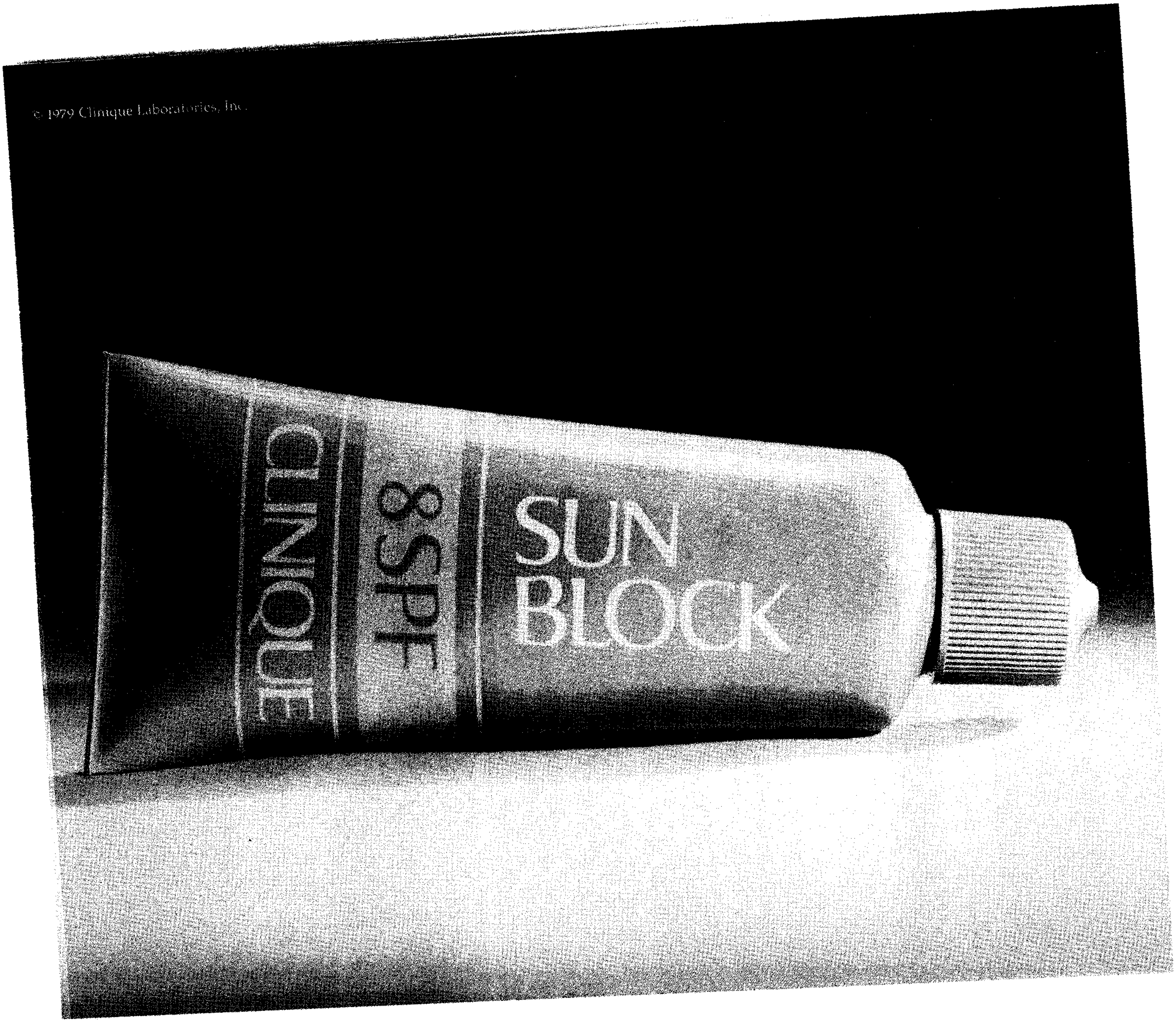
Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through Friday, July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Large watercolors of nudes done in his characteristic closeup, impersonal style. Through Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. A Pearlstein retrospective is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

Andrea Zakin—Emblematic paintings in oils and paint sticks. Through Tuesday, July 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Creative Time—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer: At **battery park city,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts., Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On July 24, at 6:30: Richard Flood (a theatre-dance piece). (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to Mr. Flood's performance is five dollars.) . . . **art in the anchorage,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn, ten art installations designed by R. M. Fischer, Jane Greengold, Suzan Pitt, and others, for an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ala,** 32 W. 20th St.: Five young Roman artists, among them Bruno Ceccobelli and Gianni Dessì, showing paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 15. . . . **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The annual Old Master print show, strong on Rembrandts (fourteen out of a total of three hundred plus). Through Aug. 5. . . . **bonnier,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolitó, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: The use of color is the common denominator in these paintings by gallery—and other—artists; included in the group are Eugene Brodsky, Vera Klement, and Adja Yunkers. Through Aug. 10. . . . **marisa del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects, by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Friday, July 29. . . .



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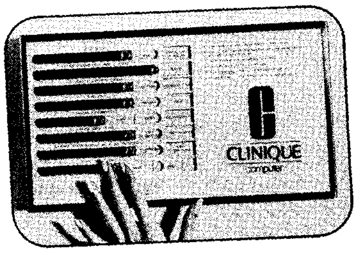

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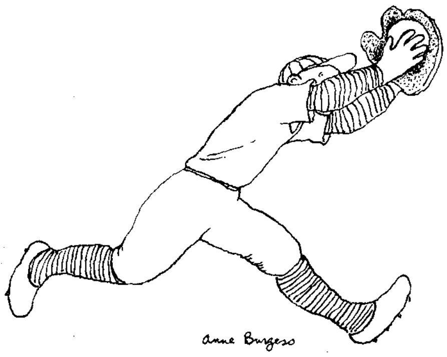
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through Saturday, July 30. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, on American painting from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, L'il Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ Programs of animated films are shown Mondays through Thursdays at 11:30, 12:30, and 1:30, and Fridays at 11:30 and 1; the programs change from day to day, but not from week to week. Through Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works that are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PROTETCH MC NEIL,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Large-scale sculptures by Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and four others. Through Sept. 2. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63rd St.: A hundred and fifty or so original drawings from the comic strips that everybody read from the twenties through the sixties—Krazy Kat, Maggie and Jiggs, the Katzenjammer Kids, Steve Canyon, Flash Gordon, and all the rest. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Included in a group show by five artists are two fantasy landscapes, one in papier-mâché sculpture, by Arch Connelly, and the other, by David Humphrey, contrived from a velvet hanging picked up on Fourteenth Street and worked over in paint. Through Thursday, July 28. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Lucio Pozzi organized this exhibit, in which nine artists (Michael Hurson, Susanna Tanger, for instance) have paintings and sculptures. Through Friday, July 22. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: "Painting in General," a show of works by Esteban Vicente, Budd Hopkins, Susan Crile, and others. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.)



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¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ESTHER BUBLEY—Prints from the forties (some of Texas and Central Park), plus a selection from her series on children. Through Saturday, July 30. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

RUTH ORKIN AND MICHAEL GEORGE—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

JOE STEINMETZ / LOU STOUMEN—Photographs of debutante gatherings and the like on Philadelphia's Main Line in the thirties and forties juxtaposed with more recent prints of Tupperware parties—and the like—in South Florida. / Black-and-white photographs documenting Times Square in the past forty years. Through Aug. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs on loan from the National Gallery of Art, and selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St.: Prints by eleven photographers who live and teach in Georgia, Florida, or South Carolina. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: The sixth annual show of X-rated (mostly) photographs of nudes. George Platt Lynes, Robert Mapplethorpe, Charles Gatewood, and Arthur Tress are some of the artists. Through Friday, July 29. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through Friday, July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A mounting of eleventh- to eighteenth-century Chinese paintings, offering major artists and themes, especially landscapes and Buddhist figures. Most of the eighty-plus works come from the permanent collections. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio, together with the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting he left unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Starts Thursday, July 21. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one o postwar works by long-established artists or the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tâpies the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at th Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece o a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is th title for a show of nearly sixty works; th artists range from, among others, Carl Andr and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynd Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) t David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Pai (eighties). Frank Stella is represented b paintings from both the early and late camps . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistori bowls found in the Southwest which show tha good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge afte 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearstein offers more than a hundred painting and drawings. Through Sept. 18. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumki Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A selection prints and drawings acquired for the museu by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of th artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, an Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A divers show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—An array of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through Saturday, July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-four Pennsylvania Amish quilts in which all the classic geometric patterns (and many variations) are represented. Through Sept. 18. Complementary shows, under the auspices of the museum, are at City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle (Indiana Amish quilts); and at the Equitable Building, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St. (Amish crib quilts). (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that re-creates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, 10 to 5, Thursdays, 10 to 8, Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera (At the time of going to press, no performances are taking place because of a breakdown in labor negotiations. We list the operas because they may resume at any time.)—Wednesday, July 20, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Jerry Hadley, Stephen Dickson, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Leigh Munro, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Marianna Christos, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 1: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Jerry Hadley, Stephen Dickson, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 7: "La Fanciulla del West," with Marilyn Zschau, Harry Theyard, Frederick Burchinal, and James Javore; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 26, at 8: "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Deborah Darr, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 27, and Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, at 8: "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28, at 8, and Saturday, July 30, at 2: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Deborah Darr, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 20: John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21: The Beaux Arts Trio, with Bruno Giuranna, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, July 25, and Wednesday, July 27: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 26: Jean-Pierre Rampal, conductor and flutist; Charles Haupt, violin; John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord; and members of the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, in a program of music by Vivaldi, Haydn, Bach, Stamitz, and Telemann. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28: Eugenia Zukerman and Mr. Rampal, flute; Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Mr. Ritter, in a program of music by J. C. Bach, Rameau, C. P. E. Bach, Vivaldi, and Devienne. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

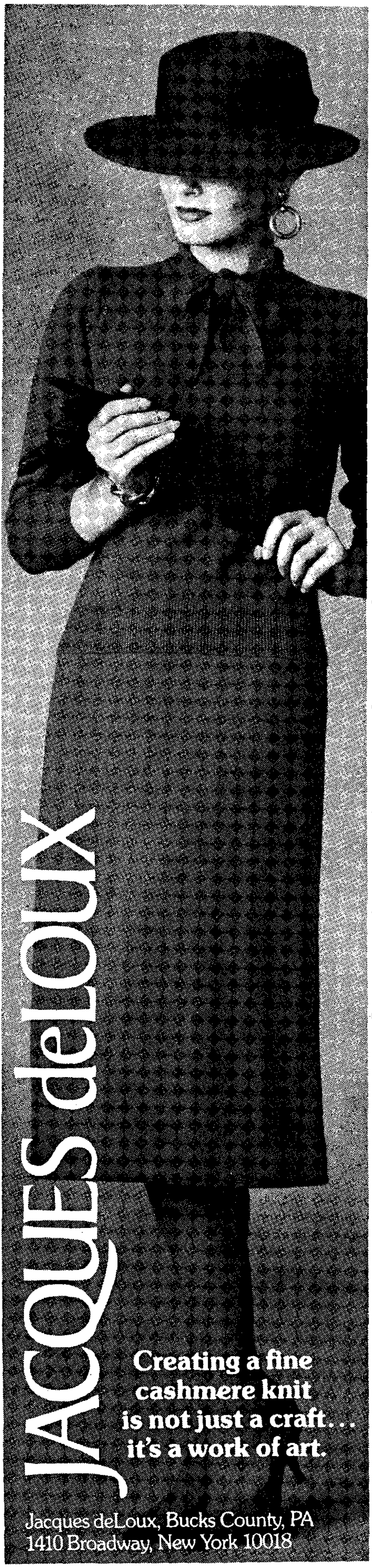
IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood, piano and harpsichord, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 7: András Schiff, piano, in a Mozart-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 9: André Previn directing the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Haydn-Walton program, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Schiff. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting the Boston Symphony in a Handel-Haydn program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon, baritone, and André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Bruckner program, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and the men of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Mr. Luxon; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms-Dvořák program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 21, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Jonathan Feldman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8:30: A piano recital by Paul Badura-Skoda. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Rameau-Haydn-Beethoven program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Anthony Newman, harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra in a Richard Strauss–Prokofieff program, with Mihaela Martin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 5:30: Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Eliot Fisk, guitar; and Elizabeth Mann, flute, in a program of Spanish songs. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday, July 20, at 8:15: "Celebration," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 2: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Celebration," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 8:15: "Agon," "Glass Pieces," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8:15: "Delibes Divertissement," "Agon," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Celebration," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:15: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, July 24, at 8:15: Peter Gabriel. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27, at 8:15: Lena Horne. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28, at 8:15: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 8:15: John Denver. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:15: Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 8:15: Asia. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '83—A five-week festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 7. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," a musical by Jack Eric Williams, and the Ballet Theatre de l'Arche, a company from France. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang," a drama-dance ritual from Bali. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 21, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and the Ballet Theatre de l'Arche. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 22, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **AT 8:30:** Compagnie Dominique Ba-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gouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie, two modern dance companies from France; Campagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse, two avant-garde dance companies from France; and "Calonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Chris Connor. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 23, AT 3:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie. . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, harpsichord, with assisting artists. . . . **AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 8:30:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie, Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse, and "Colonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Chris Connor. . . . **AT 10:30:** Maynard Ferguson. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 24, AT 3:** Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse; "Jack and the Beanstalk," by the Broque Opera Company; and "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 8:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie, Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse, and "Calonorang." . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 27-28, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and "Shakespeare and the Indians," a musical, with a book by Dale Wasserman, music by Allan Jay Friedman, and lyrics by Rob Preston and Rita Briggs. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 29, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **AT 11:** Walt Michael & Co. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 30, AT 3: THE OAKLAND BALLET. . . . AT 5 AND 7:** The John Herald Band. . . . **AT 6:** Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief," presented by the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York. . . . **AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," "The Old Maid and the Thief," and "Shakespeare and the Indians." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Oakland Ballet. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Walt Michael & Co. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 31, AT 3:** "Shakespeare and the Indians" and "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 6:** Grupo Aymara. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," "Shakespeare *and the Indians,*" *and* John O'Neal in "Don't Start Me to Talking or I'll Tell You Everything I Know." . . . **AT 8:** The Oakland Ballet. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 23: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet and Jazz Ensembles, Marta Renzi and Dancers, and Teodoro Morca. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 26-30: Nina Wiener and Dancers, as well as Michael Moschen, juggler. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; *Wednesdays and* Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday, July 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23, at 8, and Sunday, July 24, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, July 25-26, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 27, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 28, at 7:35; Friday, July 29, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 30, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Met players from the 1973 National League Championship team and other major-league players of the time).

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23, and the Sword Dancer Handicap, Sunday, July 24. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 27, through Monday, Aug. 22. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 27; the Test, Thursday, July 28; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, July 30. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 23, and the Amory L. Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Seattle. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 20, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 25-29, at noon and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 30, at 1; and finals Sunday, July 31, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

YACHTING—America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' observation trials, through Wednesday, July 27. . . . Challengers' (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) preliminary trials, through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 23.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **RICHARD III,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, July 21, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 31. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of Verdi productions. Wednesday, July 20, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Vanelli, soprano; Ronald Gattis, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 27, at 8: "Giovanna d'Arco," with Juliana Gondek, soprano; Edward Perretti, tenor; and James Deitch, baritone.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in a program of music from Broadway shows. (Saturday, July 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Katherine Fink, flute, and David Jolley, horn. (Saturday, July 30, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN—A concert by Diana Ross. (Thursday, July 21, at 5:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Paul Dunkel conducting the Festival Orchestra and playing the flute in a program of music by J. S. and C. P. E. Bach, with Gerald Ranck, harpsichord, and Henry Schuman, oboe. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 26, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 29, at 8: Betty Carter. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8: The James Moody quartet. (East River at Fulton St.)

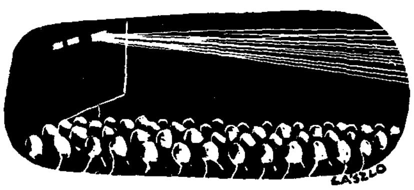
MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Friday, July *22: The* Animals. . . . ¶ Saturday, July *23:* Tennis/Rock '83, with John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, and Friends. . . . ¶ Monday, July 25: Tina Turner, David Johansen, and the Dragons. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 27: Joan Armatrading and Jules Shear. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: Jaco Pastorius Word of Mouth, Lenny White, and Michal Urbaniak. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: America and Renaissance. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

WALKING TOUR—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, starting at Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

BROOKLYN BRIDGE CENTENNIAL—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the Brooklyn Bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 9:15 and 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Neige" (directed by Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger; in French), with Berto.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Gandhi" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 21: "Liana" (John Sayles); and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie and Marlene Dietrich.
July 22-28: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From July 29: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 21: "Now and Forever" (Adrian Carr), with Cheryl Ladd.
July 22-28: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.
From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman III" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Octopussy" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver; and "I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante. July 22-28: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton. From July 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Grey Fox" (Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth.
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gandhi" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Octopussy" (†). From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Now and Forever" (Adrian Carr), with Cheryl Ladd. From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Trading Places" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 21: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
From July 22: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 28: "WarGames" (†).
From July 29: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 21: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser.
From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Superman III" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "God's Angry Man" (1980; directed by Werner Herzog); and "Huie's Sermon" (1980; Werner Herzog).
Theatre 2: July 20: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). July 21-23: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes 'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). July 24-25: "Murmur of the Heart" (†) and "Forbidden Games" (†). July 26: "L'Avventura" (†) and "La Grande Illusion" (†). July 27: "The Threepenny Opera" (†) and "M" (†). July 28-29: "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos); and "Earth Entranced" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From July 30: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From July 22: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey), with Isabelle Huppert. From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†).
From July 29: "Blue Skies Again."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†). No evening performance on Wednesday, July 20.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 21: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From July 22: "Children of Paradise" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 21: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From July 22: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton. (No performances on Tuesday, July 26.)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 28: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 29: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Puberty Blues" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From July 27: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: A Woody Allen festival.
Theatre 2: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From July 29: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Gandhi" (†). From July 29: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 28: "WarGames" (†). From July 29: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 28: "Superman III" (†). From July 29: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†). From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 28: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†). From July 29 (tentative): "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).
Theatre 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 21: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Now and Forever" (Adrian Carr), with Cheryl Ladd. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: "The Survivors" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. From July 22: "Screwballs."

Theatre 5: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.

Theatre 6: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 21: "Screwballs."
From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver; and "I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Now and Forever" (Adrian Carr), with Cheryl Ladd. From July 22: "Heartbreaker."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 20: "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970; the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones.
July 21: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
July 22-23: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
July 24-25: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

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July 26: "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Iphigenia" (1977; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas and Costa Kazakos.
July 27: "Madame Rosa" (†); and "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.
July 28: "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Mimsy Farmer.
July 29-30: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 21: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.
July 22-23: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . . " (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
July 24-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider); and "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.
July 27-28: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.
July 29-30: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "The Killing" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 20: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
July 21: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (1982; Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and Ricardo Montalban; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
July 22-23: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz).
July 24: "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson, Nigel Terry, and Paul Geoffrey; and "Clash of the Titans" (1981; Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
July 25: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
July 26: "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
July 27: "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, and Susan Sarandon; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
July 28: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta; and "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.
July 29-30: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Magic" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 20: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
July 21-23: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Tim" (1981; Michael Pate; an Australian film), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.
July 24-25: "The Devils" (†) and "Lisztomania" (†).
July 26-27: "Cat Ballou" (†) and "Goin' South" (†).
July 28-30: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 21: "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), "Magnum Force" (1973; Ted Post), and "The Enforcer" (1976; James Fargo), all with Clint Eastwood.
July 22-23: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro.
July 24: "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (1964; Anthony Mann), with Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, James Mason, and Christopher Plummer.
July 25-26: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), about The Band; and "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary.
July 27-28: "That'll Be the Day" (1973; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr; and "Stardust" (†).
July 29-30: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, and Lesley Ann Warren; and "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
July 20: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi.
July 21: "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell.
July 22: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).
July 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.

July 24: "Romeo and Juliet" (†); and "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

July 25: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "Ragtime" (1981; Milŏs Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rollins, Jr.

July 26: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan.

July 27: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

July 28: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (†).

July 29: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

July 30: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 21: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" (1975; Melvin Frank), with Jack Lemmon and Anne Bancroft.

July 22-23: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant.

July 24-25: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

July 26-27: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "The Matchmaker" (1958; Joseph Anthony), with Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, Shirley MacLaine, Paul Ford, Robert Morse, and Wallace Ford.

July 28-30: "Ziegfeld Girl" (†) and "Morning Glory" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 20: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954/56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 21: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Pajama Game" (1957; George Abbott and Stanley Donen), with Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy.

July 22-23: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Garde à Vue" (1982; Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

July 24: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

July 25: A program of cartoons.

July 26: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Blume in Love" (†).

July 27: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Bandits on the Wind" (1961; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).

July 28: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "Gung Ho!" (1944; Ray Enright), with Randolph Scott.

July 29-30: "Fitzcarraldo" (†) and "Burden of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 20: "The Shopworn Angel" (1938; H. C. Potter), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, and Hattie McDaniel; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, William Tracy, and Van Johnson.

July 21: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, and Elsa Lanchester; and "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

July 22-23: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 24: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

July 25: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (†).

July 26: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (†).

July 27: "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn; and "Without Love" (†).

July 28: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad" (1967; Richard Quine), with Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse.

July 29-30: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, Laird Cregar, and Robert Preston; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—July 21 at 2:30: "Retour à l'Aube" (1938; directed by Henri Decoin; in French, with no English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux. . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "Vénus Aveugle" (1941; Abel Gance; in French, with no English subtitles), with Viviane Romance and Georges Flamant. . . . ¶ July 22 at noon: "Le Patriote" (1938; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Josette Day, and Pierre Renoir. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Remorques" (1941; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Madeleine Renaud. . . . ¶ July 23 at noon: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film, with English intertitles), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "Le Corbeau" (1943; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Ginette Leclerc, and Micheline Francey. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5: "La Fille du Puisatier" (1940; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Fernandel, and Josette Day. . . . ¶ July 24 at noon: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "L'Eternel Retour" (1943; Jean Delannoy; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Marais and Madeleine Sologne. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942; Marcel Carné; in French, with English subtitles), with Arletty, Alain Cuny, Marie Déa, and Jules Berry. . . . ¶ July 25 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Monsieur Coccinelle" (1938; Dominique Bernard-Deschamps; in French, with no English subtitles), with Pierre Larquey. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Vénus Aveugle." . . . ¶ July 26 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41." . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "La Fille du Puisatier." . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "L'Homme de Londres" (1943; Henri Decoin; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Ledoux and Jules Berry. . . . ¶ July 28 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41." . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "Les Visiteurs du Soir." . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (1943; Abel Gance; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Gravey and Assia Noris. . . . ¶ July 29 at noon: "Les Grandes Illusions: 1939-41." . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "L'Eternel Retour." . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "La Main du Diable" (1943; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ July 30 at noon: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "L'Assassin Habite à 21" (1942; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ July 30 at 5: "Les Inconnus dans la Maison" (1942; Henri Decoin; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd. (570-3949)—July 20: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, William Holden, and Sessue Hayakawa. . . . ¶ July 21: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Una Merkel, Pamela Tiffin, and Rita Moreno. . . . ¶ July 22: "Murder by Death" (1976; Robert Moore), with Alec Guinness, Peter Falk, Peter Sellers, and Truman Capote. . . . ¶ July 25: "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner, and Sue Lyon. . . . ¶ July 26: "The Egyptian" (1954; Michael Curtiz), with Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Peter Ustinov, Gene Tierney, Jean Simmons, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ July 28: "Tennessee Williams's South" (1973; Harry Rasky), a documentary. (All showings at 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. Also with Dominique Blanchar. Cinematography by Aldo Scavarda, script by Elio Bartolini, Tonino Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 26.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde fu-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ture—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad; through July 28.)

BLUE THUNDER—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy.)

BLUME IN LOVE (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Thalia; July 26.)

BURDEN OF DREAMS—Les Blank's feature-length documentary on the making of Werner Herzog's "Fitzcarraldo" (see below) isn't a major work on its own, but it has an unusual effect: it makes "Fitzcarraldo" crumble in the memory—it merges with it. Blank shows more sensitivity in his shots of the Peruvian Indians than Herzog does, and Blank's footage of Herzog himself, standing and addressing the camera (though with eyes averted), is stronger than anything in "Fitzcarraldo." In these monologues, Herzog seems almost priggish in his dissociation from his own filmmaking methods; he speaks of the mammoth physical challenges he sets up as if they had been imposed on him—as if he had been cursed. He turns the production of a film into a mystic ordeal. (10/18/82) (Thalia; July 29-30.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (57th St. Playhouse).

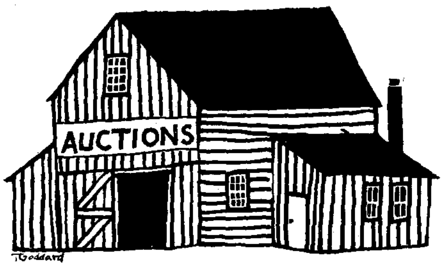
CAT BALLOU (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl (Jane Fonda) who turns train robber, a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight, Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone is ineptitude, coyly disguised. Adapted from Roy Chanslor's novel, by Walter Newman and Frank R. Pierson. With Stubby Kaye, John Marley, and Reginald Denny. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 26-27.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting July 22.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 24-25.)

DIVA (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudoscience at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 26.)



FANNY AND ALEXANDER—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

FITZCARRALDO—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Though the shots are lovely, they're held too long and they don't have the ghostly, kinky expressiveness of the great images that sustain one through the dragginess of "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. In some shots, the boat looks so fake it has to be the real thing. The sight that we wait for turns out to be a bust: when the ship is poised at the very top, it looks like a big toy. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. (For an account of its making, see "Burden of Dreams," also playing at the Thalia.) In German. (10/18/82) (Thalia; July 29-30.)

FLASHDANCE—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Coronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy ¶ Festival. No evening performances on Wednesday, July 20.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates; their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. This classic of the French postwar period was a commercial failure until it won the grand prize at Venice; it went on to international success. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Film Forum; July 24-25.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83)(New Embassy 49th Street.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, and D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 28.)

Goin' South (1978)—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's fatuous leering performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force, there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright, John Belushi (in his movie début), Christopher Lloyd, Richard Bradford, Luana Anders, Danny DeVito, and Ed Begley, Jr. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; script by an assortment of writers. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 26-27.)

La Grande Illusion (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearance. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Film Forum; July 26.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were juvenilia; this shrewdly worked out suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a race-track robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsia; Joe Sawyer; Vince Edwards; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted by the director, from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break;" cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Cinema Village; July 29-30.)

Lisztomania (1975)—In a couple of sequences, the picture erupts successfully, with a wholehearted, controlled, comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 24-25.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. (The tune Lorre whistles is the theme from Grieg's "Peer Gynt.") In German. (Film Forum; July 27.)

Madame Rosa (1978)—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament which may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 27.)

Magic (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but

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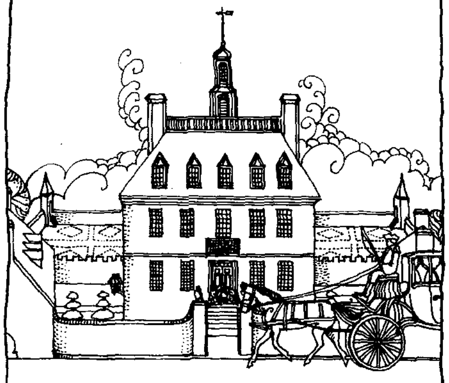

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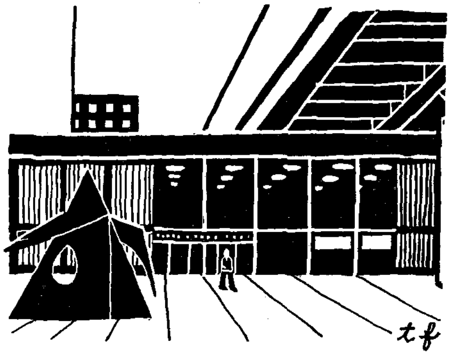
there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (8th St. Playhouse; July 29-30.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Thalia; July 24.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as Eva Lovelace—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. (The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg.) (Regency; July 28-30.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954 at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Though the movie itself reveals the sources of Malle's humor, this story probably wouldn't have been nearly so funny or, perhaps, so affectionate if Malle had told it fifteen years earlier. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother; Clara is shamelessly loose and free, and she's loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. The story moves toward its supremely logical yet imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French. (Film Forum; July 24-25.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "La Grande Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)



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La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Gemini; through July 21.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. Tracy, who plays a sports promoter (with a streets-of-the-big-city accent—"cherce" for "choice") has a lighter, funnier tone than in the other Tracy-Hepburn pictures. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer, William Ching, Jim Backus, Phyllis Povah, Sammy White, Chuck Connors, Charles Bronson, and Don Budge. George Cukor directed—beautifully. It's as close to perfect as you'd want it to be. (Metro Cinema; July 28.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Loews Paramount; through July 21.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 28.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli goes in for strenuous knockabout stuff—for brawling, cavorting young men and for revels and roistering that have an awful way of suggesting the supers at the opera trying to keep the stage "active." In this bowdlerization, he loads on what academic bowdlerizers used to take out; this lusty, rambunctious film even provides a fashion show in codpieces—two-toned, with fringe and bows and laces. The one element Zeffirelli removes that the other bowdlerizers also removed is Shakespeare's language. Only about half the play is left, and what's there doesn't build up the rhythm of a poetic drama. Heard in isolated fragments, the lines just seem a funny way of talking that is hard to understand. The movie was sold on its "youth appeal" and on teenagers playing teen-agers. But you can always make a movie with kids playing kids; the feat would be if the kids could read Shakespeare. Here, the lines are unintelligible because the actors' faces and bodies aren't in tune with the words. Olivia Hussey (Juliet), her childish eyes wide open and her mouth open, too, and Leonard Whiting (Romeo), his hair cut like a suburban hippie's, are not really bad; they're rather sweet. But they're as banal in their youth and innocence as the high-school students in "Peyton Place;" like the lovers in "West Side Story," they have been made ordinary kids in trouble. In Shakespeare's version, Romeo and Juliet played together at poetry and at love; they made love through poetry, matching each other's conceits. Here the actors seem dear little children playing at the director's notion of teen-age sex hunger. Then, suddenly, Nino Rota's music is poured on in emotional torrents and the movie is filled with weeping and lamentation and carrying on. Romeo flings himself to the floor while Juliet, hair streaming, bangs herself against the wall. All this violence and hysteria appear to come out of nowhere, because these little child lovers, with their baby talk, hardly seem to have the sensuality or the grand passion to go mad this way. The movie gets so bizarre and excessive in a nineteenth-century melodramatic fashion that it begins to be rather fascinating; it supplies an operatic love-death for a romantic teen-age audience. With John McEnery as a freaked-out Mercutio, Michael York as Tybalt, Pat Heywood as the Nurse, Milo O'Shea, Natasha Parry, and, for the prologue, Laurence Olivier's voice. (Metro Cinema; July 24.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Greenwich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Loews 83rd Quad; July 28.)

Stardust (1975)—A hyperbolic English melodrama, about the rise of a working-class rock group, which never invites the viewer into the story. At first, the central character, played by David Essex, seems to be a fairly ordinary grubby kid, pushed to the top by shrewd mercenaries, but by the time he has acquired riches and stardom the film's nastiness turns against the crowds who pursue him and he is presented as a doomed hero. The director, Michael Apted, shows his usual flashes of talent, but he overreaches. The editing is irritatingly mannered, and the exposé aspects are fuzzy-minded. The hipness and bitterness aren't entertaining, and they don't serve any serious purpose, either. When the hero OD's on a big international live TV show, the neo-Nazi grandiloquence of the spectacle is too sodden to be satirical. Written by Ray Connolly, the film continues the story of the 1973 "That'll Be the Day," which dealt with the hero's earlier life. With Adam Faith as the manager, Keith Moon, Marty Wilde, Edd Byrnes, Ines Des Longchamps, and Larry Hagman. Cinematography by Tony Richmond. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 27-28.)

Superman III—The star is Richard Pryor, who acts as if he were trying not to be noticed. He plays Gus Gorman, a computer wizard who is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. What Superman and the other characters do doesn't seem to have any weight. Too many scenes are treated as if they were just obligatory, and because of this air of indifference, verging on disdain, the movie's sight gags and special effects—even the biggest ones—aren't particularly exciting. The scattered impulses behind the picture cancel each other out—everything feels marginal. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy as Lana's jock suitor, Pamela Stephenson as the floozy-intellectual Lorelei Ambrosia, Annie Ross as the witch-like Vera (a real mistake), and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 28.)

The Survivors—With Robin Williams and Walter Matthau, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Film Forum; July 27.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

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Twilight Zone—The Movie—Directed by John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through July 21.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 28.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn–Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. Philip Barry had shaped the play for Hepburn, but it had never worked, and she just barely squeaked by with it on Broadway in 1942; for the movie, the material was extensively rewritten by Donald Ogden Stewart and it still didn't work, though the picture was a box-office success anyway. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. Hepburn comes off as a weird cross between an old maid and a tomboy; she's at her most cultured and affected, yet she keeps exclaiming "By gum!" The dialogue tries to be sophisticated; it doesn't match the desperate plot maneuvers, such as the one requiring Tracy to be a sleepwalker. Sleepwalking in the movies is almost as tacky as amnesia. Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, who play a second pair of lovers, are much more likable than the stars. With Patricia Morison, Carl Esmond, and Felix Bressart, and Gloria Grahame in a bit as a flower girl. The pedestrian direction is by Harold S. Bucquet; cinematography by Karl Freund. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The story involves Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. (Dailey is scarily good.) The cast includes the great dancers Antonio and Rosario, who were known at the time as the Kids from Seville, and Tony Martin, Al Shean, Charles Winninger, Ian Hunter, Jackie Cooper, Eve Arden, and Edward Everett Horton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard; the dance numbers were staged by Busby Berkeley; the costumes are by Adrian; the script is by Sonya Levien and Marguerite Roberts, from a story by W. A. McGuire; the songs, from various sources, include "You Stepped Out of a Dream," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," and "You." (Regency; July 28-30.)

This is the weather the cuckoo likes, And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes, And nestlings fly.

— *Thomas Hardy*

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE glacier left the North Shore of Long Island with an irregular topography. A flat plain lies a few miles inland, and the main routes tend to be built there, while the back roads near the shore plunge and twist and swerve, so that as one drives along them one may have an impression of skiing—although this topographical drama is very close and small-scale. No hill is very high, and there is rarely even a view—especially in summer, when a jungle of honeysuckle, wild grape, and daylilies clogs any gaps between the huge trees that line the roads like the walls of a chute. It's along such a road that one comes upon signs of the nuclear power plant at Shoreham. The jungle beside this stretch of road is thicker than elsewhere and more than usually unrelieved. Without distractions, one drives along lost in thought, and as one goes down yet another steep hill the road curves slightly, and at the bottom, abruptly, there appears a high chain-link gate topped with barbed wire. It's identified only as the entrance to an "Official Zone." It belongs to that type of place which, through anonymity and a dour kind of plainness, conveys a feeling that within its boundaries the ordinary rules of life are suspended; that it is embarrassed by its contiguity to the rest of the surface of the earth; that it would be better for everyone if it were invisible. The momentum of the road carries one swiftly past this entrance, yet one is startled—for, despite its efforts to be unnoticeable, or perhaps because of them, the sight is startling. By the time one has said to oneself "What's that?" and realized "Of course! It's the nuclear power plant," it's already gone. Even though one can see nothing of the plant itself, this intersection of the public road with the road to the plant—the specificity of the spot—always gives one a little shock. It reminds one that the power plant is physically there.

A friend who is involved in political work having to do with the plant at Shoreham—which the electric company wants to "fire" in August—told us recently about a peculiar unresponsiveness that she has encountered in the course of her work. People are indifferent, she said, as if the dangers presented by the plant had no personal importance or meaning, as if the threat were to some other place, or as if there were no specific actuality behind questions about the plant—which, incidentally, are numerous. In describing what she called this "block," she mentioned two mentalities, implying attitudes toward their natural surroundings which would seem on the surface to be very nearly opposite. One is a provincial-suburban mentality that requires a frame around any experience in order to recognize it—the frame around a shopping mall, or around a miniature golf course, or, at the very least, an idea of what a given place is and what one is supposed to do there. It's a mentality that, for example, would preclude exploring a nearby river unless a "canoe trip" were set up, in which case the trip would be viewed as an "activity," interchangeable with, say, a program of aerobic dancing at a spa. A person with this habit of mind would return from the trip saying, "It was O.K.," or "It was disappointing"—judgments made according to whatever ideas about the trip were put forth by its promoters. The river would not become part of this person's knowledge of the "given" of the place in which he lives. It would not become a part of the person's mental map. It would exist only as a kind of interior, in much the same way that spas and shopping malls are places that seem to be primarily interiors, unrelated to what lies around them, places that are adrift within their frames, somewhere in the area but nowhere in particular. For such people, our friend speculated, the Shoreham plant is unreal because it exists outside all recognized frames.

JEANNE

The other mentality is that of high-powered people with international horizons and lots of money—there are many of them on Long Island—who, far from ignoring the "given" of the world, go to great trouble and expense to enjoy it, climbing mountains, going on safaris, visiting Antarctica, fishing for salmon in the Canadian wilderness, sailing yachts across the Atlantic Ocean. And yet our friend has encountered the same strange unresponsiveness to the Shoreham plant in this group—a detached, rather dead reaction implying that the plant is an abstract issue that these people can choose to think about or not with impunity, as if they didn't realize that the plant existed a certain number of miles down the shore from their beaches; as if they didn't know that breezes were oblivious to the kinds of boundaries that separate their choice domains from the rest of the island they live on. Because of this, our friend speculated, their trips to exotic corners of the earth can be as frame-bound as the most provincial suburbanite's trips to the spa—not open, robust encounters with the reality of place but synthetic "activities," experiences pursued with the mind-set of a consumer, entertainments designed to conform to certain expectations and to exclude surprises outside these bounds, expeditions meant to preserve fantasies about what the world is like rather than to yield knowledge of the world, expeditions of escape rather than of discovery. Thinking of the slippage in our own mind which causes us to be surprised by the "thereness" of the plant when we pass its entrance, it came to us that if one lets actuality seem dim and unreal in one case, one must sacrifice some measure of the vividness of all actuality; that if one excludes one aspect of a place from one's field of awareness, then one has automatically begun to live in a make-believe world of frames and fantasies. We wondered if it was possible that, even while living in the world and doing things in it and enjoying it, we could somehow half forget that it is a place with an existence independent of us, and subject to cause and effect; that it, as well as what we put in it, is really there.

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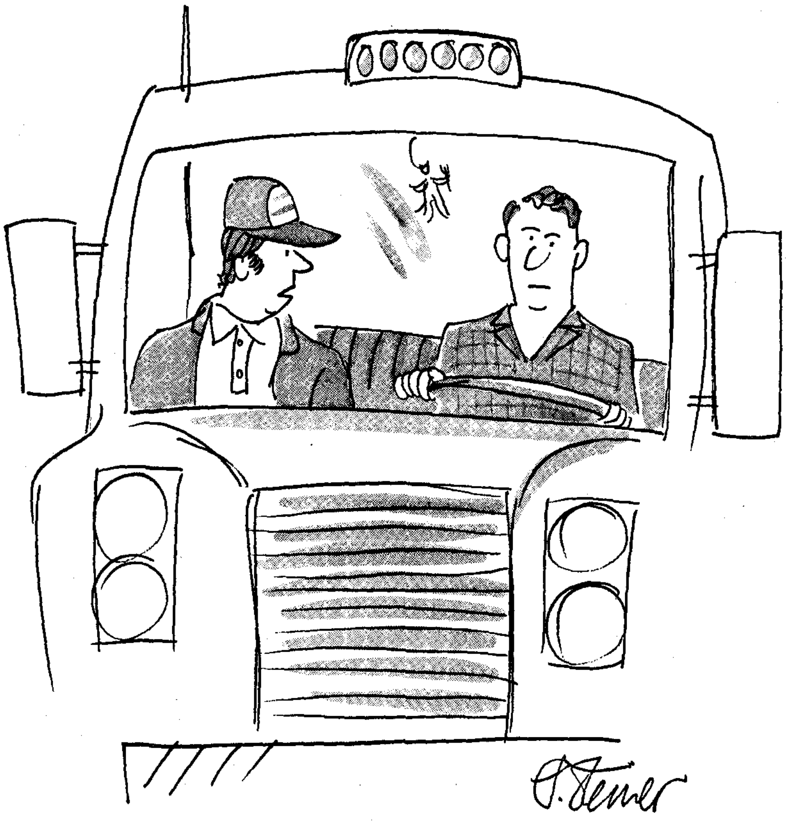
Visitor

A COMMUTER friend writes:

Our too large house in Westport having sold faster than we expected, my wife and I were faced with a homeless month before we could move into what we hope will be its just right successor. Thanks to some fast footwork, we were spared the ordeal of four weeks in a motel and managed to find, instead, a studio apartment on East Fifty-fourth Street, in Manhattan. Thus reprieved, we vowed to improve ourselves by doing all the city things we'd previously put off or passed up, usually because of the prospect of a two-hour drive home afterward. We moved in Friday evening, with a few clothes and a long schedule, determined to begin our exploration early Saturday morning. When morning came, though, we crawled painfully from the apartment's sofa bed, an ancient Procrustes & Torquemada Special, of a style reserved for innocents who rent places without inspecting them first. Resolution faltered. We urgently required something beyond breakfast to shore us up. As we tottered, blinking, into the bright sunlight outside, we found ourselves in the midst of a wholly unexpected—at least, by us—fair that had sprung up in the night and that occupied most of Fifty-fourth between First and Second Avenues. Across the street from our apartment building, a homemade banner hung over the main door of a large, pillared, red brick municipal-looking structure, welcoming us to a celebration staged by the Friends of the East 54th Street Recreation Center, on the occasion of their having obtained the center's continued funding by the city. As we stood, slightly stunned, someone thrust a leaflet into our hands. It explained that the Friends had been in existence only since last January, when the city eliminated money for the recreation center from the 1984 budget. The building has a swimming pool, an indoor track, and a gymnasium, among other things, and its facilities are used—so the Friends say—by people who come from "as far away as New Jersey and the Philippines." (We could not help wondering if this was a collective Manhattanism for "very far away indeed.")

Within a few minutes and fifty yards, we were invited to help prevent the installation of cruise missiles in New York Harbor; to eat some homemade frozen chocolate mousse; to have any ring we might be wearing made larger; to have our portraits "sculptured from life;" to register to vote; to knock down cans from a shelf and win a prize; to sign up for a white-water rafting expedition on the Hudson, later in the year; and to go swimming—right now—in the recreation center's pool with the Commissioner of Parks and Recreation, Mr. Henry Stern, and his family. The young woman with a bullhorn who was making the last announcement seemed to feel that the presence of Mr. Stern's family was particularly noteworthy. We went inside the center to have a look, and found ourselves on a small balcony, gazing down on a large pool in which four people were doing slow laps, up and back. The familiar smell of chlorinated water wafted up to us, along with the warm dampness of indoor swimming pools, and we decided that we preferred the bright sun and the cool northwest breeze outside.

Feeling a bit hollow, we cast about for something (other than chocolate mousse) to eat, and were confronted with a choice among sausage-and-pepper sandwiches, ice-cream cones, dried fruit and nuts of various kinds, lo mein, quiche, stuffed shrimp, gyros, gazpacho, and fresh-fruit salad. We took plastic containers of soup and salad over to the recreation cen-



"I'm tired of George Steinbrenner, I'm tired of Norman Mailer, I'm tired of Brooke Shields, I'm tired of Paul Volcker, I'm tired of all of them. The only thing I'm not tired of is trucks."

ter's steps, and while we ate we eavesdropped involuntarily on a couple of neighborhood Madame Defarges discussing in considerable detail the ailments one might contract by swimming in public pools.

We recalled at last our original schedule of culture, and, fortified, threaded our way through the gathering crowd—past displays sponsored by Planned Parenthood, the Metropolitan Athletics Congress, and the American Red Cross Youth Services (whose young representatives were passing out a pamphlet with the ominous but potentially appropriate title "First Aid for Choking"). It was not easy to ignore the plywood table sagging under the weight of books (mostly remainders: memoirs and Second World War illustrated histories), or the bins full of phonograph records (original-cast recordings of Broadway shows like "South Pacific," "Wish You Were Here," and "Brigadoon," still in their plastic envelopes). But we had no trouble at all hurrying by a hoarse young man loudly proclaiming the virtues of his imported athletic clothing. "You don't know anything about sneakers," he yelled at a startled passerby. "Me, I know *everything* about sneakers." We had an unsettling moment of déjà vu at the table of a lady who was selling what seemed to be some of the very same junk—a lidless pot, a palpably dead camera—that we had happily thrown out in Westport, only days before. And we noted (not for the last time) that every third street vender appeared to be selling Duracell batteries at a price exactly equal to what they're going for in stores.

We crept back to Fifty-fourth Street at dusk, our feet steaming gently, with a fine sense of cultural accomplishment, and the fair was gone. But *gone*, as if it had never been. Cars lined the curb where trestle tables had been, and the street looked as if it had been freshly swept, as perhaps it had. For a moment, we wondered if the whole thing had been a hallucination, the Manhattan version of an oasis mirage, and then we saw, over the recreation center's door, the banner we'd seen in the morning—still welcoming visitors and proclaiming its small triumph over bureaucracy. It made us feel like a part of the neighborhood—almost as though we were at home.

Scavenger Hunt

CHILDREN of All Nations, playing together in Harmony—it's a vision long cherished by kind hearts and greeting-card designers, and a dream we, too, embrace. Who wouldn't? Which is why, not long ago, we sprang at the chance to join thirty-five foreign exchange students on a scavenger hunt through lower Manhattan. The students were visiting New York under the auspices of AFS, which used to be known as the American Field Service, and now is simply AFS International. Humming the Disney anthem "It's a Small World," we walked through Battery Park several times before we finally noticed some kids, carefully disguised as young Americans, sitting under a tree. "They've all been going to high school in rural Maine for a year, so they speak English just fine," Judith Schwartzstein, an official of AFS International, told us. "But they don't know a lot about the big city. That's why we're having this scavenger hunt."

The students had been divided up into teams, and we shook hands with the five young people who formed our scavenging team: Mirtha of Chile; a Turk named Dogan; Japanese native Naomi; Danish Frank; and Carlos of Honduras. Miss Schwartzstein handed out directions and sent us off in search of the first item on the list, the Seamen's Church. "I don't know if I should go in a church," Dogan said with a smile. "I am a Muslim." We found the Seamen's Church just where it always is—at the corner of State Street and Pearl Street. Next, our band crossed the street to the very tip of Manhattan, to learn precisely how many ferry boats shuttle back and forth to Staten Island. The man in the ferry change booth didn't seem to cotton to this international delegation, which was yelling inquiries through the window of his booth, and some of the people waiting in line for change also seemed less than supportive. "What's it got to do with the price of tea in China, that's what I'd like to know," one man said sharply.

Up Water Street to Wall Street we hiked with our foreign fivesome, whose next chore, under the strict terms of this scavenger hunt, was to find a piece of ticker tape. Several consultations with bemused traders later, the group learned that, during the last decade, electronics have all but buried the old paper tape. "Perhaps we could ask Mr. Rockefeller if he has any left," suggested one of the students. "He has many banks in my country." After copying an epitaph from the gravestone of William Bradford (1663-1752) in the Trinity Church cemetery, the ensemble left for the Brooklyn Bridge area.

"The instructions say we must identify that building over there," Carlos told us. "Do you know what it is?"

"City Hall," we answered.

"What?" said Carlos, shocked. "I thought City Hall was at Rockefeller Center. You know, the place where the musical stars perform."

The scavenger hunt continued to Canal Street, where a giggling girl behind a jewelry-store counter provided the necessary "Chinese autograph," and down Mott Street, where the kids interviewed a number of people to try and answer the question "What is ginseng?" Eventually, one blushing South American emerged from a shop to announce, "Ginseng is a root which helps the romance powers of men." From there, it was on to Little Italy, where our band asked in a travel agency for a bus map and pestered an old lady sitting in a lawn chair till she came across with the names of the two largest local festivals and the ingredients of zeppole.

Some of the questions the kids had to answer were real stumpers—"What does 'Tribeca' mean?"—and as the hot afternoon wore on we noticed that a little of their initial enthusiasm was dissipating. "I think we should skip Washington Arch," proposed Frank, and no one dissented.

"Do you know who George Washington was?" we asked.

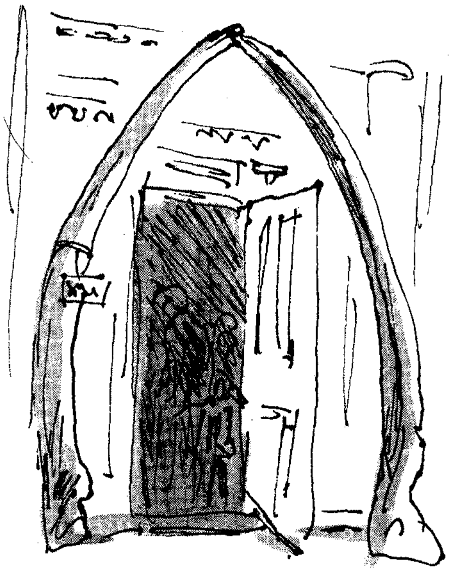
"Yes. A black singer," one boy replied confidently.

Finally, we were able to cross off the last question on our list ("What famous person lived at No. 75½ Bedford Street?" Answer: Edna St. Vincent Millay), and we set off for the Café Borgia to rendezvous with the rest of the scavengers—a task made no easier by the fact that lower Manhattan boasts two Café Borgias. The adventure had lasted some four hours, and our crew was dragging.

"Tell me," said Dogan. "Do all who visit New York undertake the scavenger hunt?"

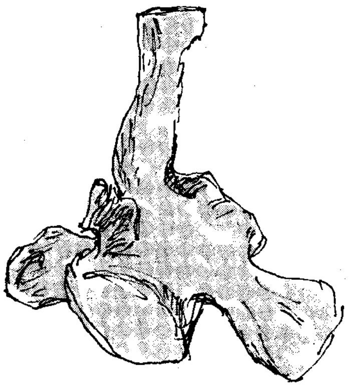
Whaling and Beyond

A DEEPLY satisfying museum should be small and cluttered, and display at least one ostrich egg. In addition, it should avoid obsession with its subject—especially if the subject is one we're not too wild about, such as whaling. The Whaling Museum of Sag Harbor, Long Island, fulfills all these conditions splendidly, we discovered when we walked in on a recent Sunday afternoon—it's as wide-ranging and as full of unrelated stuff as an old sea dog's memory. The museum occupies a Greek Revival house with tall Corinthian columns, and there is an arch of two ten-foot-long right-whale jawbones on the portico just outside the front door (*Illus. A*).



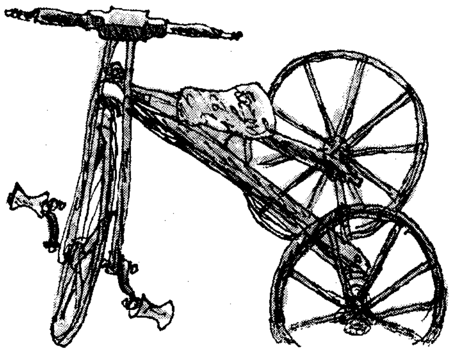
Illus. A

Inside, we found that there were no guards, no cordoned-off areas, no stuffy curatorial explanations—just a few benevolent old folks who collected admission (one dollar), sold postcards and souvenirs, and didn't bother anybody. The harpoon displays were pretty much confined to one room, and, to our relief, there wasn't a whopping amount of scrimshaw. In the historic blubber department, there were, however, enough gaffs, spades, pots, hooks, and blubber-mincing knives to satisfy the most ardent Leviathan groupie; plenty of ship pictures graced the walls, along with stuffed predators of the deep. The most interesting item in this area was a spectacular bleached object about three feet high (*Illus. B*). At first, we thought it looked like a ship's propeller, or a Henry Moore sculpture; it turned out to be a whale's vertebra.



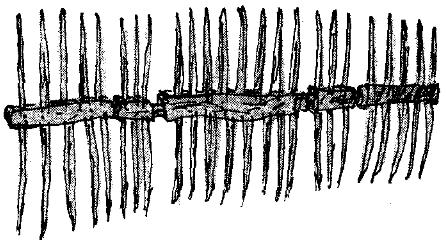
Illus. B

In the dry-land division, there were old valentines; harmonicas; wax fruit; magic lanterns; a shoe last; and an 1860 wooden tricycle (*Illus. C*).



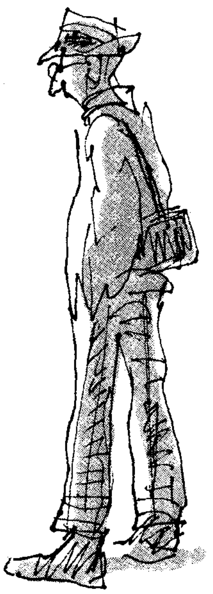
Illus. C

A flaking, red-white-and-blue barber pole stood in a corner; there were the wooden gears of a clock from the Sag Harbor Presbyterian Church. There was a huge celestial globe, and a ten-foot-long eighteenth-century raking arm (*Illus. D*) that was used to gather salt hay for cattle fodder.



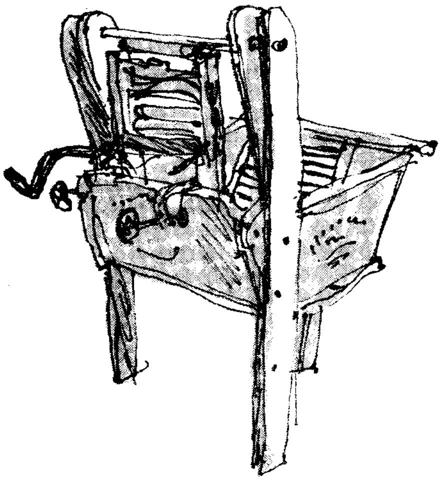
Illus. D

An unhurried sightseer (*Illus. E*) gave equal time to patchwork quilts; leather fire buckets; music boxes; can-

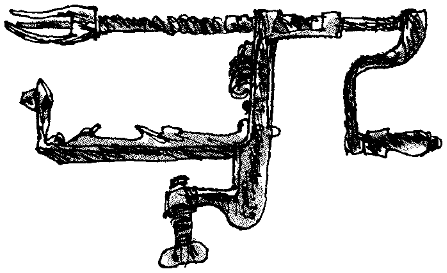


Illus. E

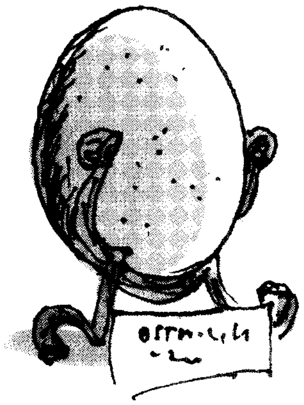
dle molds; oil lamps; a macramé bridle; and "The Union Washer" (*Illus. F*), manufactured in 1864 by Elisha King, of Sag Harbor. Near the washer was a mechanical apple-parer (*Illus. G*), a remarkable invention that would clearly take two or three times as long as any other method to do the job.



Illus. F



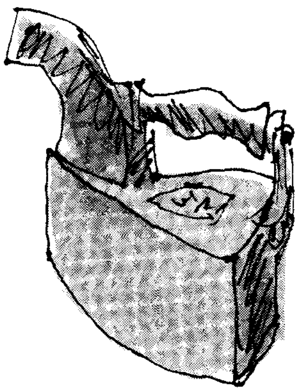
Illus. G



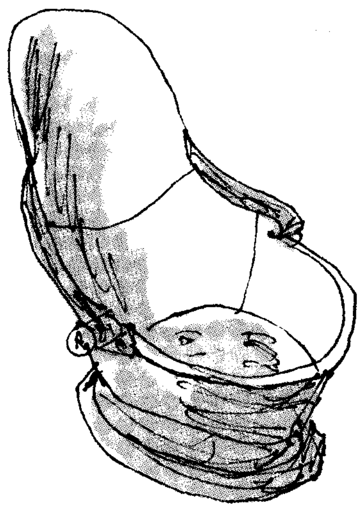
Illus. H

The ostrich egg (*Illus. H*) presently came in sight, gratifyingly set on a handsome stand on a dim cabinet shelf, behind glass. Also on display were tools, such as a pavior's hammer (for setting paving blocks), a cooper's scarp, a farrier's butteris (for trimming horses' hooves), and a rope-twister (for twisting rope).

On the walls were framed items, including a photograph of Mrs. Russell Sage's summer home in Sag Harbor (1907-18), plus a lengthy biographical note (Mrs. S. inherited seventy-five million dollars; had no children; gave millions to universities, hospitals, and other charities, and an annual Christmas present to "every employee of Central Park" and "a carefully selected library to each of the 258 firehouses in New York"). Nearby was a handwritten "List of Stores on the Sloop *Nancy* 1792-93." The faded record showed, in addition to boards, nails, scrapers, lampblack, tallow, cod lines, and padlocks, the purchase of "2 Gallons Rum" on July 14th, "1 Quart Rum" on July 27th, "1 Gallon Rum for Watering" on July 30th, and a steady acquisition of many more pints, quarts, and gallons through August and into September.

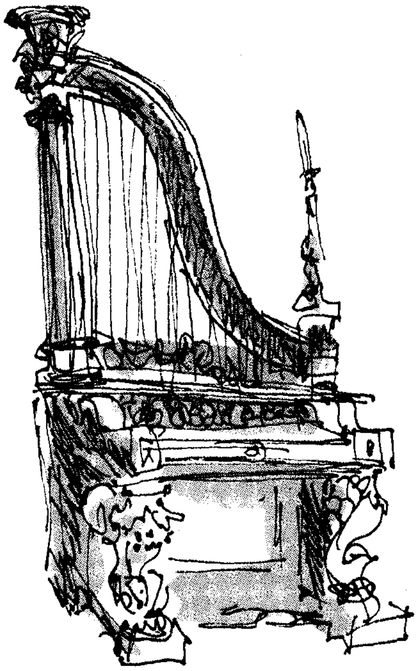


Illus. I

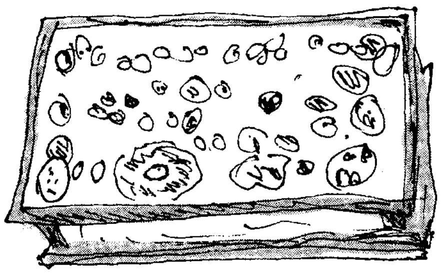


Illus. J

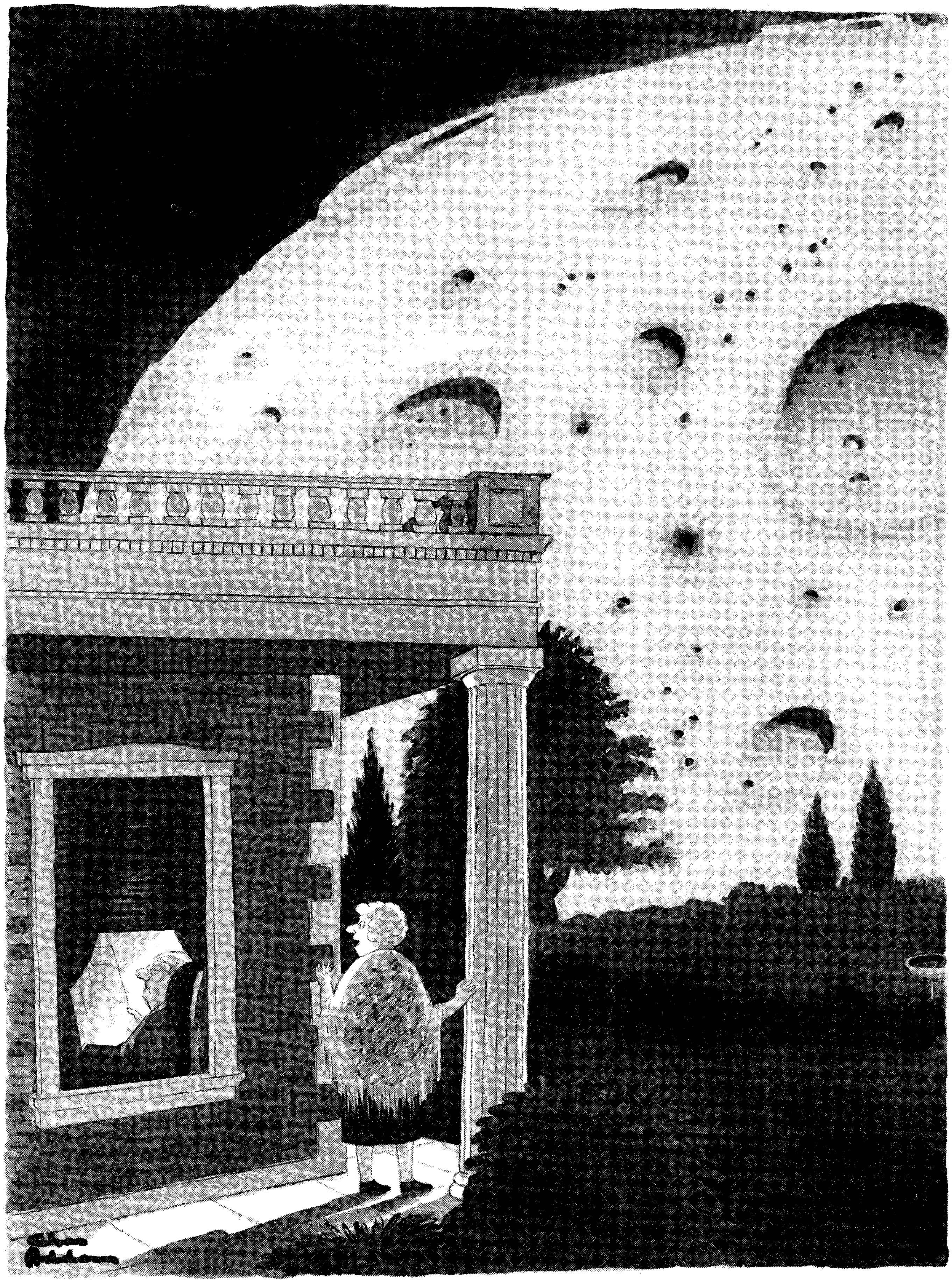
A sturdy charcoal-burning flatiron (*Illus. I*) caught our eye, as did a roomy tin bathtub (*Illus. J*). In one room, we encountered a Kuhn "Giraffe" piano (*Illus. K*)—a hefty musical item of the eighteen-sixties to eighties—and, a few feet away, the bird's-egg collection of Mr. John E. Evertson, circa 1899 (*Illus. L*). Mr. Evertson's eggs, resting on a bed of white cotton, seemed to reflect the conflicting impulses of the true collector: each lovely egg—from fish-hawk to blind-sparrow—had a number pencilled directly onto its perfect shell for identification purposes. The last item we looked at was an apron labelled—with baffling simplicity—"The Apron Presented to the First White Woman Who Landed at the Sandwich Island." No date was given for the ceremony (if there was one), no reason supplied for the presentation, no clues provided concerning the identity of the donor or donors, or the name of the lucky woman who won this peculiar sweepstakes. Pondering the mystery, we went outside, passed beneath the graceful arch of jawbones, walked down a flagstone sidewalk, and headed home.



Illus. K



Illus. L



"Maynard, I do think that just this once you should come out and see the moon!"

INDIAN SUMMER

MY grandmother's farm lies off a bend in Route 10, an asphalt ribbon that lies among the hills and towns and farms of southwestern Ohio. The road crosses the highway at Catapult, rises up a slight grade past the steel mill, then winds for two or three miles through woods before giving way to open fields. On a sharp turn to the left, it meets Steuben Road and spills over a small creek, past a pig farm, and then rides the undulating spine of cornfields; it swerves, dips, rises, and off to the left, down a red dirt road, her house sits in a lush, low hollow of land. She has recently had the house repainted, the barn cleaned and repointed, the stone wall at the edge of the field restored to the remembered condition of her childhood.

Soon after my grandfather died, several years ago, she bought a horse, but on her first attempt to ride she was thrown off, and their relationship has since become one of mutual respect. Its bounds are clearly understood. Talbot lives in the lower part of the barn, and spends his days in the field below. Twice a day she feeds him, carrying down buckets of water and grain, and in the evening, with the sound of hooves hitting the packed earth, he comes ambling up through the dusk like a heavy ghost and disappears into his stable.

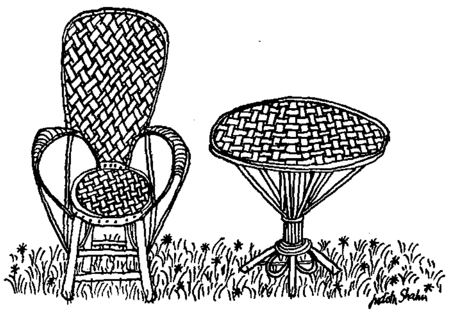
I visited my grandmother there last fall, riding the familiar bus out from the city where I now live. She picked me up at the station, and we drove the few miles back to the house. In the evening, when I went out to walk the dog, she asked me to find a couple of fallen ears of corn for Talbot. "Just look along the edges of the rows," she told me, "where the deer knock them off." There are ninety acres of corn there, all rustling then in the autumn wind, and as I scanned the turned earth in the dying light I was tempted to pull the corn off the stalks instead. But in deference to rural etiquette I resisted, and in time I found two ears pressed into the soft red soil under wilting leaves and retraced my steps back toward the yellow light of the house.

In the absence of people, my grandmother has surrounded herself with animals—the horse, the dog, the birds that flock to her, peck birdseed from her hand, and flutter through the trees and surrounding woods. Through years of patronage, she has brought the cat population to something near twenty, and at dinnertime they surround the back door, peering from under bushes or behind the wheels of the parked car. The lawn is marked with the trails of their habitual routes. She tries to find homes for the healthiest, but their expanding numbers oppress her, and it is now a situation without remedy. She knows cats by family and generation—whose grandmother was whose—and follows their comings and goings with a kind of familial love.

"They're really just as different from each other as people are," she tells me as we walk down to the barn. I am carrying a bucket of water and the two ears of corn, husked now, hard and smooth to the touch, their kernels yellow, orange, brown. She unlatches the stable door, we go in, and in the jangled light and shadows I can see her old, dusty saddle, bought secondhand and used only once, hanging from a rusty nail, ancient farm implements leaning in a cobwebbed corner, hay strewn over the floor and piled in bales against the wall. The smell of straw mixes with an underground darkness. I lay the corn in the trough, and Talbot comes shuffling over and, with the sound of marbles being crushed, eats it, his black lips rising and falling over yellow teeth. With a sound that I have never heard before, an almost inaudible sigh, my grandmother startles me, and I look over to where, in the pool of her flashlight, she has come upon a nest of sleeping kittens—a mass of intertwined bodies and pairs of blinking eyes—lying in the hay.

"Isn't that something?" my grandmother says softly, as if trying not to wake them. They are blinking to consciousness now, their eyes straining like moths toward the light.

"They're only a few days old, and they're sick, too," she tells me, and it is only then that I notice their eyes are clouded over in a kind of half blindness. They are not so much seeing the light as feeling it. We stand for a moment, looking down at them, and then turn and go out. It is a relief, somehow, to be out in the cool, clear air. There is a smell of autumn, of exhaling earth, and in our absence the sky has become filled with stars.



"What a vision of life that was," my grandmother says when we are back in the house, her head slowly shaking in disbelief. "You see, it's confusing. That mother is not one of ours. These people come along the road and leave them off. And then they move into the barn and start making kittens. You'd think it was simple for an old woman to live alone in the middle of nowhere, but not this grandma." Her face clenches and her eyes close in a characteristic prelude to laughter, and her hand reaches up to touch the bridge of her nose, as if to harness, or dampen, her amusement. "No, no," she says. "Not this grandma."

She has lived here all her life, and now wonders what will happen to the farm when she can no longer remain. On each of my visits she asks me advice: whether to let the farmers who lease the land plant a row of peach trees, where to sell a corner parcel in the woods so the Schmeils' son can build a house, whether to let the men cut firewood—questions all suggesting the greater one, What to do with the farm?

I tell her not to sell it, even though her three grandchildren love the city and the sea, and show no desire to leave. "You never know," I say. "You never know."

IN the last year or so my grandmother has experienced what the doctors call fibrillation and what she says feels like there is a bird trapped in her chest. She spent a week in the hospital because of chest pains, and to everyone's surprise she seemed oddly happy there. The neighbors came to visit, and advised her to get rid of the animals, as if that were the problem with her health. She sees getting rid of the animals as "a step toward getting rid of me." She told me from the hospital bed, "My idea is that the animals are good for me, but they don't see it that way. They think the animals tire me out. But it's *they* who tire me out." Her face reddened in a wave of withheld laughter.

Still, she feels the encroachment of

the natural world; she feels that there is more for her to do than she is able, and that without her resistance the demands of the farm and nature are collapsing back upon her like a breaking wave. She is wary of winter, of carrying those buckets of water and grain over the ice and snow, and of the way the cold makes her heart race.

"I think it will be all right," she says to me on Saturday morning, "as long as I can keep these two feet under me." As we make our way across the lawn in the warm Indian-summer air, strands of hair rise and fall above her in the wind, and she moves with the slow, easy grace of habit, her motions polished like a stone. Her physical being seems to emanate from the land—an extension of the trees, the yard, the fields—as if the place she loves had returned the favor in beauty.

On Saturday afternoon, with the help of the neighbors, she jump-starts the tractor and begins to mow the lower field. From the yard I can see her moving back and forth along the edge of fallen grass and hear the slow, sonorous growl of the tractor into the late afternoon. It is almost dark when she comes in, her face flushed from the sun. She is pleased she has been able to get so much done, but is tired, and goes to bed early.

As I lie in bed that night the lights of poachers flash across the ceiling as they scan the empty fields for deer, and I can hear my grandmother and the dog shifting in their beds. My grandmother once told me she thought there were ghosts in the house. "Friendly ones," she said, as if to reassure me. "You know, that light in my room goes on and off, and the cellar door—sometimes I'll leave it closed and the next time I look it will be open. Or maybe I'm just getting old." But as I lie in bed that night I am suddenly conscious of inexplicable sounds, as if the house were somehow speaking, swelling and contracting between its thick stone walls. I realize that in this room over the past one hundred years have slept my parents, my grandparents, my great-grandparents—a slow succession of evolving, overlapping lives. I am a part of all this, I realize—the leading edge of this lineage I barely know.

I fall asleep, but when I wake it is still dark; I can hear my grandmother going down the stairs and the dog behind her, his nails scratching the bare wood floor. I fall back asleep, and this time when I wake it is morning. The moon has become the sun, and broad beams of light slant into the room. Downstairs, there is a place set for me at the table. I tell my grandmother about the sounds.

"Sometimes there are mice in the attic, or the wind blows the shutters," she says.

I tell her I think they were ghosts, but she only laughs. "Oh, no . . ." she says, her voice trailing off.

After church, my grandmother and I and a friend, Mrs. Saunders, drive down to the cemetery, so that they can visit their respective husbands. My grandfather's grave is simple, with his full name carved into the small granite stone, and a tired American flag that the veterans have put out hanging limply by. She shows me the stones of her parents and grandparents—ornate monuments carved and embellished with the vines and leaves and floral structures of another time, their heavy Germanic names contrived to look as if they were spelled out by overlapping sticks in the reddish stone.

THE PLACE

From shelving cliff-darkness, green arch and nave
Skyward aspire, translucently, to heights
Where tattered gold tags of sunlight twirl, swing,
Or downward sift to the upturned eye. Upward,
The eye probes infinite distance, infinite
Light, while foot, booted, tangled in fern,
Grips stone. Fern
Bleeds on stone.

                This
Is the hour of the unbounded loneliness. This
Is the hour of the self's uncertainty
Of self. This is the hour when
Prayer might be a possibility, if
It were. This
Is the hour when what is remembered is
Forgotten. When
What is forgotten is remembered, and
You are not certain which is which.
But tell me:

                How had you ever forgotten that spot
Where once wild azalea bloomed? And what there passed? And forgotten
That truth may lurk in irony? How,
Alone in a dark piazza, at 3 A.M., as the cathedral clock
Announced to old tiles of the starless city, could you bear
To remember the impossible lie, told long before, elsewhere?
But a lie you had found all too possible.

Self is the cancellation of self, and now is the hour.
Self is the mutilation of official meanings, and this is the place.
You hear water of minor musical utterance
On stone, but from what direction?
You hear, distantly, a birdcall you cannot identify.
Is the shadow of the cliff creeping upon you?
You are afraid to look at your watch.

You think of the possibility of lying on stone
Among fern fronds and waiting
For the shadow to find you.
The stars would not be astonished
To catch a glimpse of the form through interstices
Of leaves now black as enamelled tin. Nothing can astound the stars.
They have long lived. And you are not the first
To come to such a place seeking the most difficult knowledge.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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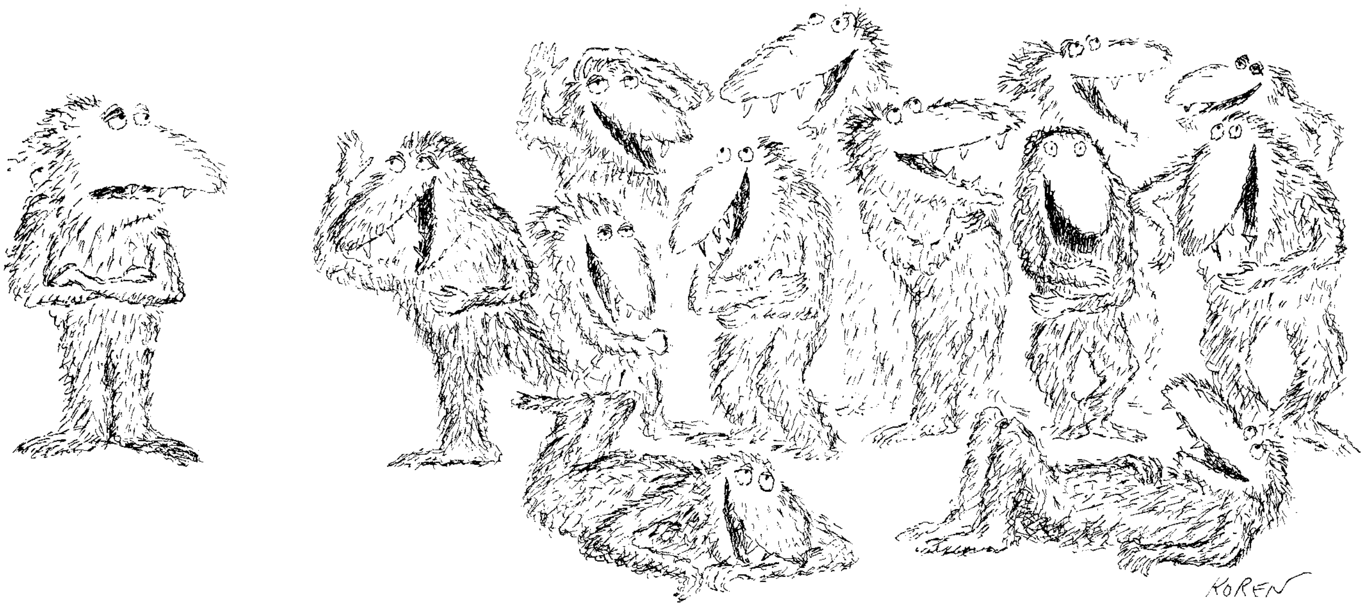

"I'm sorry, but I don't laugh out loud."

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We walk over to Mrs. Saunders' husband, who, she shyly explains, was a widower when they married and when he died was buried with his first wife. And so now she does not know where she belongs. To be buried with her husband means to share him with his previous wife, yet she does not want to be buried alone. There is something melancholy in her dilemma, and as we stand in solutionless silence over the grave of Elmer Saunders I am struck by her concern for a time that will not include her, as if this was the last of life's puzzles, the last riddle she was obliged to solve. She looks up at us, as if for an answer, but instead we all three turn, triply stumped, and walk slowly back toward the car.

THAT afternoon I take a long walk in the fields above the house. At the edge of the woods I cut through a gap in the trees and make my way back along the road. When I reach the junction of Kramer and Steuben, I stop. Steuben slopes gently back toward the farm; Kramer follows a row of listing telephone poles back to Route 10 and, in the other direction, skirts the edge of the field and spills down a long, steep hill into a neighboring valley of farms and horses and handsome stone houses. I remember as a child driving down this road with my grandfather when a flock of chickens suddenly appeared in the road, and as my grandfather braked they squawked and fluttered up in front of the car, scurrying to reach the other side; this sight induced in my grandfather laughter that did not stop as we drove on past but lingered in him for days, reappearing now and then as a faint glimmer in his eyes. "God, that was comical," he would say, and slowly begin to laugh.

This is the junction where as a child, my grandmother told me, she once met her father when she had been sent to retrieve him from a bout of drinking at the local hotel. After she got to the corner she could see him coming, but when he reached her he did not stop, said nothing, and marched on past her toward the farm. "I never forgave him for that," she told me, her eyes closing and her head shaking in a hurt that is sixty years old.

I love standing at these rural crossroads. The people in passing cars do not know me; the dog does not know why we have stopped. Rows of trees—apple, peach, plum—stand in silent rows and recede through the mist toward the outline of distant hills. The fields of my grandmother's farm stretch away in a kind of optical distortion, as if twisted, bent by time—dipping, then rising to meet the edge of the woods a half mile away. Cars appear on the horizon, shimmer into the middle distance, and then fly past with a sudden rush of wind. I throw pebbles against the sign, watch a flock of geese settle on the neighbor's field, then walk back along the road to the farm.

My grandmother is alone at the kitchen table when I come in. The dog collapses onto the floor, and the clock ticks off the heavy silence of a Sunday afternoon. She asks me if I want a cup of tea, and as she puts on the water she breaks the silence with a sigh. "Well, the kittens are sleeping," she says. It is a minute before I understand.

"You put them to sleep?"

"Down by the spring," she says. "I buried them under the boxwood tree." She sits down in a chair by the window, looking out. "It was peaceful," she adds, but I hear in her voice no sign of consolation.

I picture the landscape she is looking out on, the fields rolling out and away. I want to say something, to disrupt the quiet of her thoughts. "Shall we feed the horse?" I propose.

"Yes," she says, turning to me. "I guess it's about that time. He's getting nervous, just like the rest of us."

She laughs at what she has said and we go out, the dog sprinting out before us to the barn. —DAVID UPDIKE

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LIFE ON THE PHILADELPHIA MAIN LINE

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

Most of us think plastic surgery is done mainly for adults, but at the Center for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery in Bala Cynwyd, many children and even ants are also seen for a variety of problems.

INSTRUCTOR

Southwestern Alabama advertised a one-year, non-tenure-track instructorship in biology, and, more or less routinely, I sent my vita to the chairman of the department. When he called and asked me to interview for the position, I was surprised and pleased. I flew down on Wednesday, rented a Chevette, and signed in at the Tropic Breeze Motel, as he'd suggested. Thursday I spent the morning with him, the search committee, the dean of the college, two vice-presidents, and the president, and after lunch I sat in the department lounge talking with whoever happened in. That's when I met Sonia. She was an associate professor from Kansas, three years in rank and ready for promotion because of a book contract with Plinth. She had wavy red hair and a long, almost defiant stride, and she came in late, close to five. She introduced herself, asked who was taking care of me, then invited me to dinner with her and her brother Jack.

We went to a fish place down by the channel, and when we came back into town the rain that had been on and off all day let up. Everything was shiny and bright—the pavement, the stoplights, the violet and green neon from shopwindows that lined the street.

"So much for science," she said as we drove past the university. "Let's get some beer—what do you say?"

"Maybe one," I said. "I have my presentation to the faculty at ten tomorrow."

"They shouldn't make you do that for this kind of a job," she said. "Anyway, you'll be perfect, don't worry."

"He's insecure," Jack said, glancing at me in the rearview mirror. Jack was an electrical engineer and apartment developer. He was a small man to start with, and looked smaller because he was driving Sonia's 1955 Buick. His hair was springy, also red, and floated around the sides of his head. We pulled into a 7-Eleven parking lot alongside a police car.

"Yum yum," Sonia said, pointing to the cop who was inside drinking coffee out of a polka-dot cup. He was a young guy with a little-boy haircut and a black leather jacket, and he had his hat cocked back on his head. "Oh," she said. "It's Burt."

Jack lifted up in the seat as he reached into his back pocket for his wallet. "Burt?"

"Ex-student," she said. "Look at him. He's so sweet."

"My sister needs a boyfriend," Jack said, looking at me over his shoulder.

"My brother thinks I'm a one-woman sexual revolution," she said. "But I tell him we all need boyfriends." She went inside and got two six-packs of Coors out of the cooler. Then she said something to Burt. They talked while the skinny girl in the red jumper covered with 7-Eleven patches worked the register and put the beer in a sack.

"I kid her," Jack said. "But she's a good sister. You have a family?"

I slid down on the back seat and stuck my hand out the open car window to feel the rain. "Four brothers," I said.

"Sisters are different," he said. "We have a brother in Kansas, but we never talk to him."

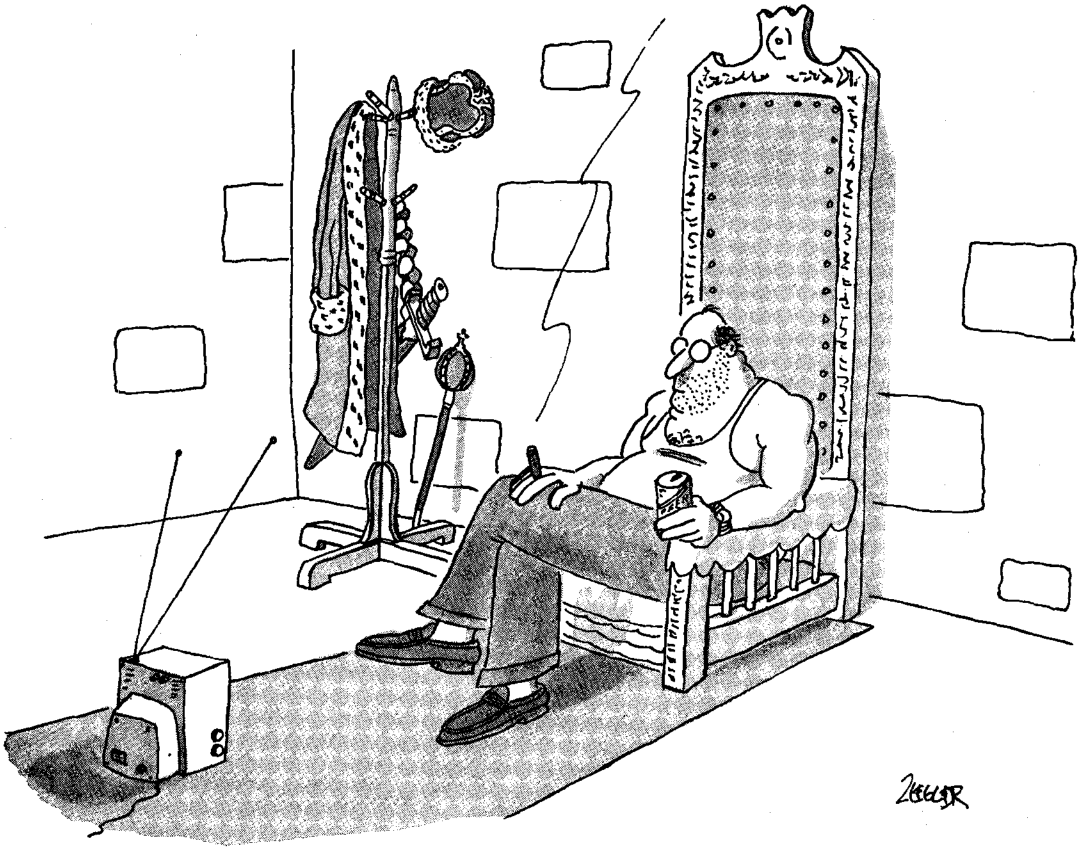
The 7-Eleven overhang was wrapped with white fluorescent tubes, and beyond them the sky was medium gray, the tree limbs black.

"She does need a boyfriend," Jack said. He leaned over the seat back. "What are you doing back here?"

"She shouldn't have any trouble," I said.

"That's what I thought," he said.

Sonia and the policeman came out of the store together, still talking. He walked her to the car and opened the door. The interior light came on, and Sonia said, "Meet Patrolman Burt. This is Jack, and that's David in back. Jack's my brother."



"Howdy," the guy said. He leaned over so that he could see into the car. His jacket creaked.

"He's off duty," Sonia said.

Burt smiled.

Sonia patted him on the back. "So tell them how things are, crimewise."

"Not much happening," he said. "It's quiet."

"Burt and I are going to drive around awhile," Sonia said. "I love police cars. Are you coming by later?"

"I could take David to Blister's," Jack said.

"That'll be fine," Sonia said, smiling. "Then I'll tell him what Chairman Stibert really thought about him. O.K., David?"

"You don't want to go to Blister's?" I said.

"I hate it," she said. "We'll meet up shortly."

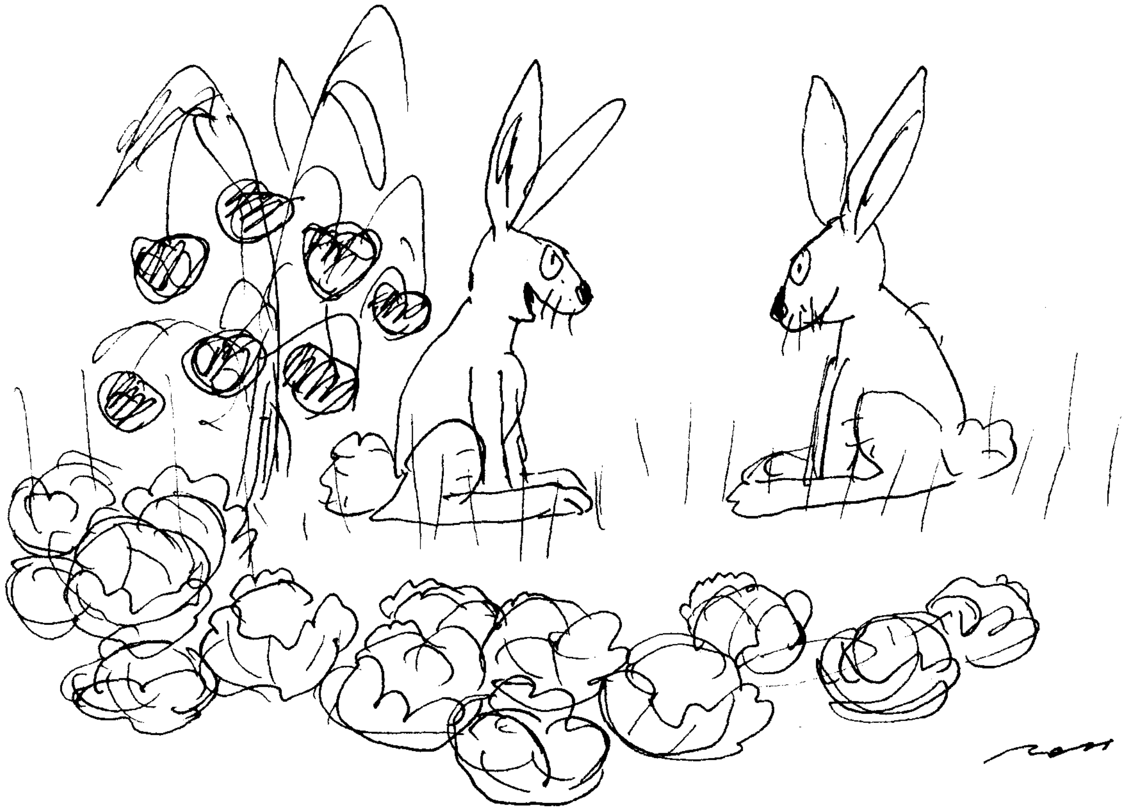
Burt adjusted his gun belt, and while he wasn't looking Jack and Sonia made faces at each other. Then she dropped the sack on the passenger seat.

"An hour?" Jack said. "You figure to get your driving done by then?"

"That'll be superior," Sonia said. She turned to me. "Are you all right, David?"

"Fine," I said, waving.

Sonia rolled her eyes and made a playfully impatient face. "Oh, get up here in front, will you?" She slapped the back of the seat with her palm.



"We got lettuce. We got tomatoes. All we need is mayonnaise."

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Blister's was full of students and young faculty types. The music was loud. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. Two guys signalled Jack from a table near the bandstand, and when we got to where they were they both started talking right away, completing each other's sentences. The club was dark. The waitresses wore smart yellow tights. I took a seat at one end of the table and said hello to the guy with extraordinary sideburns, glasses, and a black T-shirt that had "COBOL" block-lettered across the chest.

Jack said, "This is David." He pointed at the guy next to him, then at the one next to me. "Mitch, and Hacker. Mitch, you have to do the women."

"I already did the women," Mitch said, and everybody laughed.

There were three women. One of them said, "Mitch is the art department, so you can forget him. I'm Carmen. That's Mamie, and this one"—she patted the head of the woman sitting next to her—"this one with the blue hair is Lucy."

"Hello, Lucy," I said. Lucy had bright eyes to match the hair, which was brushed back and up in a rooster cut.

"Her name's not really Lucy," Carmen said. "Everybody just calls her that."

"Right," Lucy said. "And I don't mind it, either, because my real name's Alma."

"That's not such a bad name," I said, but when everybody started whistling and hooting I held up my hands and said, "O.K., it's horrible."

Mitch leaned across the table and kissed Lucy on the neck, just inside the collar of her shirt.

"A territorial thing," she said, stroking the back of his head.

The waitress brushed her hip against me. I ordered a Stroh's and then listened to two of the women talk about a guy both had had in class. Mitch sat down and put an arm around Jack. Hacker rubbed his nose in tight circles with his knuckle. "I hear you're interviewing. How'd you do?" he said.

"All right, I guess." I wiggled my beer bottle. "The president had some trouble remembering what I was here for, but outside of that it was fine."

"He has trouble remembering what *he's* here for," Hacker said.

"Laughs," Carmen said.

"He's all right," Lucy said. "So what if he likes plaid? That's his job."

Carmen and Hacker both did slow double takes, and I got the idea that this was their routine.

"You're not biology, are you?" I said to Lucy.

"Poetry," she said. "I teach poetry and comp. Mamie's in social work, and Carmen—what do you do, Carmen?"

"I show the little coeds how to tear up men."

"I think she means phys ed," Lucy said. "How come you're with Jack? Where's Sonia?"

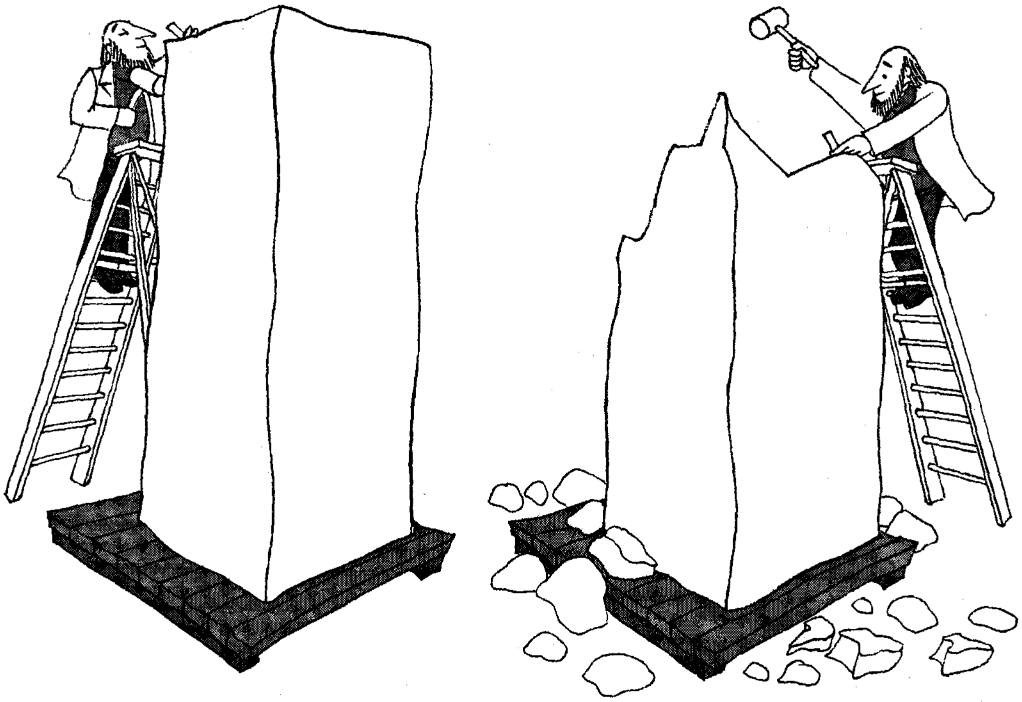
"She's probably doing a little biological research," Carmen said. "She does more research than anybody I know."

"Take a hike, Carmen," Mamie said.

"Carmen doesn't know Sonia," Lucy said, bending the edge of a beer coaster. "Carmen thinks Sonia should be a good little girl like the rest of us."

"At least I don't envy her," Carmen said.

The musicians, who had been sitting at the next table, went onstage, and Carmen and Mamie got up to dance, taking Mitch and Hacker with them. Jack came around to my side of the table and sat next to Lucy. We watched the customers trot out onto the tiny dance floor. A willowy blond guy in a tight emerald muscle shirt and baggy white pants started dancing



alone, his eyes closed. The other dancers pulled back to allow him room.

"Who's this?" I asked, bumping Lucy's arm.

"That's Paul. He tried to hang himself from the diving board at the pool next to student housing. He used an electrical cord—one of those big orange ones they sell at the grocery stores now. Some swimming coach got him down. Paul's a very intense kid."

"He looks it," I said, watching him do some kind of wobble-knee step.

"Sure he does," Lucy said, glancing at me and then at the Schlitz clock over the bar. "Everybody says that."

ON our way to Sonia's, Jack told me Hacker was a computer whiz. "He does all my financial work for half what I'd pay otherwise. He was Sonia's boyfriend when she got back from Rhodesia. She married this black guy and they moved over there, but he got killed, I think. Something like that. Anyway, he didn't come back. He was an exchange student."

Sonia's apartment was at Palm Shadows North, one of Jack's properties. He told me he had apartments in every major architectural style; these were Tudor—brown wood crisscrossing stucco buildings that were bathed in white light. When we got into the central yard, he pointed at a group of buildings partly hidden by a Japanese rain tree. "Her light's on."

The living room looked like a model in a department store. There was a humpbacked sofa with a matching chair, a big red Oriental urn, a rattan basket with tall dried weeds inside.

Sonia and Burt were in the kitchen.

"Still warm," he said, pointing to a pile of French fries on the counter. He was big, thick through the chest and shapeless from the shoulders down, and young. The tail of his blue police shirt was out, and his black belt was slung over the back of one of Sonia's barstools. He stuck out an arm to shake hands. "Burt," he said. "You're David, right?"

"He prefers David," Jack said.

Sonia kept pushing the French fries around in a hat-size pot of cooking oil.

"David," Burt said, repeating himself uncertainly as he shook my hand.

"Either one," I said. I grinned at him. "Doesn't matter."

"We got tired of driving around," Burt said, gripping my shoulder and turning me toward the counter. "We thought we'd make some homemade French fries."

"The first ones burned," Sonia said. "I don't know what I did wrong."

"I told her it was her oil," Burt said. He came up in back of Sonia and patted her rump. She jumped and gave him a look. "Oops," he said. "I think I'd better get the beer. Where's that beer you got?"

I offered to go out to the car, but Burt said he wanted to, and took the keys from Jack. "Which way is it again?" he said from the apartment door. "Out this way?" He pointed off in the wrong direction.

"Straight across the courtyard and make a right past the mailboxes," Jack said. "In the first row about twenty down."

"Back in a flash," Burt said.

Jack leaned against the counter, staring at Sonia, but she ignored him. "Hi, David," she said. "You doing O.K.?"

"Fine. We went to Blister's. I met the faculty."

"Oh, yeah? Who?"

"The regulars," Jack said. "So what about Burt?"

"Burt's a vet," Sonia said. "Vietnam. He learned a whole lot about human nature over there. He builds model trains. He likes bicycling and he's not good in bed."

"Oh, Jesus," Jack said. "Is he married or what?"

"His wife was Rose Queen in his high-school pageant. No kids. He says she's O.K."

"Is this peanut oil or regular oil?" I said.

"Crisco," Sonia said. She removed newly browned French fries and rolled them onto paper towels on the counter top. "Salt those, will you?" she said to Jack.

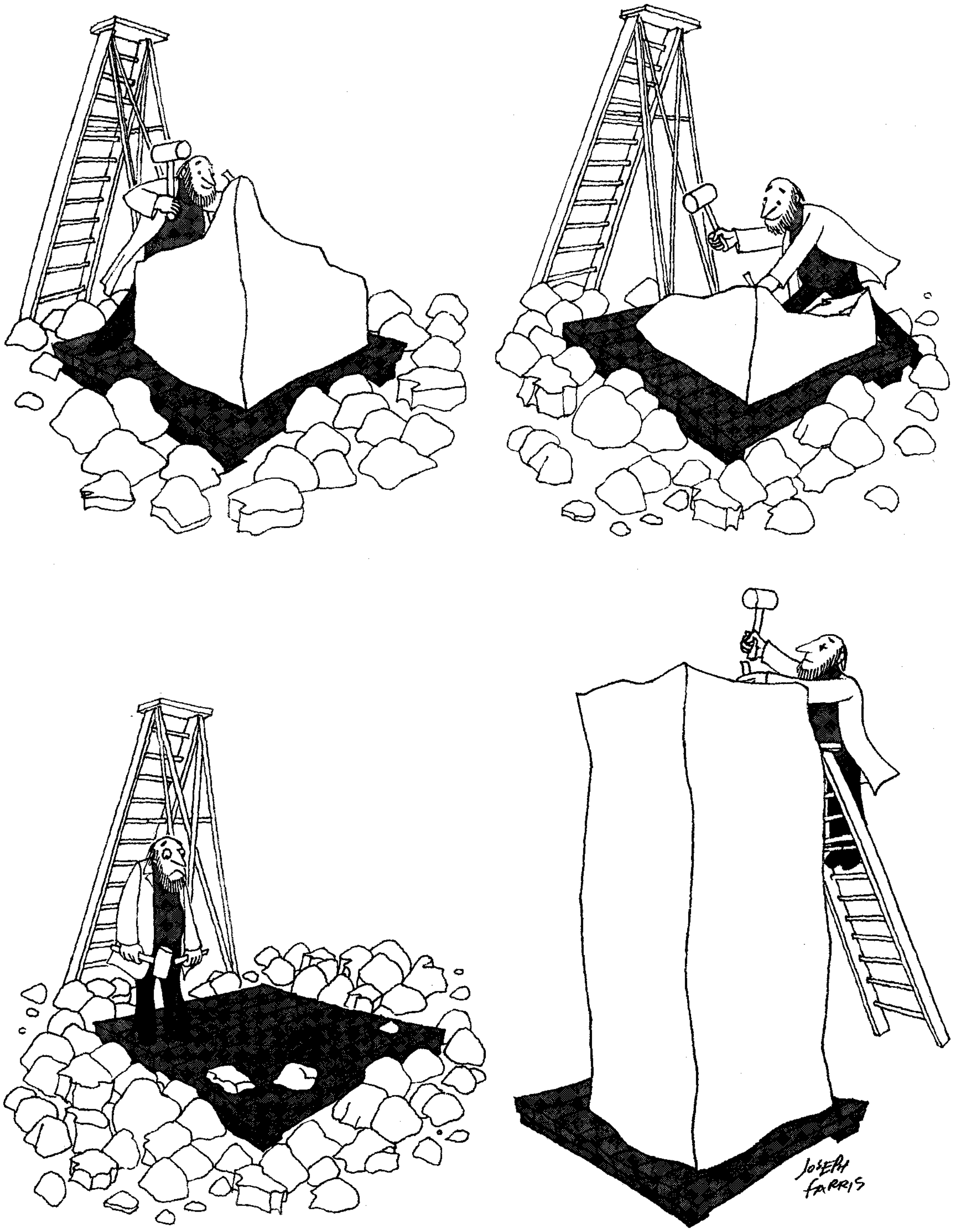
"Just curious," I said.

Sonia patted my arm. "It's a game we play. Actually, I have no idea about his wife, not to mention how he is in bed. My brother, however, likes to think of me as a lady of darkness. So I do the best I can."

"That's cute," Jack said. "Poor kid's probably steaming by now."

"He's doing fine," she said. "Anyway, what about that Puerto Rican girl you liked so much? What was her name—Felicidad?"

Burt opened the front door and shouted, "Beer run." He came into the kitchen carrying the sack with the top rolled over like the top of a lunch bag. His shirt was patterned with coaster-size spots. "I sat in the car a minute waiting for the rain to quit. Then I listened to it on the roof—you know, that old car, the way old cars smell, and here's this rain—thunk, thunk, thunk—you know? It's dark. No-



body's around. So I sit there for a minute, just listening. You know what I'm saying?" He put the bag on the counter and unrolled the top. "Maybe not. Who's thirsty?"

"I'll have one," Jack said, pulling a can out of a six-pack.

"Take off the shirt," Sonia said. "We'll put it in the oven again."

"I'm O.K.," Burt said. He flapped the tail of his shirt. "It'll dry quick enough."

"Oh, go ahead," Jack said.

Burt shook his head. "Nope." He handed out beer.

Jack took a Kleenex out of the dispenser on top of the refrigerator and wiped off the top of his Coors can, bunching the tissue to clean the can's rim, then put the beer on the counter and wadded the tissue into a ball, rolling it between his palms.

We drank the beer. Jack kept looking at me as if I was supposed to do something. Finally he said, "We still have to get your Budget car out at the school, right?" He pushed off his stool, drained his beer, then flattened the can on the counter. "Right. It's getting late. Time to move."

"It's ten o'clock, Jack," Sonia said. She fluffed his hair. "Although I do have class at eight. I used to like early classes, but I sure don't now."

Burt stuffed his shirttail back into his trousers, wrapped the gun belt around his waist, and put his cap on his head, the visor low over his eyes. "I've got to get on, myself," he said.

We went to the door together, the four of us. Burt was the first outside. "Looks like it's quit again," he said, holding his hands out at his sides.

Sonia followed him out and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Thanks, Burt," she said. "I had fun. Really." She gave Jack a high five as he walked past. "So long, Brother." Then she whispered something else to Burt and let him go. I started to follow them, but Sonia said, "Wait a bit," and tugged my coat. Jack and Burt were fifteen feet away; both turned in our direction.

"You coming, David?" Jack said.

"I don't know," I said.

Burt adjusted his cap, then put his hands on his hips, staring at Sonia, then at me. He was still for a minute, then abruptly turned, waving over his shoulder. "Night," he said.

"Meet you at the car?" Jack said.

"Take yours, Jack," Sonia said. "I'll run him out to school."

Jack caught Burt halfway across the courtyard, and by the time they made the turn to go past the mailboxes they were laughing. The sound echoed in the yard, which was full of lights bouncing off the wide blades of the yuccas, off the wet bushes. Everywhere there was the sound of dripping water. Sonia put an arm around my waist and I put an arm around hers, and we stood there watching Jack and Burt. "I like them," she said. "Isn't that strange?"

MY presentation to the faculty the next morning went well enough. When an old guy I hadn't met got nasty in the question period, Sonia reminded him, gracefully, that a lot of new work was being done in regenerative plant tissue. "We all understand how hard it is to keep up with the literature, Dr. Holdt," she said. He huffed, and then the meeting broke up. I got a polite round of applause.

Sonia had to stop at the bank on our way to lunch. When we got in line for the Auto Teller, she bumped into the back of a Dodge Polara. "How about seafood, Professor?" she said, watching the driver in front look at who'd hit him.

"How about insurance?" I said.

"I'm sorry about that business with Holdt, but I despise the old balloon."

"He doesn't seem to like you much, either," I said.

"They're used to me," she said. "I'm that way in all the faculty meetings. They don't care, or they're scared, or they just think it's funny. I don't know."

We went to a restaurant called Seafood in the Rough, where the drinks came in glasses shaped like telescopes. She looked at the menu and decided on crab claws.

"If they do the chicken and the fish in the same oil, I want fried chicken," I said.

She called the waiter over and asked about the chicken. He was eighteen and looked like John Travolta, with the wet eyes and the jaw. He liked the trout, only they were out of trout. He was mixed on the chicken and didn't know anything about the oil.

I said, "I thought it was traditional in a place like this."

"No kidding?" he said.

Sonia ordered for both of us and asked him to send the cocktail waitress back. "I've heard of it," she said, when he was gone.

MY plane wasn't until seven, so after lunch Sonia took me to Jack's apartment. "I wanted you to see it," she said.

Jack had gone out of town for the weekend. His place was two studios converted into one big apartment, and it smelled like cinnamon and had a lot of furniture. Everything was jumbled together. There was a coffee table with a glass top and an Indian sand painting under the glass, and there were oil paintings of horses—horses standing alongside red-jacketed girls, horses staring into the cramped room, horses with blue ribbons pinned to them. At one end of the living room, there were two sliding doors covered with satiny curtains that almost glowed. Two low, shaded lamps provided a grimy light. I made a face by way of appreciation, and Sonia said, "You like it, right?"

"Yes," I said. "It's dark and mysterious."

She tugged on the curtain so she could look outside. There was some thunder and a flash of lightning, and she jumped away from the window. "It's great out there," she said.

I looked at a brass pot stacked with some other pots next to the wall, then settled on the floor and leaned against the couch. "I don't think I slept enough last night," I said.

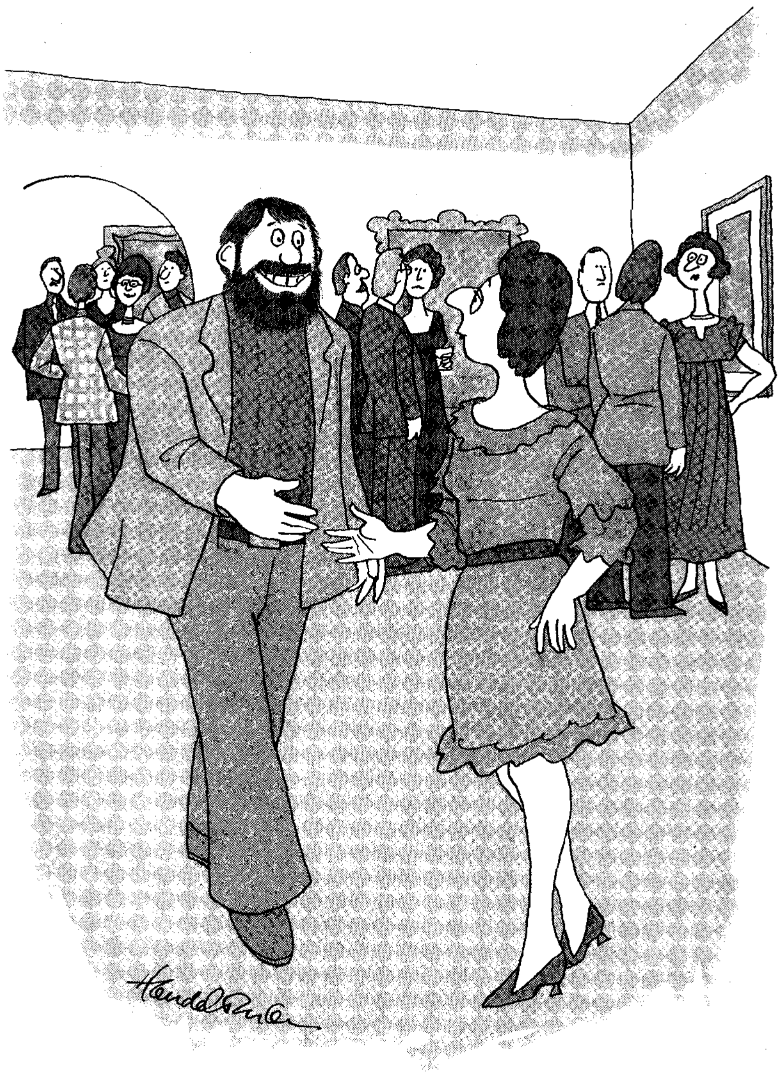
She sat on the couch and flicked my hair around with her hand. "Yeah, right. You left really late—maybe ten, ten-thirty. You don't like night, you told me."

"Dumb," I said, nodding at her. "I was exhausted."

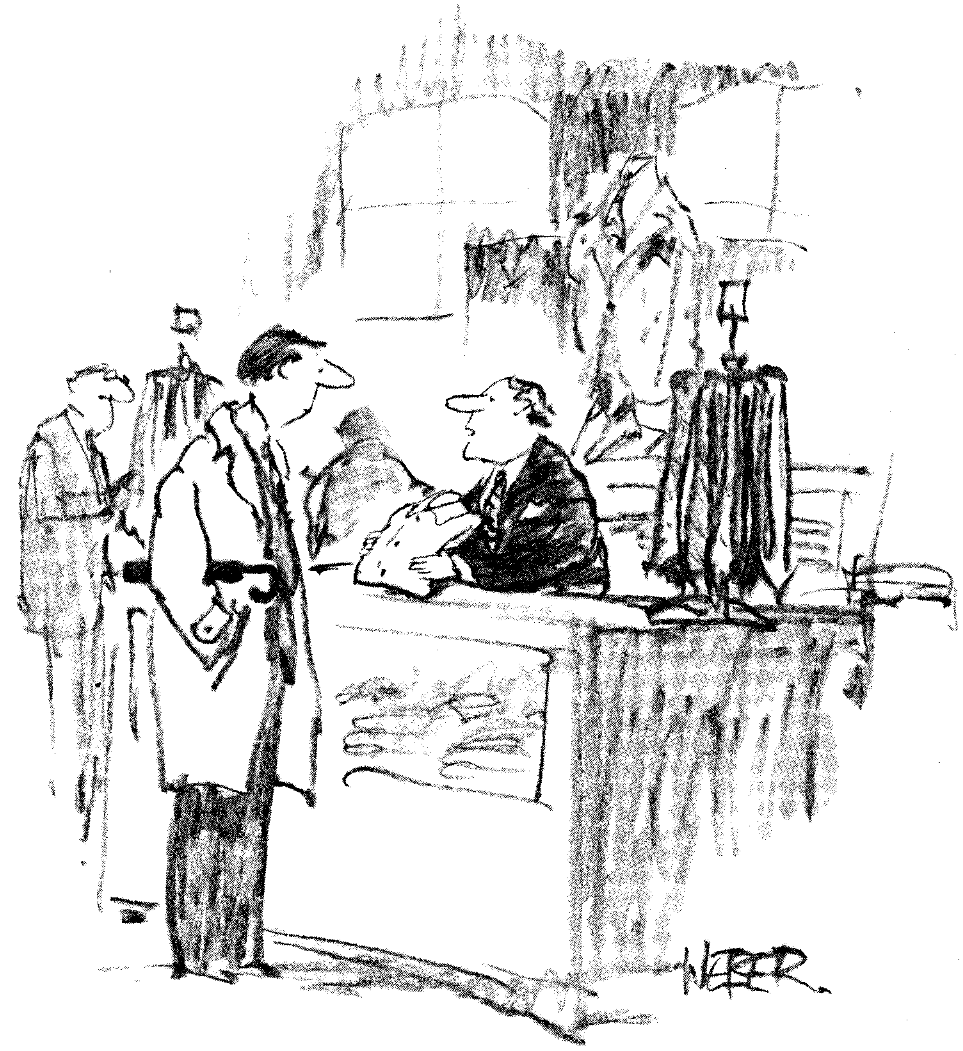
She nodded back at me.

"Dumb," I said.

She left her purse on the couch, then stood up right in front of me, close, for a minute. I stared at where her knees were under the skirt, then looked at her shoes, which were red with an open toe and a heel shaped like a funnel. The cinnamon smell was strong. I touched her shoe and she took a step closer, then backed away and went into the bedroom. After a few minutes she appeared again wearing a floor-length black silk robe decorated with red piping and a Chinese dragon, antique and stunning. "You want



"I don't believe we've met. I'm Chuck Shindler, a big, lovable bear of a man."



"It comes in five important colors."

some space candy?" she said, tearing the top of a bag. She flipped her hair out of the collar of the robe. "I'm nuts for the stuff."

"Me too," I said. "What is it?"

She poured some kernels of the candy into my palm. The candy looked like small gray rocks. "Put them on your tongue," she said.

I did that, and the candy seemed to explode inside my head. "Umm," I said.

"Kids used to have this all the time," Sonia said. "I think they took it off the market or something. Jack's got cases and cases."

She went across the room to a lacquered dressing table that was built out from a huge round mirror. She sat with her back perfectly straight and studied her makeup, and when she combed her hair she did it the way women do in shampoo commercials, dreamily, as if the hair were precious. She was watching me watch her in the mirror. Finally, she slid the comb into a drawer, swivelled around, dropped the robe off her shoulders, and made a little flourish with her hands.

I did a short laugh and said, "Yikes!"

"Yikes?" she said. She raised an eyebrow at me and then, when I didn't move, she looked at herself, brushed her fingers across her breasts, and bent down for the robe, which she folded over her hands in her lap.

"Just something that came to mind," I said. "You're real pretty."

"Thanks." She waited another minute, then shook the robe out and started to put it on. "My idea of a friendly gesture," she said, turning to face the dressing table again.

I got off the floor and went over to her and we looked at each other in the mirror, and then she laughed and said, "So you want to go to a movie or something?"

"What a wonderful idea," I said.

She slid to one side of the stool so I could sit down, and then she put her head on my shoulder, then kissed my arm, leaving a pair of shiny red lips on my shirtsleeve.

SONIA dropped me off at the Tropic Breeze. She said she'd come back at six to take me to the airport.

"I can get a cab," I said. "I mean, if you're busy."

"I'm not," she said.

The motel was run by a guy named McCoy, who'd told me that his father built it in the fifties. The wood siding had a fresh coat of aquamarine paint, and the trim was done in coral. My room was floor-to-ceiling wood panelling. I spent the afternoon reading a book called "Guide to Coastal Alabama," which I'd found on the nightstand.

At four I went for a walk. The motel was on a street lined with fast-food restaurants and gas stations, so I didn't go far. It was cool and there were winds—quick bursts that bent tree limbs and rattled signs. There was a big live oak in among the buildings, next to an abandoned Roy Rogers Roast Beef place, and in it there was a platform tree house with three low walls made out of auto hubcaps. The cars going by had their parking lights on, and the tires still hissed on the road. I wondered how I'd done in the interview and if I would get the job. A red pickup went by and the driver honked. I waved, even though I didn't know who it was—it could have been one of the people from the bar, or somebody who thought I was somebody else. I sat down on a concrete bench at the bus stop and watched the cars.

When I got back to the motel, Sonia was leaning on the wood railing outside my room. She was wearing an ice-blue leotard, a leather flight jacket with a fur collar, and a pair of bulky silver pants like some I'd seen in *TV Guide.*

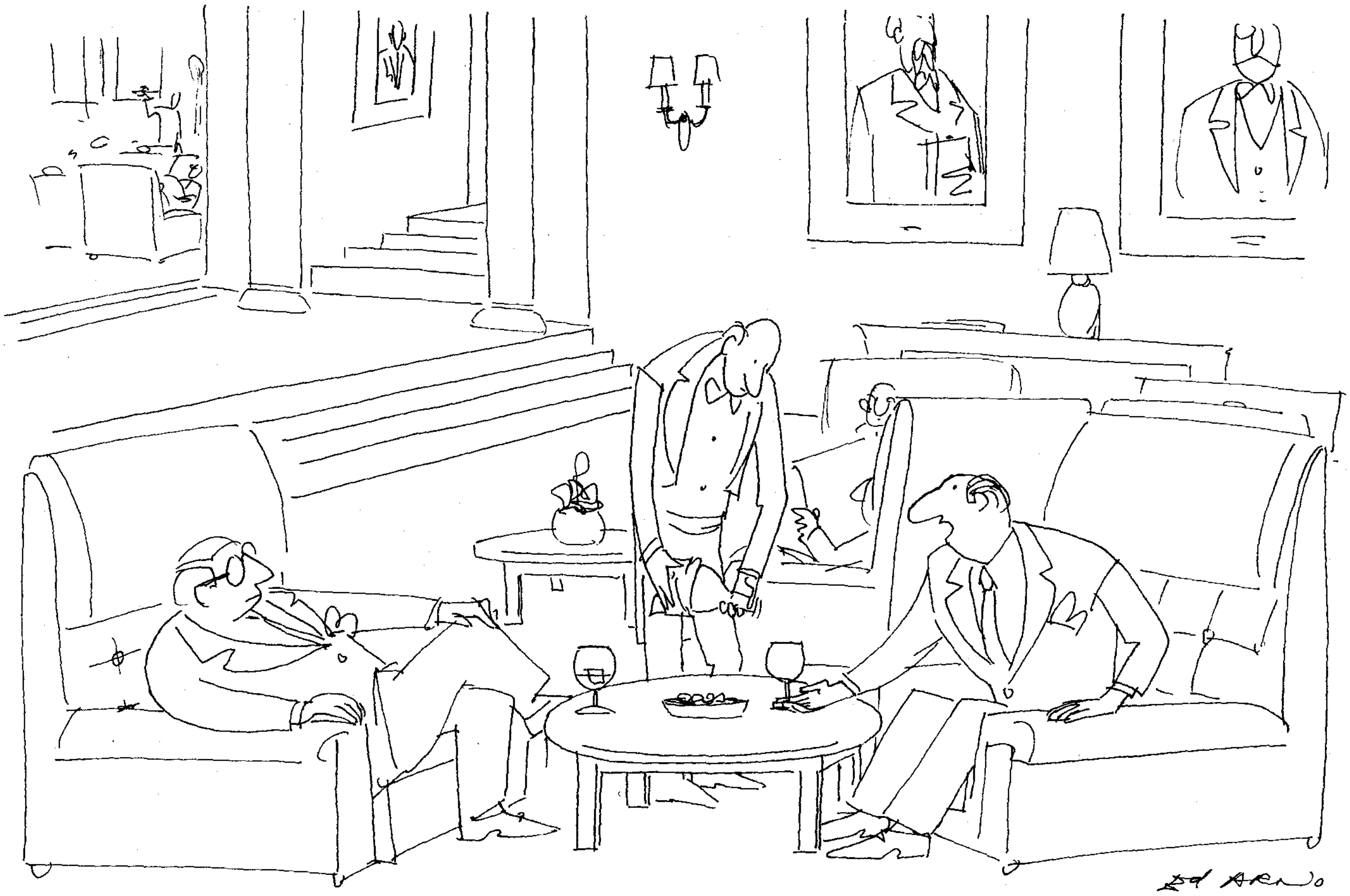
"I'm early," she said, as I crossed the parking lot toward the stairs.

"I'm lucky," I said.

When I got upstairs, she was standing by the door holding a miniature dumbbell in each hand.

"What's this?" I said.

"I've been working out," she said. "I always carry these things in my car." She did a couple of demonstra-



"I seem to have a need to fail. On a grand scale, of course."

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tion curls, first one hand and then the other, her breasts popping under the thin fabric. "This place looks like a golf course. I've never been here before." She lifted her head to indicate the colored boards McCoy had around his flower beds.

I nodded and pointed toward the office. "I think the owner likes it here."

She held the dumbbells over her head and then slowly lowered her arms until they were fully extended straight out from her shoulders. "You lift?"

McCoy came out of his glass office wearing caramel-and-white saddle oxfords and high white pants with a thin cordovan belt that seemed to be twisted in the loops. He looked as if he'd just shaved—his skin was smooth and sunburn-red. He had moles that looked like erasers on his left cheek. "What's this?" he said. He looked at me, then licked his finger and tapped it on the burning tip of his cigar.

"This is personal stuff," Sonia said. She dropped the weights onto the balcony. "We're talking about getting you a rocket ship for your place here."

He beamed and looked at the grounds of his motel. "I wanted to bring in some living animals, something like that, but the city wouldn't let me. They got rules."

She nodded, and he wagged a hand, got a newspaper from the orange rack by the door, and went inside.

"He likes you," I said.

She rolled her eyes, then grabbed me by the lapel of my jacket and pulled me inside. "C'mon. I'm a knockout with a motel room."

"Right," I said.

I unlocked the door and we went in. "How come everything's in the middle? Open plan making a comeback?"

I'd moved the bed away from the wall. I always do that when I stay in motels. It hadn't seemed strange to me until she came in and started looking at it.

She walked a circle around the bed. "Maybe you should get some spotlights in here." She sat on the couch that was covered with a Mexican-style rug. "So where were you? Did you call me?"

"I went to see the sights."

"Smooth," she said. "That's the professor in you. Me, I was lonely." She dropped the leather jacket on the seat beside her, then straightened the Danskin over her belly. "I almost hit somebody in a parking lot." She turned to look out the window. "Shut the door, will you? So are you taking the job? You've got it. I talked to Stibert."

I said, "I'll take it." I shoved the door closed and sat on the edge of the bed, facing her.

We grinned at each other for a minute, and then she grabbed a handful of the silver material bunched around her knee and said, "You ever see these things? They make you look so stupid, but they work. I lost two pounds. I had to send away for them." She pressed the fabric into folds that she traced up and down her thighs. "I usually go through pants pretty quick, but these dudes are endless."

—Frederick Barthelme

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Like Henry Green again, he is regarded as almost esoterically English, an accusation that seems never to be brought against French, German or Italian authors.—*Anatole Broyard in the Times.*

And with good reason.

REFLECTIONS

RUSSIA—THE QUEST FOR LEGITIMACY

BY reintroducing Russia to cold war, the Reagan Administration has actually provided that country a certain relief from its deepest problem, which is the problem of autonomy. In an arms race, with Washington again using the morally judgmental language of the nineteen-fifties, with negotiations discouraged, and with progress in political relations stopped, the Soviet leaders can nonetheless find reassurance. They are assured by America of their importance, of the fear they inspire, of the reach of their policies, of the consequences for the United States and for the entire world of what they choose to do. The doubt they might well feel is for the moment muted: Leninism is accorded grave respect by those who advise President Ronald Reagan and conduct his government. The Soviet élite's confidence in themselves and in their mission must be enhanced. They recognize their own society's inadequacies. But the West, they can assure themselves, which since the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties has seemed to conduct itself with such demoralizingly effortless superiority, reveals its actual weakness. It is afraid. The Soviets' need to believe in a secret superiority is validated. The old questions of adequacy can be postponed, sine die.

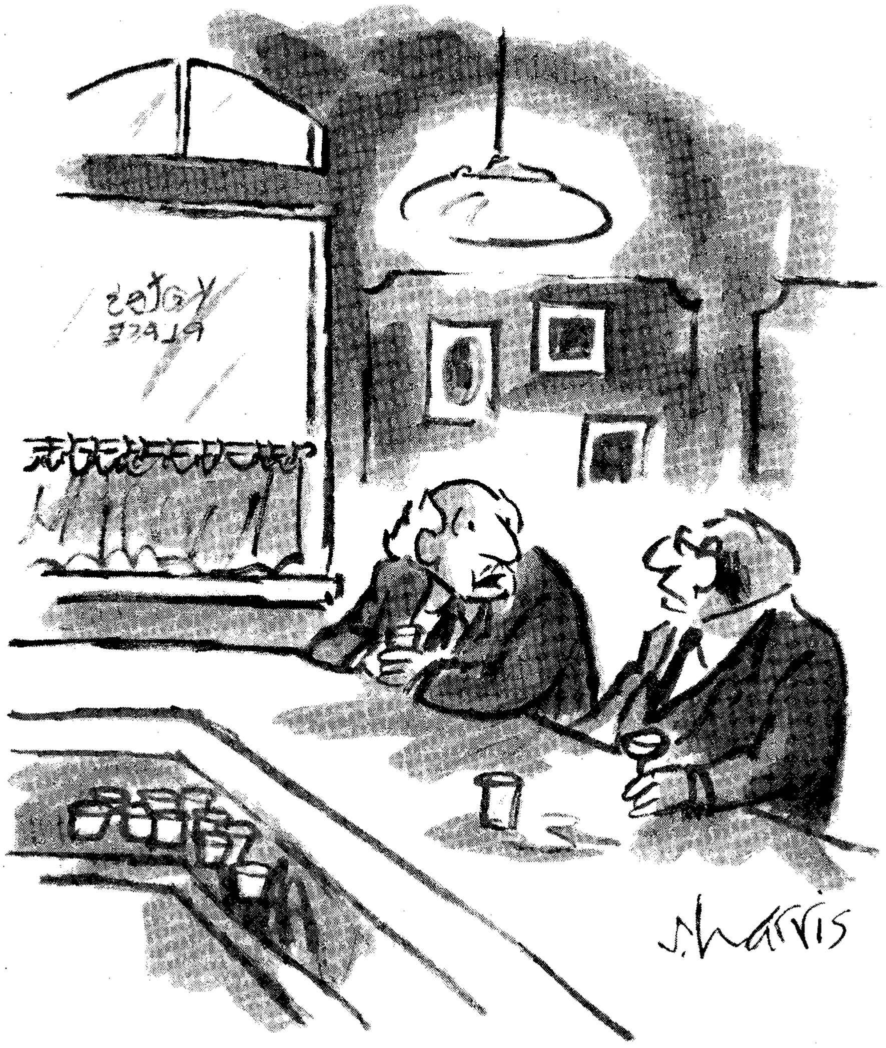
The tension imposed by an awareness of a backwardness that is at odds with its soaring ambition is not new in the Russian nation's experience. Nor is the remedy for such tension. The conviction that Russia is "a world by itself, alien and superior to Europe and at the same time suffering from Europe's hostility and arrogance" (as the late historian Hans Kohn put it, in his book "Pan-Slavism: Its History and Ideology"), also existed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and before. Compensation for actual material backwardness was found in the contention that Russia's superiority was moral and religious, and that this conferred upon Russia a redemptive national mission, justifying what Russians suffered.

A claim constantly made in recent years by the Soviet government and Soviet officials has been that Russia is entitled to a formal status of equality with the United States in international affairs as well as to a military parity. Russia is said to be entitled to as large a role in the Middle East or Asia as the United States. By implication, spheres of influence should be acknowledged. An equal and balanced naval and military position should be recognized. The Soviet Union has earned this status, officials say, and is determined to maintain it at any cost. The unspoken wish of Soviet leaders seems really to be a condominium with the United States in world affairs. The roles of the older great powers—Western Europe and Japan—seem to be irritants to the Soviet Union, of less interest than they are even to Washington. The Soviet leaders concentrate on the United States. It is their challenge but also their measure.

The claim to equality is used to justify the Soviet military buildup of recent years; it is meant to give Russia strategic parity with the United States—an objective that Moscow now claims to have achieved. The argument made by the Soviets in the debate over intermediate-range missiles in Western Europe says that existing forces are now effectively equal, and that this is as it should be. Any new Western deployment, in Europe or elsewhere, would represent an American effort to regain superiority, they say. Even Yuri Andropov, the Soviet leader, has stated that a "military strategic parity" exists today, and that "this parity is a reliable guarantee of peace, and we will do everything to preserve it." He went on to say, in an interview with *Pravda* last March 27th, that it is the United States that wants to create "qualitatively new systems of conventional weapons," and that the United States is also searching for ways of "unleashing nuclear war in the hope of winning it."

Anxiety seems to underlie the anger apparent in these remarks. The Soviet Union could not sustain an arms race with the United States that broke into radically new technologies, or could sustain it only at desperate cost to the

"Oh, they're an interesting bunch, all right. They just don't happen to interest me."



"I've been a prominent physician for many years and have had an unusual career. I worked closely with a colleague, and together we developed several new diagnostic techniques, travelled the world, and established clinics in many remote areas. Our joint autobiography was well received, and Hollywood got wind of it. They have now begun production of the film. It will star Cheech and Chong."

• •

civilian society. Its demand that parity be acknowledged rests on a sober assessment of its actual economic and industrial situation. The big scientific espionage program of recent years (which provoked a mass expulsion of Soviet diplomats and journalists from France in April) has been an effort to find abroad what the Soviet Union cannot easily develop at home. (The French Ministry of Interior cited "a systematic search throughout the national territory . . . for scientific, technical, and technological information, particularly in the military domain.") But the demand that the Soviet Union be treated by the United States as an equal power is clearly charged with psychological as well as political weight for the Russians. It reveals their awareness that Russia is not a society like others. It reëvokes what has been a central problem in modern Russian history. A permanent question for Russian intellectuals throughout the nineteenth century was whether Russia belonged properly to Europe and European values or constituted a separate civilization, which could afford indifference to the West (or required such indifference to survive). The influence of nineteenth-century European Romanticism reinforced Russian criticisms of Western European civilization: it was shown as badly flawed in the accounts of its own artists and writers. The very material backwardness of Russia, and thus the survival of the "organic" peasant community, was held to have saved Russians from Western man's alienation from the sources of existence. The Romantic view within Russia was: "We do not march step by step with the European civilization, we are running a race with it and we shall soon surpass it if we have not already done so. . . . It is not our role to be the echo of a civilization which lies in ruins and agony and of which we see perhaps already the convulsions announcing its death but to produce ourselves a new, young, strong civilization, a genuine Russian civilization which will renew old Europe." That was the opinion held by a leading historian of the arts, a liberal, Nikolai Ivanovich Nadezhdin, writing in the eighteen-thirties.

Slavophiles said much the same thing. They counted Russia's millions, added to those the Slavs of Central and Southern Europe, marvelled at Russia's natural variety and its huge size, described Russia's spirituality and its intellectual and artistic gifts, and concluded (as in a famous statement of 1838, dedicated to the education of the heir to the throne, the future Alexander II, but never delivered): "Who can compare with us? Whom will we not force into submission? Is not the political destiny of the world in our hands whenever we want to decide it one way or the other?" The decline of Europe, divided, corrupted by individual liberties, was a condition "by which our greatness—as light by shadow—is still more enhanced," the statement said. "The untiring attention with which Europe follows every step by us, the incessant suspicion of our slightest move, the muffled grumbling of jealousy, envy, and malice . . . are they not the most convincing proof of Russia's strength?" The last lines have a contemporary relevance. The writer is Mikhail Petrovich Pogodin (1800-75), of the University of Moscow. A colleague called the West the "carrier of a terrible and contagious disease, surrounded by an air created by its dangerous breath"—a rotting corpse.

THE glorious Russian future anticipated by such nineteenth-century writers actually proved to be one of lasting serfdom, censorship, and political repression, a Polish question unresolved and ready to explode, fiasco in the Crimean War, terrorism, and then, in the twentieth century, humiliation by Japan at Port Arthur and Tsushima, subsequent insurrection

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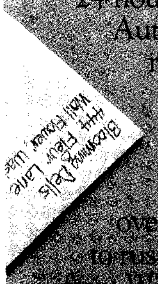

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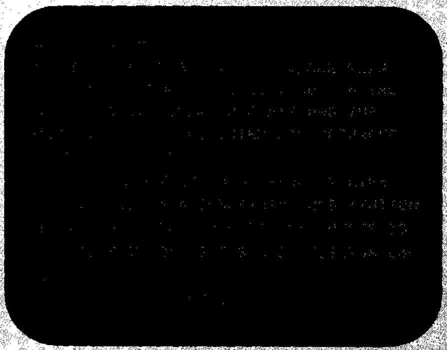

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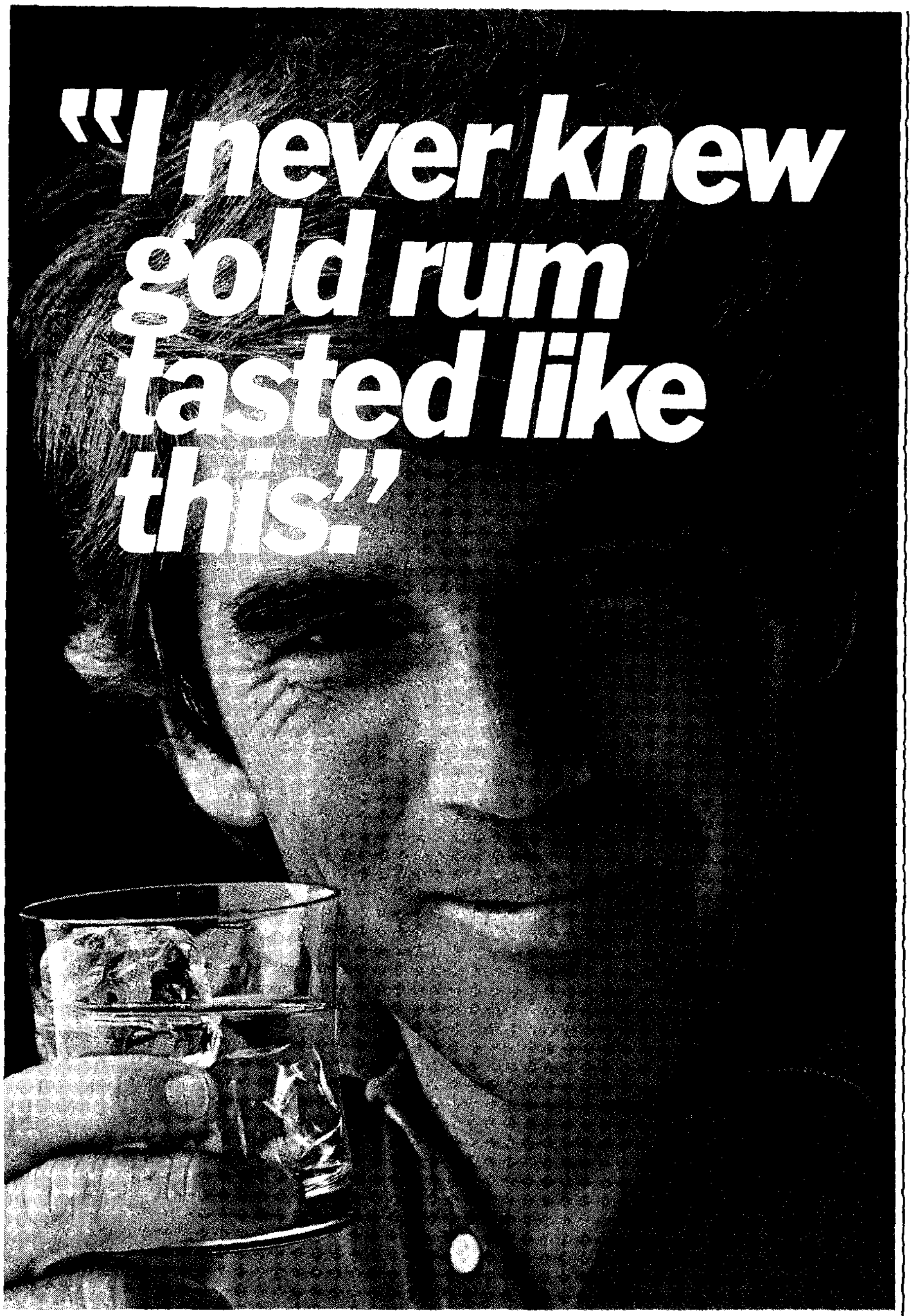
and ineffectual reform, terrible defeats by the Germans in the first months of the First World War, and, finally, revolution—and what followed.

The belief in Russia as "a world by itself, alien and superior to Europe and at the same time suffering from Europe's hostility and arrogance," nonetheless reappeared and triumphed after 1917. Leninism provided a secular iteration of the belief in the saving mission of Russians in a world of unbelievers. At the same time, the notion that Moscow had become the last and culminating center of Christianity—which is to say, of humanity's possibilities for redemption—also seemed to be fulfilled. It was the "third Rome," after the Rome of Augustus, and the second Rome, of Constantinople. The monk Philotheus wrote, in the early sixteenth century, "Two Romes have fallen, but a Third stands fast; a fourth there cannot be."

This mixture of defensiveness with an overbearing conviction of national mission survives today, a serious factor in Soviet policy and Soviet relations with the West. Russia, in its modern history, *has been a reactive* civilization, responding to what has come to it from the West, taking from the West solutions to its own most urgent problems—quite brilliantly, but as yet without a conclusive synthesis of these imported ideas with its own needs. It has been forced to be reactive in order to defend itself. Russia, of course, was not a unified country at the time when Western Europe was leaving the Middle Ages for the Renaissance. It was "neither European nor Asiatic . . . Christian, but its Christianity had come to it from Byzantium and not from Rome," the English historian G. N. Clark has written. "The emperor used the title of tsar, the most distant of all the echoes of the name of Caesar, but his despotism was of the Oriental type. He was nearer to the Moguls than to the Bourbons. . . . Until this period"—the seventeenth century—"Russia was external to western civilization. It had been important to the maritime powers as a field for commercial exploitation, and to its continental neighbors as . . . a possible field for conquest."

By the seventeenth century, Russia, invaded by Swedes and Poles, challenged in the east by Manchu China, seemed headed for partition and colonialization by the more dynamic states in the West. Peter the Great saved it by making over the Russian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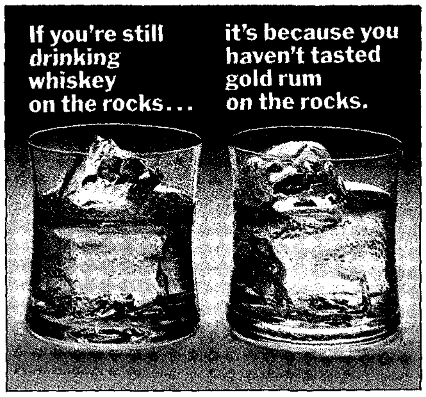
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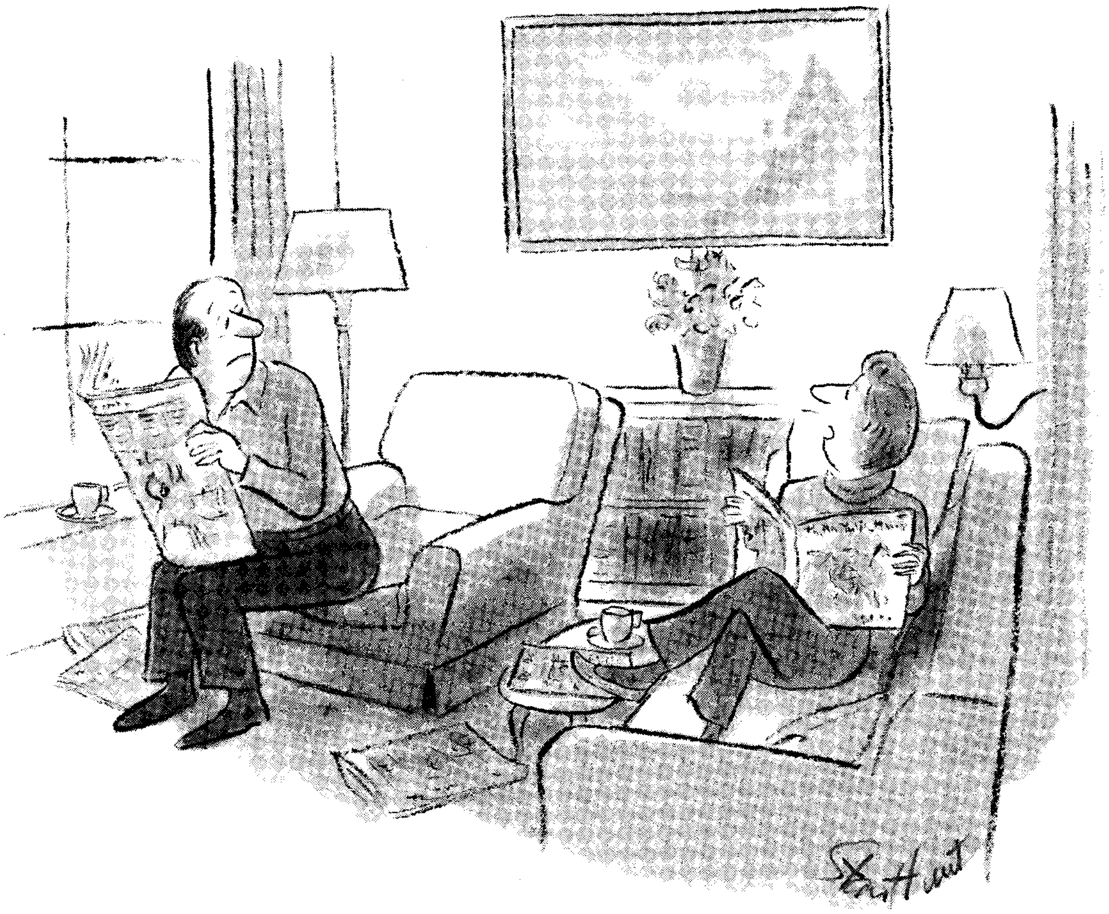
monarchy and its army on the model of contemporary, absolutist Europe. This was change at the top; the society itself was largely untouched. A Europeanized state apparatus, army, and court were superimposed. The aristocracy was forbidden Muscovy robes and beards, and its sons were pressed into state service. By the next century, this élite had been augmented, as a mercantile and professional class developed. From that came the great nineteenth-century intelligentsia—Dostoevski, Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy—divided between loyalty to Russia and the lure, or rejection, of a modern Western Europe of secularism, science, ideology, and inner conflict. What was eventually discovered in Europe was a revolutionary doctrine to apply to reactionary Russia—and in 1917 the émigré Bolsheviks applied it.



"For God's sake, Marvin, are you going to live your entire life on the edge of your chair?"

• •

RUSSIAN inadequacies found theoretical, and perhaps political, compensation during the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties in the messianic belief that the revolutionary Soviet state, under attack as it was, was an outpost of the future. It was a further help that Russians were simply ignorant of much outside Russia's borders. The cosmopolitan classes in Russia did not survive the nineteen-twenties. The cosmopolitan revolutionaries—those who knew the outside world—were mostly murdered in the nineteen-thirties and nineteen-forties. Those left were working-class autodidacts, whose whole experience was inside the Party and inside the Soviet Union. They make up the Politburo today. One accomplishment of détente in the nineteen-seventies was to allow a larger number of Soviet officials to travel outside their country and see their own society in a new perspective—not a satisfying one.

The "normalization" of this society under Nikita Khrushchev after the death of the czarlike Stalin released immense pressures, freed a million suppressed desires; but it also posed the issues of recognition and status. For the first time since the revolution, comparisons with the United States ("We will overtake and surpass you") and with the other Western countries became relevant, even urgent. Under Khrushchev, and then under Leonid Brezhnev, Russia necessarily sought recognition as a great power, not as merely a revolutionary power. But great power is a traditional form of status, with traditional formalities and observances. The subversive diplomacy that had characterized the Soviet Union from the time of Brest-Litovsk—Trotsky initially refused to sign the peace proposed to him by imperial Germany but at the same time refused to continue the war, and called on the members of the German proletariat to rise against their government—was abandoned. A certain dignity was sought, whereas a revolutionary power despises dignity as a bourgeois concept. Khrushchev himself acquired an Italian tailor. The uniforms, open collars, workmen's dress of an earlier leadership were no longer seen.

In becoming a conventional power, the Soviet Union had submitted itself to conventional norms of measurement. These were not favorable. The Soviet Union had emerged from the war already a great power in certain important respects. Its extent was large; so was its army. It already dominated Central Asian regions annexed in the nineteen-twenties; Outer Mongolia; the Baltic states taken in 1940. The nations of Eastern and East Central Europe were now forcibly annexed to what became a disciplined zone of interest. The Soviet Union became a nuclear power and a space power, and it built a deep-water fleet, as czarist Russia had done. On the other hand, a major part of the Soviet economy remained, and remains today, primitive, starved of technology, incapable of producing consumer goods on a scale or of a quality to compare even with those of Eastern Europe, to say nothing of the West. Soviet agriculture remains equally inefficient, incapable of feeding the country properly, even though imperial Russia, before 1917, had been a food exporter.

All this revived for the Russia of the nineteen-seventies and nineteen-eighties the old problem, the central one, of Russia's relationship to the West. Russian leaders claim parity with the United States, but it is not a claim that they can sustain except in certain narrow areas. This claim represents one more attempt to find reassurance that the internal doubt is no longer justified. It is here that the international problem arises. Neither the United States nor the other major world powers can confer upon the Soviet Union a standing it manifestly does not command on its merits and accomplishments. The United States might accept the concept of an arms parity if there were serious reason to believe that so large and consequential an agreement would not be abused by Moscow. (The Reagan Administration, of course, argues that the United States has already gone far beyond that—insists, against much evidence, that the Soviet Union is now more powerful than the United States.) The West cannot present the Soviet Union with the world to co-dominate, which is really what it seems to ask.

The Soviet Union could not sustain such a role even if that role were somehow to be bestowed upon it. It does not have the requisite political and moral gravity. Its standing in the world still derives from its radicalism; it is a revisionist power in Asian, African, and Latin-American eyes. To Europe and North America, it is reactionary. In either case, it lacks authority. The Soviet Union has to be taken seriously for its firepower, and for the financial, organizational, and theoretical help it lends to its allied movements abroad and to revolutionary (and terrorist) groups. But even the influence this gives has proved to be ephemeral and reversible. Even in the places where Soviet influence is reinforced by Russian (or Cuban) troops—in Eastern Europe, Afghanistan, and Angola—the future is hardly bright.

The Soviet Union lacks the authority conferred by great accomplishments, by success. At the same time, it no longer radiates the glamour of revolution and subversion, except to the most backward. It is not, by any but military measures, an advanced state. It is the most important of the Third World powers. As such, it faces Russian civilization's old problem, still unresolved, of what to take from the West and how to deal with its challenge. Leninism promised to cause Russia to leap ahead of the West, shortcutting the bourgeois-capitalist stage of social development so as to reach the penultimate stage of socialism, and then attain communism, before the West could do so. That was a fantasy. The Soviet Union today is supposed by its ideologists to have reached the next-to-last point in the evolution of human institutions. Who can take that seriously?

An unrealized, and unrealizable, ambition is potentially destructive. A messianism that fails produces a self-loathing for having failed. The pessimism of Russian society after the humiliation of the Russo-Japanese War and the German victories at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes created the climate for the insurrections of 1905 and 1917. The political élite of that time could find no effective way to reform the system, and at the same time they were terrified of the masses, who had lost confidence in them.

The situation of the Soviet leaders today bears comparison with that. They are bound to an ideology that can no longer be held to describe either the reality outside Russia or the reality within. Yet they cannot reject this ideology or break free of it without eliminating the source of their own legitimacy as the governors of the country. Malenkov, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, and now Andropov have tried to square the circles of modern Russia: to combine initiative with central direction; revolutionary commitment with actual stability, even stagnation; international advance with nuclear stalemate, East European insurrection and dissidence, frustration in Afghanistan. Their plight is made worse by the Party's claim to infallibility. Nothing can be introduced unless there is a way to demonstrate that it was really always there. Useless practices and discredited ideas cannot simply be thrown out, because that would be an admission of past error. In any case, to put what in their place? There is little sign within Russia itself of intellectual innovation, or even of intellectual autonomy in these matters. There is no sign of new ideas, new and fresh analyses, new projects—the kind of thing that makes America, Europe, and Japan able to solve their problems. Russia took its ideas from the West in the past, and it looks as if it will have to do so again. But how and when?

The future is not really very promising. The country possesses rocket forces, satellites, missile cruisers, space vehicles—but the system itself is at an impasse. Marxism is no longer a serviceable tool for the state. The intelligentsia, including a part of the ruling intelligentsia, is restless. Much hope has been placed in Yuri Andropov—what other hope is there? It is sure to be disappointed. The system itself has to change, and this is hardly possible by means of internal reform. The shock of great events may be the only thing that will do it. But who can contemplate that with equanimity?

—William Pfaff

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NOVA SCOTIA

Jellyfish washed up
like small blue parachutes
but it was the silent fishing of cranes
that signalled another time
had begun, another world.
I walked to the clam bed
with bucket and pitchfork
and before the sun had fallen
we had steamers,
and Black Point darkened
slowly, layer upon layer.
The temperature dropped
into the fifties; how easily we fell
into that smug summer sleep
of people vacationing in the north.

One July, though, out of love
with each other,
we played Frisbee, perfecting
the sidearm, the between-the-legs.
In bed we did it this way,
then that, sad masters of technique.
Then a crane dragged
its damaged leg into the tall reeds,
snapped and hissed
when we got near, would not
let itself be saved.
In the morning
we found its neck ripped—
a weasel's work, pure mischief,
and we felt, no, we were sure
nothing we did or didn't do
could have changed a thing.

—Stephen Dunn

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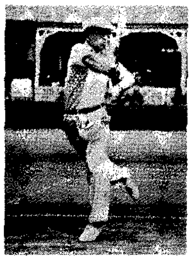

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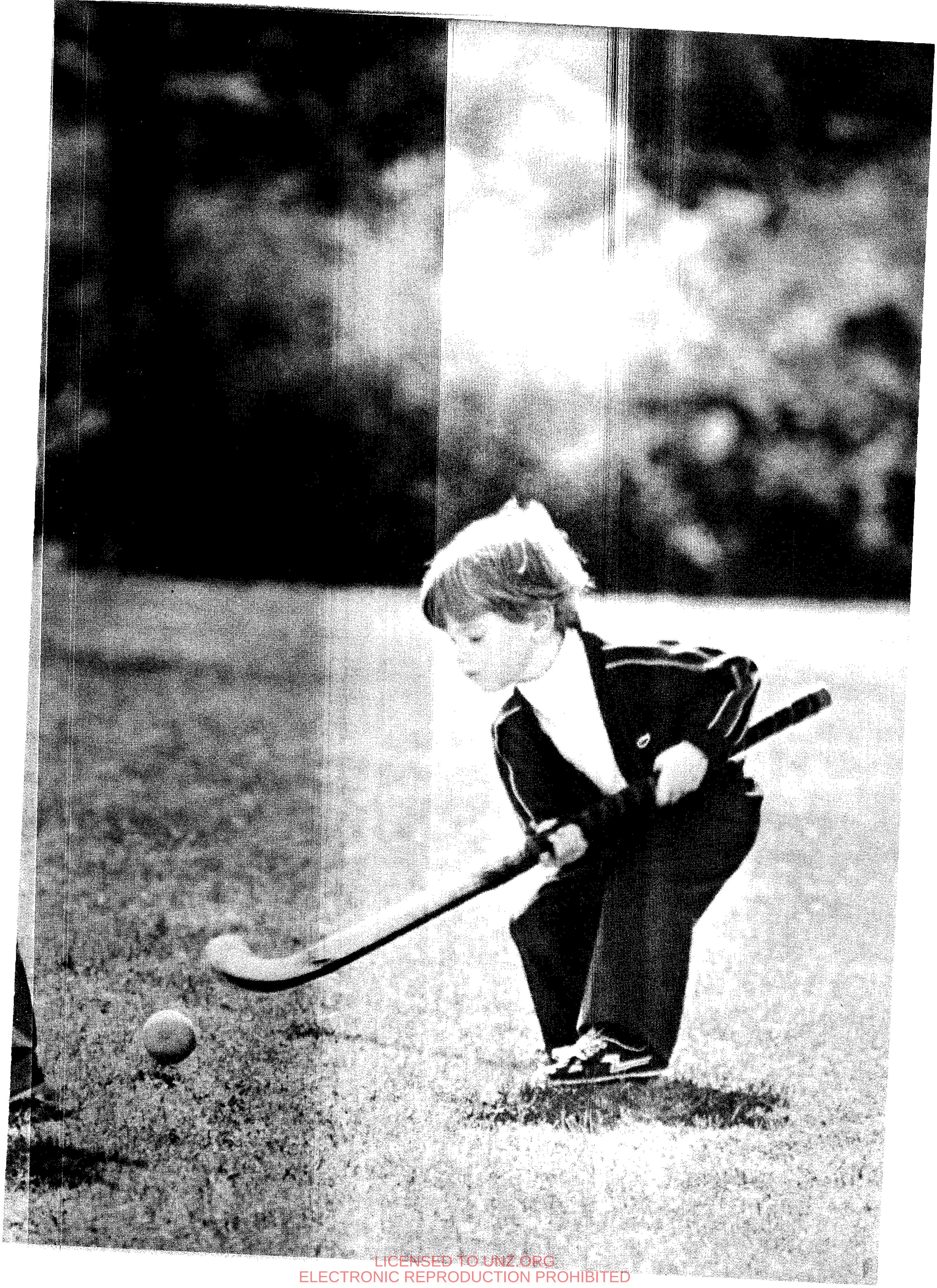

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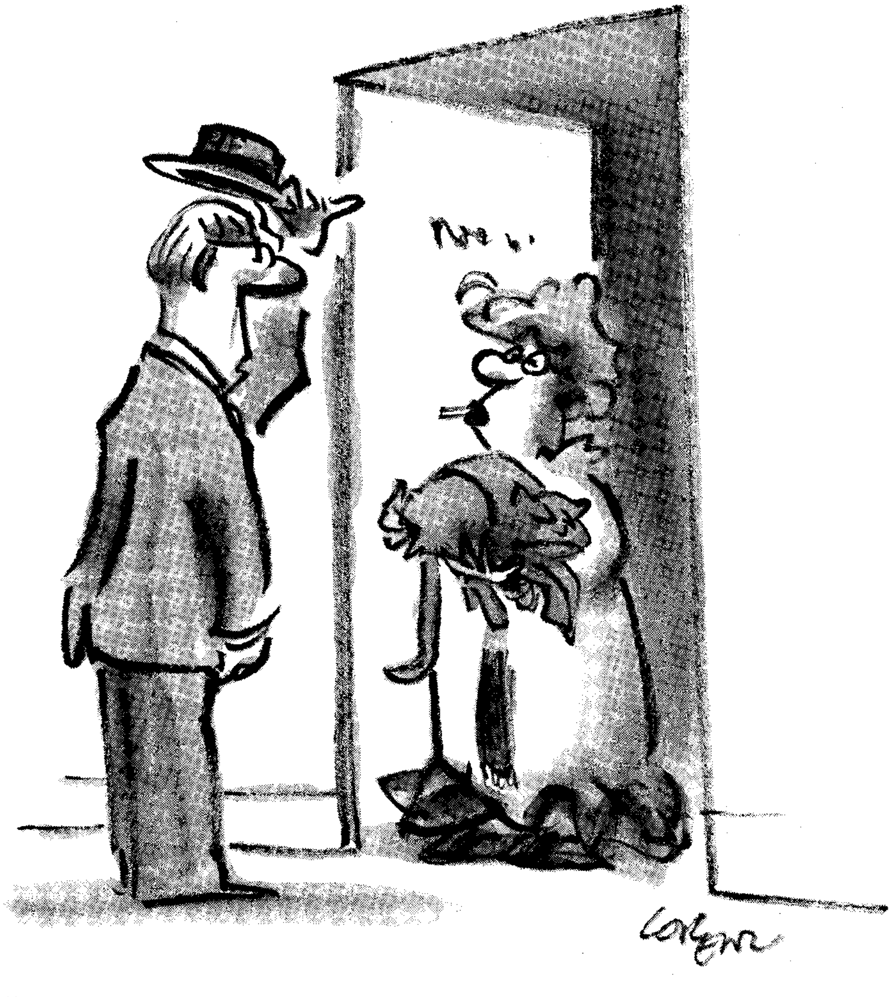
THE SPORTING SCENE

OAKMONT AND THE OPEN

IN 1903, fifteen years after the first American golf club was founded, Henry C. Fownes, a Pittsburgh iron-and-steel magnate, made up his mind to build a golf course that would be second to none in this country. Fownes (pronounced "phones") was an enthusiastic golfer. He had taken up the game in 1899, when he was forty-two, and had quickly become so adept at it that he succeeded in qualifying for the United States Amateur championship in 1901, 1902, and 1903. That last year, he won his first three matches and reached the quarter-finals. Up to that time, Fownes had played his golf at the Pittsburgh Field Club and the Highland Country Club, also in Pittsburgh, but both of them had their limitations, and he was determined to build a true championship course. That spring, a friend of his who lived in the village of Oakmont, some twelve miles northeast of Pittsburgh, suggested that Fownes take a look at a tract of rolling pastureland in that area. It seemed ideal. Fownes and a few friends formed a corporation called the Oakmont Land Company and purchased a hundred and ninety-one acres of the tract. On September 15, 1903, a work force of a hundred and fifty men and twenty-five mule teams started clearing the land under Fownes' personal supervision; he was at the site at seven o'clock each morning. During the next six weeks, before cold weather set in, twelve holes were cleared, and their greens, tees, and fairways were shaped and seeded. The remaining six holes were built the following spring, and the gabled clubhouse was formally opened on October 1, 1904.

Oakmont was a singular course in several respects. To begin with, it was an extremely long course for those days, measuring over 6,400 yards. (The twelfth hole was a monstrous 560 yards.) Fownes appreciated that the new rubber-cored golf ball, which had begun to replace the old gutta-percha ball in 1901, could be hit a good deal farther. For another thing, Oakmont looked like no other American course. Fownes had set out to emulate St. Andrews, Hoylake, and other famous British linksland courses, and toward that end all the trees on the property, except for a few around the clubhouse, were cut down. Bunkers were scooped out all over the place—at one time there were as many as three hundred and fifty. Linksland courses drain well because they are built on the porous sandy stretches of soil deposited by the retreating ocean. Oakmont, on the other hand, was built on relatively impervious clay, and, in order to facilitate drainage, ditches were dug at the foot of hillsides and in the rough. Bleak and bunker-scarred though it was, Oakmont was a rousing success. The local golfers liked the stiff challenge it presented. By October 1, 1906, precisely two years after the clubhouse had been opened, the club's membership had grown to three hundred and thirty-three, and Oakmont had come to be recognized as one of the best courses in the country.

Fownes became the club's first president, and continued in that office until his death, in 1935. Long before that, however, his elder son, William C. Fownes, Jr.—he was named after one of his father's brothers—had taken over as the primary power at Oakmont. A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, William C. had become a member of the club's Board of Governors in 1907, when he was thirty-one. Four years after this, he was appointed chairman of the Greens Committee. Many years later, on his father's death, he became the president of the Board of Governors. A fine golfer—he won the United States Amateur championship in 1910—he was proud of the reputation Oakmont had gained as one of the most difficult tests of golf in the world, and he meant to see that it remained so. From the beginning, the king-sized greens had been very fast and replete with dips and breaks. William C. and his devoted greenskeeper, Emil



"Mrs. Mortimer, I'm Clarence Bridgewater, of High Meadow Farms. For the past eighteen years, we have been sending you, at your request, our complimentary seed catalogue. My question, Madam, is: When the hell are you going to buy some seeds?"

(Dutch) Loeffler, made them a touch slicker by watering them sparingly and cutting them as low as one-sixteenth of an inch. For good measure, during important events the greens were firmed up by ironing them with a seven-hundred-and-fifty-pound roller. A violinist's touch was needed to putt the greens, but they were very true: the way a good putter read a green to break was exactly how it broke. William C. was forever filling in bunkers that he thought were extraneous and inserting new bunkers that he felt were essential to maintain Oakmont's integrity. He was fretful because Oakmont's clay base made it difficult to dig bunkers as deep as those on a linksland course. In 1920, however, he found a partial solution. A large rake weighted with a concrete slab and made of sheet metal with triangular prongs two inches long and two inches apart was devised to rake the brownish river sand of the bunkers into furrows two inches deep. Some people thought that this was going too far, but William C. didn't look at it that way. His credo was simple: "A shot poorly played should be a shot irrevocably lost." The picture that comes down to us is that of a happy man endlessly inspecting the eighteen holes to see if everything was as it should be—particularly the bunkers positioned to catch an errant drive or a misjudged approach shot. His friends liked to kid him about his unflagging zeal. In 1915, the hit of the February meeting of the Midiron Club, a group of western Pennsylvania golfers, was a bit of verse written and delivered by an Oakmont member:

Bill Fownes stood by a green one
 day
When someone holed in four.
"I'll put a stop to that," said he
"I'll build two bunkers more."
And sure enough he built them both
Where they could sure be seen,
The first one right before the tee,
The other on the green.

In short, Oakmont was, and is, the epitome of penal golf-course design: the golfer must play the shot required or he will be penalized by finding himself in a bunker, a ditch, the rough, or some equally nasty spot. The other main school of golf-course design, the strategic school, puts more of a premium on a golfer's initiative. For example, on a par 4 his goal should be to place his drive in the position that gives him the best opening to the green. The renowned thirteenth at the Augusta National, a 485-yard par 5, is a perfect example of how a hole of strategic design rewards the golfer who hits fine attacking shots. On the thirteenth, the fairway bends from right to left. A creek menaces the left side of the fairway, then curls across it just in front of the green before swinging sharply along the right side of the green. The golfer who plays a controlled tee shot down the somewhat risky left side of the fairway is then in a position to reach the green in two with either a fairway wood or a long iron, and so sets himself up for a possible birdie 4. The golfer who is content simply to keep the ball on the fairway off the tee has a much longer second to play, and usually elects to lay up short of the creek and make certain of his par. It is generally agreed that the average golfer prefers a strategic course to a penal one. It gives him more options, and he is penalized only when he attempts to bite off more than he can chew.

To my knowledge, there has never been a course of penal design in the same class as Oakmont. The members who succeeded the Fowneses in running the club have made sure of this. There are only a few other old courses in this country—Merion, Oakland Hills, Baltusrol, Inverness, and Winged Foot—where the United States Golf Association continues to hold the U.S. Open, but all of them have been remodelled far more extensively than Oakmont. Indeed, the individual holes at Oakmont are basically the same holes that Henry C. Fownes laid out in 1903 and 1904. Only two greens, the eighth and the sixteenth, have been moved from their original position, and then only slightly. Oakmont has also been fortunate in being a lengthy course to start with, and in having plenty of extra land to accommodate new back tees that became necessary when the golf ball could be hit longer distances. The biggest change has been in its bunkering. In 1953, when Oakmont was host to the Open for the third time, the U.S.G.A. was able to persuade the old guard at the club to use a light, civilized rake, instead of the medieval implement that Oakmont had come to love, and to furrow only the greenside bunkers. In many ways, Oakmont reminds me of Prestwick, in Scotland, the course where the first twelve British Opens were played, beginning in 1860. Prestwick held its last British Open in 1925. It had become evident by then that the course didn't have the room to handle the crowds that surged over it. Today, it is a fascinating course to play, a living museum of the gutta-percha-ball era. As for Oakmont, it looks a little different today from the way it did in 1904, because many trees have been planted and have grown up alongside the holes. Nevertheless, Oakmont is so evocative of early American golf that it should be preserved as a national landmark. At the same time, even in this age of the very long and lively golf ball, with careful preparation the course can still present a formidable challenge for the best golfers. We were reminded emphatically of this last month when Oakmont hosted its sixth U.S. Open, and, over the last eighteen holes, Larry Nelson, the winner, and Tom Watson, the runner-up, waged one of the most brilliant shoot-outs in the history of the championship.

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THERE is an old golf saying that tournaments held on an extraordinarily good course tend to produce a winner who is an extraordinarily good player. There have been quite a few exceptions to this bromide—our Open, for example, has been won by such comparative unknowns as Lou Graham, Orville Moody, and Jack Fleck—but it stands up just often enough to remain in circulation. It certainly applies to Oakmont. Four of the first five times that our Open was played at Oakmont, outstanding golfers won it: Tommy Armour in 1927, Ben Hogan in 1953, Jack Nicklaus in 1962, and Johnny Miller in 1973.

Armour won his Open with a remarkable finish. With six holes to play, he trailed Harry (Light Horse) Cooper, "the leader in the clubhouse," by a stroke. After making five straight pars, Armour came to the eighteenth, a 456-yard par 4, still needing a birdie to tie. After an excellent drive, he was a hundred and eighty yards from the flagstick. He took a 3-iron. "A flash of steel in the afternoon sunlight, and off went the ball in a beautiful parabola," William D. (Bill) Richardson wrote in the *Times*. "Straight on the pin it was all the way and not as much as a foot off-line." This left Armour with a ten-foot uphill putt, which he made. The next day, Armour won the playoff by three strokes, but it was his 3-iron in the clutch that everyone remembered. After that, he was always alluded to as a master of iron play. For that Open, Oakmont played 6,915 yards long, and, what with its plethora of bunkers and its glassy greens, no one in the field succeeded in breaking 300. Armour's scores in the championship proper were 78, 71, 76, 76—301. He had another 76, four over par, in the playoff. The professionals thought Oakmont had been set up too stringently, but the Fowneses were rather pleased at the way the course had withstood the assault of the best golfers in the world. Bobby Jones, for example, did not break 76 in any of his four rounds.

In 1953, Ben Hogan's year, the course presented a much more lenient examination in golf. With its narrow fairways and multitude of hazards, it was made to order for Hogan, the most accurate golfer of the modern era. The fact that the greens played somewhat more slowly than in the previous Opens at Oakmont and that only the greenside bunkers were furrowed—and less drastically than before—contributed to Hogan's marvellous performance. He not only broke 300 but, after starting with a 67, he added almost errorless rounds of 72, 73, and 71 for a total of 283, five strokes under par. He led all the way and finished six strokes in front of the runner-up, Sam Snead. His control of the ball prompted Al Laney of the *Herald Tribune* to say, "When you watch Hogan, you get the impression that he gives the ball no option to go any place but where he wants it to go." Earlier in 1953, the peak year of his career, Hogan had won the Masters, and after his victory at Oakmont he made his one and only appearance in the British Open, at Carnoustie, in Scotland, and won that. No other golfer has carried off those three championships in the same year.

FOR the 1962 Open, Oakmont measured 6,894 yards, and par for the course was reduced from 72 to 71—the first hole had been changed from a short par 5 to a robust par 4. The heavy favorite to win that year was Arnold Palmer, a local hero who came from Latrobe, a town some thirty miles southeast of Pittsburgh. Palmer

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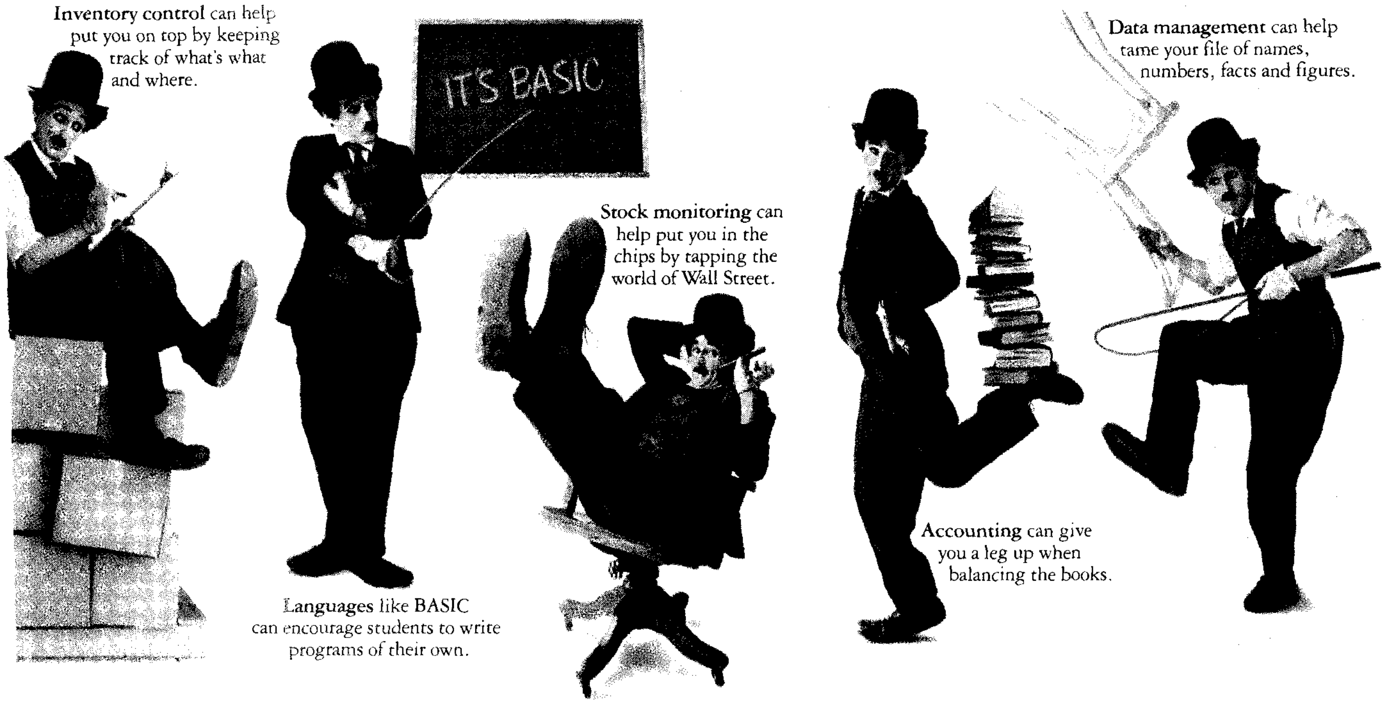

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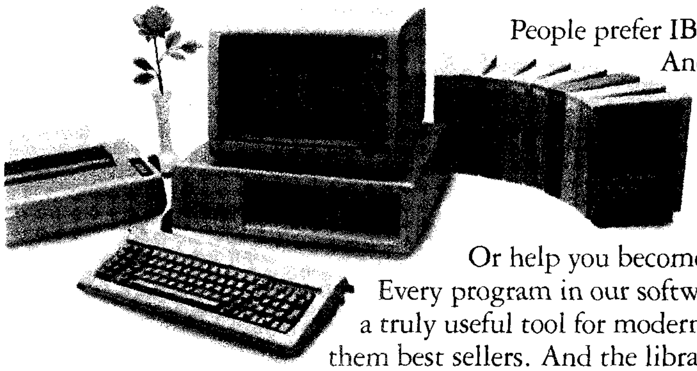

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did not let his supporters down; he put together rounds of 71, 68, 73, and 71, for a total of 283, which equalled Hogan's mark in 1953. Jack Nicklaus, however, tied that, with a strong finishing round of 69. In a tense playoff, Nicklaus jumped into the lead, held off one of Palmer's patented charges on the second nine, and carried the day with a 71 to Palmer's 74.

Oakmont had quite a different look when the Open was next held there, in 1973. A good many bunkers had been filled in during the eleven-year interval since the 1962 Open, but thirty-three new ones had been carved out, bringing the total number to a hundred and eighty-seven. On the other hand, the bunkers were easier to cope with than before. The old river sand had been replaced by finely ground 5Q rock from Mapleton, Pennsylvania. Furthermore, the bunkers were not furrowed at all but were smoothly raked. Two days before the tournament started, it had rained heavily, but on Thursday, the first day of play, the sweepingly undulant greens were hard, fast, and treacherous. Only one man broke 70—Gary Player, with a 67. At the close of play that day, the chairman of the U.S.G.A.'s Championship Committee asked that the greens be lightly sprinkled for five minutes, but something went wrong somewhere, and the greens had been absolutely drenched before the mistake was discovered. Oakmont without firm, fast greens is like a knight without armor. It didn't take the players long on Friday to notice that they could fire their approach shots right at the pin, for on the soft, slow greens the ball would sit down close to where it landed. There was nothing intimidating about putting the greens, either. You could rap a fifteen-foot putt for the cup secure in the knowledge that if you hit it a bit too boldly it would go three feet past, not a dozen. Quite early in the day, Gene Borek, a professional from Long Island, came in with a 65, a record score at Oakmont. All in all, twenty-seven players broke par or equalled it that day. To make matters worse, on Saturday, when the third round got under way, it rained for several hours in the morning, slowing the course down more. There was a 66 on that round, by Jerry Heard, and six other rounds in the sixties. The field was tightly bunched. Heard and Palmer were tied for the lead at 210, along with Julius Boros and John Schlee, and eight players

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were within five strokes of the co-leaders.

On the final round, Palmer, the sentimental favorite, looked like a possible winner until the eleventh hole—the sixty-fifth hole of the championship—where he missed a five-foot putt for a birdie that would have put him five strokes under par. His rush stopped then and there, and, almost at the same moment, everyone suddenly discovered that Johnny Miller, who had started the last round six strokes off the pace, was the man the field had to catch. Miller, a tall, lean, blond Californian, is capable of blistering streaks of low scoring, during which he can put his iron shots closer to the pin than perhaps any golfer since Byron Nelson. What is more, Miller can putt. On this final round, he had got off the mark fast. He birdied the first hole by planting a 3-iron five feet from the pin, then birdied the second with a 9-iron that pulled up a foot from the pin. Realizing that the course he was playing was not the fearsome Oakmont of old but a course whose greens had absorbed so much water in the last six days that a player could shoot for the flagstick on his approach shots with comparative impunity, Miller had gone on to birdie the third by holing a twenty-five-foot putt and to birdie the par-5 fourth by getting down in two from a greenside bunker. He bogeyed the short eighth, but he bounced back immediately, with a birdie 4 on the long ninth, where he reached the green in two with a 2-iron. That gave him a 32 on the front nine. Miller did not cool off. After a quiet par on the tenth, he birdied four of the next five holes. On the 371-yard eleventh: driver, wedge, fourteen-foot putt; on the 603-yard twelfth: driver, 7-iron recovery from the rough, 4-iron, ten-foot putt; on the 185-yard thirteenth: 4-iron, five-foot putt; and on the 453-yard fifteenth, which is rated the most difficult hole on the course: a long drive, a 4-iron within ten feet of the pin, and a confidently stroked putt. What a gallop! Miller went on to finish with three solid pars. This added up to a 31 on the back nine and a 63 for the round—the lowest score ever recorded in the Open. Of the golfers still out on the course who had a chance to overtake Miller, only Schlee made a real run at him. Schlee had to hole a chip shot on the eighteenth to tie Miller, and barely failed to do so.

And how do you think that Henry C. Fownes and William C. Fownes, Jr., would have reacted to Miller's glistening 63 and his total of 279? Being so deeply appreciative of good golf, they would have been properly bowled over, I think, by his magnificent play from tee to green and by all those putts he dropped, but I also think that they would have pointed out as politely as possible that the course he had done this on was not the real Oakmont but a helpless, waterlogged facsimile of the genuine article.

IN this tabulation, as you may have noticed, I have briefly reviewed four of the first five Opens that were played at Oakmont and were won by golfers of the first class. Each of the victors, incidentally, went on to win the British Open. The Open played at Oakmont that I skipped over was the one that took place in 1935 and was carried off by perhaps the darkest dark horse in the long history of our national championship. He was Sam Parks, Jr., a considerate, companionable man who was a very able golfer but certainly not an outstanding talent like Armour, Hogan, Nicklaus, and Miller. For that very reason, Parks' story is an interesting one. He was born in 1909, in Hopedale, Ohio, the son of a real-estate and insurance broker. In 1920, his father joined the Highland Country Club in Pittsburgh. An enthusiastic golfer who played to a 4 or 5 handicap, Parks senior served the Western Pennsylvania Golf Association as an expert on rules. His son started the game at Highland when he was twelve, taking lessons from the club's new pro, Gene Sarazen, who won the U.S. Open at Skokie, near Chicago, that July. That summer, 1922, Sam played Oakmont for the first time, when he and his father were the guests of a member. An athletic young man, Sam was on the football and basketball teams in high school, but when he entered the University of Pittsburgh he concentrated on golf. He helped organize the golf team there and captained it in 1930 and 1931. He turned professional in 1932 and became the pro at the Summit Hotel and Golf Club, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, fifty miles or so south of Pittsburgh. The following year, he accepted an offer to be the pro at the South Hills Country Club, a good course in Pittsburgh. During this period, he made it an annual practice to enter the sectional qualifying round for the U.S. Open, which was usually held at Oakmont. In the Open itself, he failed to make the 36-hole cut in 1931 and 1932, and

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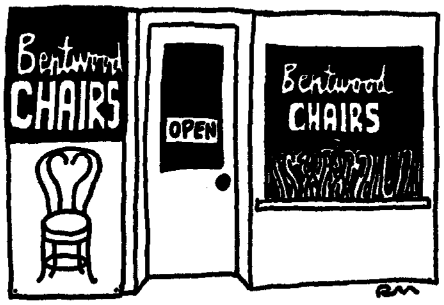
in 1933 he was shaken up in an auto accident just before the championship and wired the U.S.G.A. at the site of the Open—the North Shore Golf Club, in Glen View, Illinois—to inform the Championship Committee that he was withdrawing and that an alternate would be needed to fill his spot. The next year, 1934, he qualified sectionally for the Open, made the 36-hole cut (at Merion, near Philadelphia), and finished in a tie for thirty-seventh place. He thought he might improve on that showing in 1935. With the Open scheduled for Oakmont, he would have the advantage of knowing the course well. In addition, the 1934 Pennsylvania Golf Association Open had been held at Oakmont, and while Parks had not won it—Willie Macfarlane did—he had finished his four rounds with a total under 300, which, as you may remember, no one had done in the 1927 U.S. Open. Feeling that Oakmont was precisely the kind of course that rewarded special knowledge, he prepared conscientiously for the Open in the spring of 1935. During the month before the big event, he made it a point to get out to Oakmont at eight o'clock each morning, when the course was still empty, and to play various combinations of eight or nine holes. He stopped to play extra iron shots to other areas of the greens, practiced recovery shots from different parts of the key bunkers, and on the large sweeping greens experimented with long approach putts to the most likely pin positions. An hour or so later, he would put his clubs back in his car and head for the South Hills Country Club, where he spent the rest of the day giving lessons.

In the Open, Parks' opening round was a somewhat discouraging 77, but he came back the next day with a 73, one of the lower scores shot on a windy, rainy day. He felt that there was now no reason he shouldn't stay in contention over the last thirty-six holes. He was not a big hitter but he was a straight one, and that mattered on Oakmont's lean fairways. He was no Armour with the irons, but he was a good steady iron player. And while he was no Walter Hagen on the greens, he had the ability to gauge long, sinuous approach putts so that the ball expired close to the cup. Until 1965, it should be brought out, the third and fourth rounds of the Open were played on the same day, the Saturday of the tournament week. In retrospect, this double-round undoubtedly robbed the Open of some of the excitement it acquired when the format of the championship was changed to a single round on four days, for then it became possible to arrange the pairings on Saturday night so that the players who were crowded close to the lead could be sent out last on Sunday. On the other hand, the new format made things somewhat easier for all but the very best players. It isn't too difficult for a seasoned golfer who has experienced better days to scramble out a presentable score for eighteen holes after the wispy thread that ties his less-than-sound swing together snaps with four or five holes still to go, but only a golfer with a fundamentally sturdy swing and the confidence to persist when things do not look promising can hold himself together over thirty-six grinding holes.

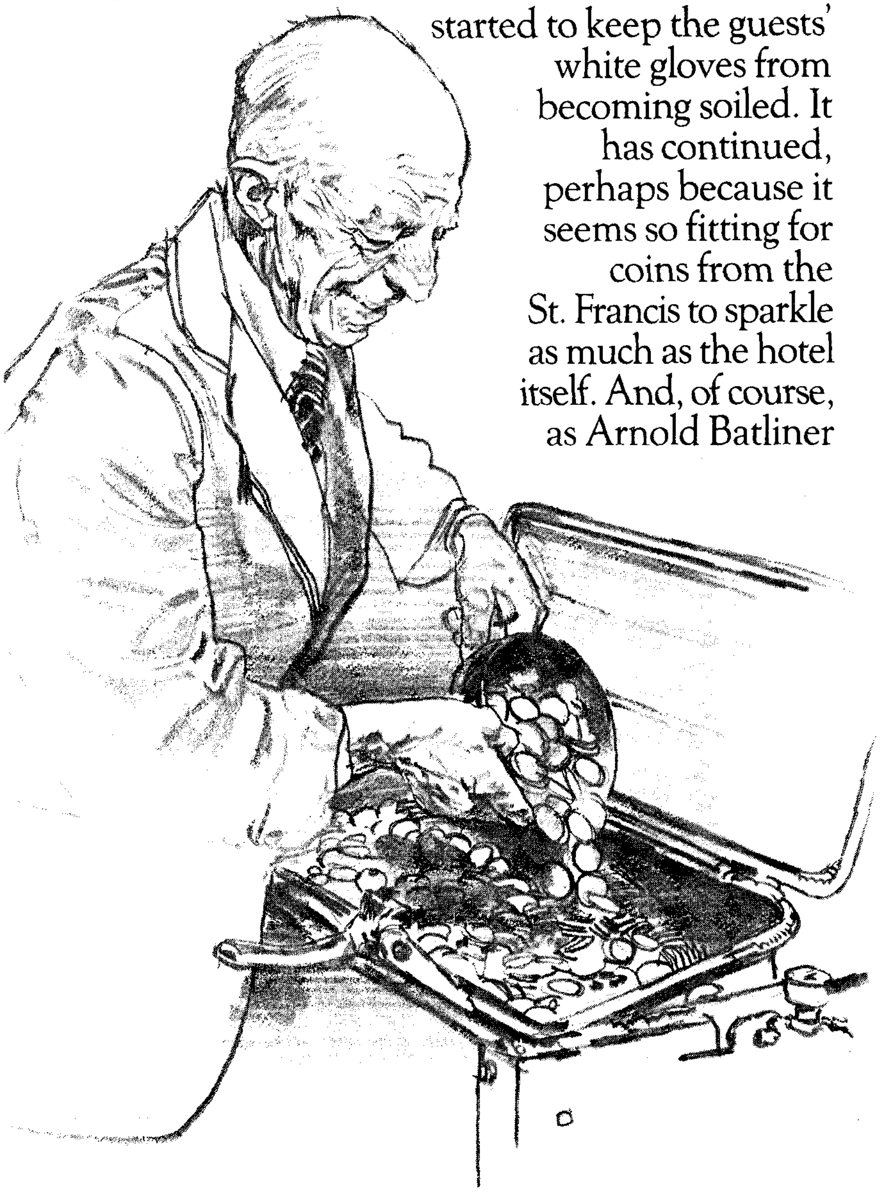
On the third round at Oakmont, Parks brought in another 73, thanks in large measure to holing out a running 9-iron pitch from thirty-five yards to eagle the long ninth. This put him in a tie for the lead with Jimmy Thomson—originally from North Berwick, Scotland—who was the longest hitter in the game at this time and who awed the galleries at Oakmont by reaching the green on the 621-yard twelfth with two tremendous woods. A spot of lunch for the players after the fifty-fourth hole, then back to the course. On the final round, Parks, a relatively early starter, was playing about five or six holes in front of Thomson. Although there is no knowing how beneficial it is for a contender to have as his playing partner a golfer whose swing has a lovely tempo, I am inclined to think that Parks was fortunate in being paired on both the third and fourth rounds with Macdonald Smith, a beautiful stylist originally from Carnoustie, who never took a divot with his irons but simply swept the ball off the grass. Anyhow, Parks, after starting the fourth round with a birdie, experienced a shaky passage. He missed his pars on the second, the third, and the fourth. Then he got things under control and played the next ten holes in nine pars and a birdie. During this run of his, rumors were circulating that Hagen was burning up the front nine, as indeed he was, but Hagen's dash came to an abrupt halt at the turn, and as Parks came to the tough four finishing holes it was apparent that the man he had to beat was Thomson. Parks definitely felt the tension down the stretch. He bogeyed the fifteenth, a hard par 4. He took three putts on the sixteenth, and bogeyed that hole. (This was only Parks' second three-putt green of the tournament.) He parred the seventeenth, a short par 4 that a power hitter could drive. On the eighteenth, a lengthy par 4, he hooked his drive into a bunker. After advancing the ball some fifty yards from his lie in the furrowed sand, he put his third shot thirty-five feet from the pin, and was down in two putts for a bogey 5. A 76—38 out and 38 back. He had not finished as strongly as he would have liked to, but as he signed his card and went into the clubhouse to collect his thoughts he felt that there was a good chance that his total of 299 might stand up. It did. Thomson took three putts on the sixteenth and eighteenth greens, and this was two strokes too many.



Sam Parks never won a tournament of consequence after the 1935 Open, but he showed himself to be a more than respectable champion. In the 1937 Open, he tied for sixteenth; in the 1939 Open he tied for thirty-eighth; in the 1940 Open he tied for twenty-seventh; and in the 1941 Open he tied for thirty-third. He was a member of our Ryder Cup team in the match with Great Britain in 1935, and halved his 36-hole singles with Alf Perry by holing a putt clear across the last green. He remained the pro at South Hills until 1942, when he became a salesman for the United States Steel Corporation. He went on to become manager of sales for the company's steel-and-wire division and, later on, manager of sales for the Pittsburgh district. He joined Oakmont in 1947. At the age of fifty, he played a really dazzling round at Oakmont—a 65 that tied the course record. He retired from U.S. Steel in 1972. The company owns and operates the old Belleview Biltmore Country Club, in Belleair, near Clearwater, in Florida, along with a nearby island resort in the Gulf of Mexico, and Parks acts as the associate sales representative of U.S. Steel's local realty-development division. He plays a good deal of golf and still shoots in the middle 70s, which is not bad for an old codger in his middle seventies. By winning the U.S. Open, Parks qualified for an invitation to the Masters. He played in the Masters annually until 1963, when the field had become so large that a change had to be instituted: winners of the U.S. Open, the British Open, and the Professional Golfers' Association championship would qualify to play in the Masters for only ten years after their last victory in these major events. Since then, as what is called an honorary non-competing invitee, Parks, much to the pleasure of his many friends, has been regularly on hand at the Augusta National each April.

THE man who sets up the Open course for the U.S.G.A. is a tall (six-three), slim, laconic Southerner of fifty-five named Purvis James Boatwright, Jr. He has been known as P. J. all his life, because, as he explains in his undefiled Georgia accent, "my father was called Purvis, and there were already enough Jimmys in the family." Born in Augusta, Boatwright attended Georgia Tech for two years and then switched to Wofford College, in Spartanburg, South Carolina. A fine golfer, he won the Carolinas Amateur in 1951, and the Carolinas Open in 1957 and 1959. After working a few years for his father, a cotton merchant, in Aiken, he became the secretary of the Carolinas Golf Association. In 1959, he heard that the post of assistant to the executive director of the U.S.G.A., Joseph C. Dey, Jr., was open. He went up to New York for an interview, and was selected for the spot. Until 1969, when he retired from the U.S.G.A., Dey continued to set up the courses for the U.S. Open, the U.S. Amateur, the U.S. Women's Amateur, the U.S. Women's Open, and the U.S.G.A.'s other important competitions. Boatwright handled the preparation of the courses for the lesser championships, such as the U.S. Junior, the U.S. Girls' Junior, and the U.S. Public Links.

Setting up a course for a tournament is one of Boatwright's two specialties. The other is the rules of golf. As the executive director, rules and competitions, he is forever refreshing his knowledge of the rules; he is invaluable during a tournament when touchy decisions need to be made without delay. He also possesses the necessary stoicism to put up with the unceasing inquiries sent to the U.S.G.A. by golfers associated with the organization's member clubs who really thrive on



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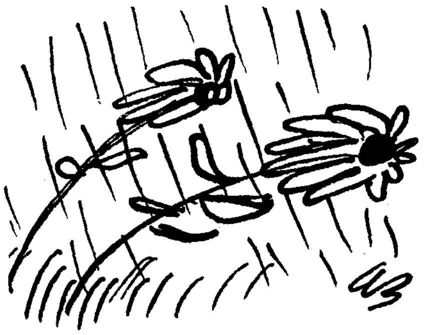
arguing about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

Golf clubs throughout the country, conscious of the esteem (and the money) that attends being chosen as the venue of our national championship, frequently approach the U.S.G.A. as many as five years in advance to let it be known how delighted they would be to host the Open. The Championship Committee of the U.S.G.A. is the body that looks into the matter of possible Open sites and then recommends to the full Executive Committee, at least two years in advance, the club it favors to stage the event; it also recommends the clubs it thinks would be appropriate loci for the eleven other national championships the U.S.G.A. is responsible for putting on annually, and for such international team matches as the Walker Cup, the Curtis Cup, and the Eisenhower Trophy, which are periodically held in this country. In regard to the Open, Boatwright usually makes his first visit to the course that has been selected about two years before the event is due to be played there. When he walks the course on this important familiarization round, he is, as a rule, accompanied by William G. Buchanan, the U.S.G.A.'s agronomist in charge of championship courses; Michael A. Butz, the U.S.G.A.'s manager of championship relations; the general chairman of the host club's Championship Committee; the chairman of the club's Greens Committee; the club's golf-course superintendent; and the club's professional. Each of them writes down certain data in a notebook as they make their slow, observant way around the eighteen holes and discuss the various points that come up. Sometimes, if the course at hand has previously been the scene of the Open, this walk is completed before lunch, but at a course that will be grappling with the multifarious problems of the Open for the first time quite a few more hours are generally required. Until 1952, the home club was in charge of getting its course in proper shape for the championship. In 1951, the players had put up such a howl about the severeness of the test they were presented with at Oakland Hills—Hogan, the winner, referred to the course as a "monster"—that in the ensuing ruckus it was decided that thereafter the U.S.G.A. would assume the responsibility for the preparation of the Open course.

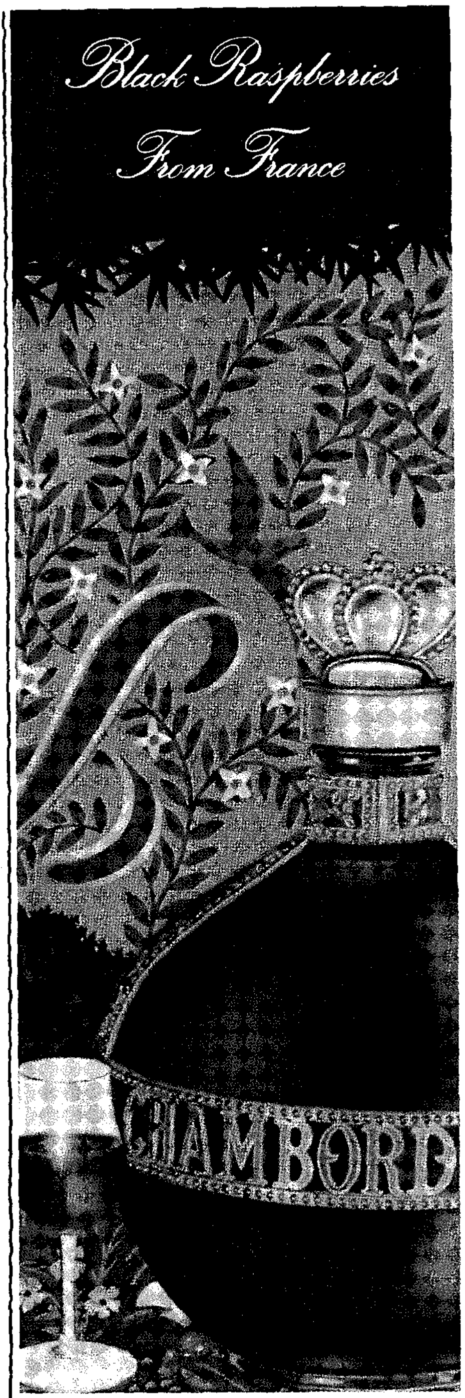
The guidelines for future Opens were established in 1952 by Dey and a veteran U.S.G.A. official, Richard S. Tufts—two of the best golf minds this country has produced. As they saw it, for the Open the fairways should be comparatively narrow—between thirty and forty yards wide—because one of the requisites in the national championship should be the ability to drive the ball straight. The rough should make its presence felt. Adjoining the fairway, there should be a strip six to eight feet wide of "secondary rough" about two inches high, and this should be backed up by "primary rough" about five inches high. In the northern part of the country, where the chief grasses are bent, rye, and bluegrass, these prescribed heights have usually worked out well, but on Southern courses, where Bermuda grass predominates, far greater flexibility is needed. Since 1952, the U.S.G.A. has also put a premium on firm, fast greens, since it believes that they help the cream to rise to the top. Open fairways have traditionally been resilient and cut to about half an inch or three-quarters of an inch so that an accomplished player can put true backspin on the ball. And, of course, a champion should also be able to putt fast greens. One other thing: after Boatwright and the officials of the home club have talked matters over during and following their familiarization walk, the home club, should it wish to, can engage a golf-course architect to make certain changes in the layout for the Open, but these changes must be approved by Boatwright and the U.S.G.A.'s Championship Committee. No such situations arose in preparing Oakmont for the 1983 Open. In 1978, when the P.G.A. championship was played at Oakmont, two new back tees had been constructed—one on the fourth hole, the other on the seventh. From the start, Boatwright felt that both of the new tees improved the holes. This was particularly true of the one on the seventh, which made an ordinary par 4 into a much better driving hole and demanded a medium-length iron for the second shot instead of a pitching club.



This year, as is his practice, Boatwright visited the Open course in early May, six weeks or so before the start of the championship. He and Butz, who would be staying on close to Oakmont, looked the course over thoroughly and held lengthy discussions with Oakmont's general chairman and the members of his staff. When Boatwright returned to the U.S.G.A.'s headquarters in Far Hills, New Jersey, Butz reported to him regularly on how things were proceeding. Butz had quite a few assignments to carry out at Oakmont. These included instructing the marshals in their duties, positioning the leaderboards and the master scoreboard, organizing the scoring system, and overseeing the roping of the individual holes. Buchanan, the agronomist, also telephoned Boatwright in May and early June to tell him about the condition of the course, and Boatwright was occasionally provided pertinent general information by Nancy Jupp, an intelligent and diplomatic Scotswoman who, beginning in the early nineteen-sixties, has moved annually from the present year's Open course to the next year's Open course to help the new club mobilize its members and resources and begin to set about solving the many problems that are intrinsic to holding the championship. Boatwright returned to Oakmont on June 12th, the Sunday before the Open. The main thing on his mind was the weather. It had been an exceptionally wet spring, and during May and the first days of June the Pittsburgh area had its share of rain. As goes without saying, the last thing anyone wanted was an Oakmont that would play soft and slow. During their four days at Oakmont before the championship started on Thursday, Boatwright and James R. Hand, the chairman of the U.S.G.A.'s Championship Committee, were kept busy. They selected the pin positions that would be used on each green on the four days of play. They selected where the markers should be placed on the tees—about fifteen feet forward from the back end of the tee. They outlined the boundaries of the hazards—regular hazards with yellow paint, lateral hazards with red. They decided whether or not any local rules needed to be invoked. (For example, at Merion two years ago a ball that finished on the paved road alongside the twelfth hole was ruled to be out-of-bounds, and so, for consistency's sake, was a ball that had bobbled across the road onto the thirteenth hole.) However, Boatwright's major concerns were the firmness and speed of the greens. In the old days, their speed was largely determined by how short they were cut—usually between three-sixteenths and five-thirty-seconds of an inch. Over the last half-dozen or so years, the U.S.G.A. has used a device called a Stimpmeter to measure the speed of greens. Named after its inventor, Edward Stimpson, an outstanding amateur golfer from Massachusetts, the Stimpmeter is a V-grooved aluminum rod thirty-six inches long. One end of the rod is set on the ground. A golf ball is placed in a shallow notch six inches from the other end, and when that end is raised to a twenty-degree angle, the ball is released and rolls down the incline. Then the distance it rolls when it emerges onto the green is scrupulously measured. A measurement of ten feet signifies that the green is fast enough to meet the U.S.G.A.'s desired specifications for the Open. At Oakmont, where the greens can be among the fastest in the country, the reading on the first day was 11.2 feet, and, despite several heavy thunderstorms, the speed of the greens remained well above eleven feet throughout the championship.

THE weather on Thursday, the day of the opening round, was hot and sticky, with only an occasional vagrant breeze. The course played harder than it was expected to, and just four players broke par, 71: John Mahaffey, who won the P.G.A. championship at Oakmont in 1978, Bob Murphy, and Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros all had 69s, and Bruce Devlin had a 70. There were two principal reasons that Oakmont gave the field so much trouble. First, if a player ventured to use his driver off the tee it was a dangerous move, because the fairways were tight—sometimes hardly wider than twenty yards—in the zone where a tee shot hit with a driver would land, bounce, or roll. And second, while the two-inch secondary rough bordering the fairway was manageable, the primary rough had sprouted considerably higher than the prescribed five inches. More to the point, the rough was thick, dense, resistant, snarled as could be, and entangling. If a golfer's ball sank to the bottom of the rough, he was left with a hardly playable shot. For instance, on the eleventh hole, a short par 4 that runs uphill, Nicklaus pulled his tee shot into the rough on the left. After studying his buried lie, he decided not to try to hack a recovery laterally back onto the eleventh fairway ten yards away. He wasn't sure he could carry the ball that far. Instead, he blasted the ball out onto the tenth fairway, which was closer. (From there, he was on with a pitch, and two-putted the green for a bogey.) From really bad lies in the rough, strong players were sometimes able to budge the ball only a yard or so. In a word, the fierceness of the rough made straightness off the tee the first priority. After learning this during their practice rounds, many of the entrants used their drivers sparingly, content to give up yardage and drive with their 3-wood, 4-wood, or 1-iron off the tee. At the end of the first day's play, the U.S.G.A. made an extremely wise decision. Once a championship begins, aside from his work as a member of the Rules Committee, Boatwright busies himself mainly with observing how the course is playing, as does Jim Hand. After talking things over, Hand and Boatwright asked the course superintendent to cut about twelve feet (or two mower widths) of the primary rough, adjoining the secondary rough, to four and a half inches in height in the drive zones.

For several days, storms had been threatening the Oakmont area, and at about half past one on Friday, the day of the second round, a tremendous cloudburst, complete with thunder and lightning, suddenly came crashing down. It rained for an hour, and then another hour and a half was needed to pump out the water that had collected in the bunkers and to otherwise put the course back in shape so that the tournament could be resumed. When darkness forced suspension of play, thirty-eight men had yet to complete their second round. Among the more fortunate golfers this day was Ballesteros, the Spanish star, who got in only minutes before the cloudburst. During his practice rounds, he had concluded that the most intelligent strategy for him at Oakmont, since he can be wild with his driver, was to use that club only on the three par 5s—the fourth, ninth, and twelfth—and to go with his 1-iron off the tee on the par 4s. A powerful young man with a marvellously fluid swing, and perhaps the fullest shoulder turn since the heyday of Sam Snead, Ballesteros can hit a 1-iron two hundred and forty yards, which helps, but, as he appreciated, he was leaving himself a lot to do



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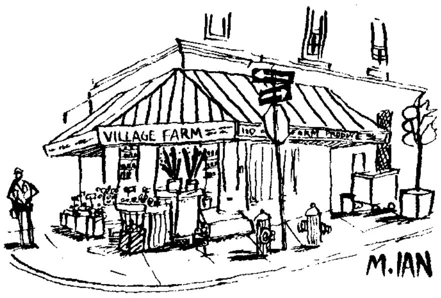
on his approach shots. However, he made up his mind to stick with this strategy on the second round, even after the primary rough had been cut, and, indeed, he did not deviate from it throughout the tournament. He was not at his best on the second round. After making the turn in even par, 36, he failed to hit six greens on the second nine in the regulation stroke, and only some sensational recovery shots around the greens enabled him to bring in a three-over-par 38, for a 74. Ballesteros can be great fun to watch, because of his flair for dramatizing everything he does. For example, on the thirteenth, a par 3 that is 185 yards long, he misgauged the distance, and his 7-iron plopped into the bunker at the left front of the green, some thirty feet from the pin, which was set near the confluence of a mild downslope and a fairly sharp upslope. Ballesteros reads sand shots the way other golfers read lengthy approach putts, and he believes he has a chance to make them if he hits them exactly right. He played an exquisite shot here, splashing the ball out of the sand so that it rose quickly enough to clear the front wall of the bunker. He had played the shot very gently, but the ball picked up some speed on the downslope and coasted past the pin and some seven feet up the upslope. Ballesteros stood in the bunker, as still as a statue, peering at the ball. After a moment, it started to trickle slowly back down the slope, and when it stopped it was only four feet from the pin. This was what Ballesteros had been waiting for it to do. Flaring his nostrils and raising his expressive eyebrows, he then emerged from the bunker and lifted a hand in recognition of the gallery's applause. He made the putt, of course. He provided a fitting encore on the seventeenth, a par 4 only 322 yards long, where this day the pin was set far to the back of the tapering green, which is pinched in by deep bunkers. Ballesteros' 1-iron off the tee had found the heavy rough on the right side of the curving fairway, and, while one readily grants his ability to create fantastic golf shots, in this particular situation it seemed a rather foolhardy choice to go directly for the pin on the approach rather than settle for an unfancy pitch to the center of the green, two putts, and a sure par. The daring shot Ballesteros punched out of the rough came down not far from the pin, but, having no backspin on it, it rolled over the green into the thatchy rough bordering the bunker on the left, twenty feet or so from the pin. He treated us then to another masterly shot. Taking his wedge back on a very upright plane and thrusting it down forcefully, he somehow contrived to stab the ball cleanly out of the rough, and it slithered to within four feet of the pin. He was pleased, and allowed the restrained twinkle of his dark eyes to expand into a benign beam as the applause rained down. He holed the putt.

Ballesteros' 74 on this round gave him a total of 143 at the midway mark, a stroke higher than Tom Watson's total. Playing two groups in front of Ballesteros, Watson, the defending champion, had brought in a 70, despite a double-bogey 6 on the 453-yard fifteenth. No one could be more unlike Ballesteros in basic personality than Watson. He is forthright almost to a fault, and no one would ever wish to change him. For instance, in describing at his press interview how he had made his 6 on the fifteenth he said, "I played the hole poorly all the way. Off the tee, I pulled the ball into the rough, and got it back onto the fairway on my second. I didn't have a difficult third shot left—just a short pitch. The pin was positioned at the back of the green, and I thought I would be able to put my pitch close to it. I made a costly mistake. I hit the shot much too hard, and the ball rolled over the green and into that bank of rough. Pitching wedge to fifteen feet, two putts—double bogey. No, I did not play that hole well at all." Watson's golf in his tournament appearances previous to the Open this year had not been up to his usual standard. He has recently become the father of two children, and golf doesn't mean quite as much to him as it once did. Sometimes when he practices or plays, moreover, he continues to make life hard for himself by persisting in the assumption that golf is a science, a sort of first cousin of geometry: if a golfer makes the precisely correct movements, then the face of his club will meet the ball at a ninety-degree angle to the desired line of flight to his target, and the ball will fly straight at it. This isn't quite right. Golf, as Watson has known full well since he was eight years old, is not a science. It is a game, and extraordinary athletic coördination is required to hit the ball squarely, no matter how perfectly the movements of the swing may have been executed. However, there is another potent strain in Watson's makeup: he loves a good battle. Upon his arrival at Oakmont, his natural competitiveness took over, as it does on most big occasions. He was out to win the Open, and damn the technical nuances! From the first round on, though he has often looked more comfortable setting up at the ball, it was patent that he would be a prominent factor in the winning or losing of the championship.



ANOTHER golfer should be mentioned at this time—Calvin Peete. Peete, who grew up in Florida as one of nineteen children, will be forty this month. He emerged as a star only last year, when he won four tournaments on the P.G.A. tour. A man of middle size (five feet ten, a hundred and sixty-five pounds), Peete is a player with outstanding control. In 1981 and 1982, he led all the players on the tour in the percentage of fairways hit off the tee and in the percentage of greens hit in the regulation stroke. On the second day at Oakmont, he had finished only seventeen holes when play was suspended, and he returned to the course before seven on Saturday morning to face the tough 456-yard eighteenth. He took a bogey on it—his only bogey of the round—but he still posted a 68, and at the halfway point his total of 143 made him a definite contender. On his third round, similarly, his only bogey came on the eighteenth. His golf this day was exemplary; he failed to hit only one fairway and three greens. Since the key to survival at Oakmont was to stay out of the rough, it was oddly thrilling to watch Peete's tee shots, most of them played with a driver or a 4-wood, find the narrow fairway on hole after hole. Because of a bent left arm—as a boy, he fell out of a tree and permanently injured the arm—his backswing is merely a means of putting himself into a proper position at the top, but his downswing has a smooth, pretty tempo. He comes into and through the ball from the inside out, and finishes with his hands extremely high, much in the way that many admired professionals did in the nineteen-twenties, practicing what they taught their pupils: "Let the clubhead do the work."

It is traditional in the Open for the golfers to play in threesomes on the first two rounds, then in twosomes on the last two rounds. This year, because the second round was not completed until early Saturday morning, and the third round did not get under way until ten-thirty, the golfers who survived the 36-hole cut went out in threesomes. There was no question about which was the feature group: the next-to-last threesome, in which Watson and Ballesteros were joined by Hal Sutton, the rugged 1980 U.S. Amateur champion. There was little to choose between Ballesteros and Watson on this day. Watson, who had started the round a stroke behind the co-leaders, Mahaffey and Joey Rassett, finished the first nine still one stroke ahead of Ballesteros after an exotic birdie on the uphill ninth, a 480-yard par 5, on which he reached the green in two after picking his ball cleanly out of the rough with a 4-wood. To be more precise, Watson's ball did not finish on the ninth green but on the practice green, which at Oakmont is an extension of the ninth. The two greens are separated by a pronounced dip about three yards wide. One of the cups on the practice green was in Watson's line to the cup on the ninth, and a local rule was invoked which granted him relief from this interference. He placed his ball a couple of inches to one side. Now his only problem was to get down in two from eighty feet. He could not have judged his bizarre putt better. On line all the way, the ball picked up a bit of speed after breasting the dip, and then it gradually slowed down and expired two feet from the cup. When he holed it for his birdie 4, Watson took over the lead in the championship.

During the last hour and a half of play on this round, when the heat of the sun had diminished, we had one of those stretches when watching expert golfers in action seems like one of the high-ranking blessings of life. Most of the late finishers were working on good rounds, and, moving along with conspicuous confidence, they pulled off one pivotal shot after another, almost as if any other outcome were unthinkable. For illustration, on the fifteenth Peete—he was in the group just ahead of Watson, Ballesteros, and Sutton—had missed his first fairway of the round, but he saved his par by knocking in a putt of twenty feet. He went on to birdie the seventeenth, stopping a wedge shot two feet from the pin. On the last four holes, Ballesteros suddenly came to life. On the fifteenth, he followed his customary 1-iron off the tee with an elegant 3-iron that drew up five feet from the flag. After holing that birdie putt, he barely missed a long swerving putt for his birdie on the sixteenth, birdied the seventeenth with a lovely putt from seven feet that made the requisite allowance for a subtle break, and had a fair crack at a birdie on the eighteenth. As for Watson, once he had taken over the lead in the tournament on the ninth, he played one faultless hole after another until he came to the eighteenth. There he ran into a bogey 5 after pushing his 4-wood off the tee into the high rough. This gave Watson a 70 for the round, and, with eighteen holes to go, he stood at 212, tied for the lead with Ballesteros, who had brought in a 69. Peete, after a 70, was one stroke behind them, as was Larry Nelson. Nelson had somehow got around Oakmont in 65 strokes—a compound of two bogeys, eight pars, and eight birdies. I caught only snatches of Nelson's amazing round. It was built on accurate driving, absolutely superlative iron play, and some inspired putting on the slippery greens. The most effective way to describe his achievement, I think, would be to simply set down the club he used to reach the green on the holes he birdied, and the length of the putt he made. On the fifth, he hit a 9-iron approach to three feet; on the short sixth a 6-iron to ten feet; on the seventh a 5-iron to twenty-five feet; on the par-5 ninth, a 4-wood to fifteen feet, and two putts, the second one a tap-in; on the eleventh a 7-iron to twenty-five feet; on the fourteenth a 9-iron to fifteen feet; on the fifteenth a 3-iron to six feet; and on the eighteenth a 5-iron to seven feet. A soft-spoken, thirty-five-year-old Georgian, Nelson, like Peete, relies on control and not on power. Rather small in physique as professional golfers go today, he has accumulated over a million dollars during the decade he has been on the P.G.A. tour. He has also had a few moments of glory. In 1979, he was the outstanding American player in the Ryder Cup match with the Great Britain–Ireland–Europe team, and in 1981 he won our P.G.A. championship. On the eve of the final round at

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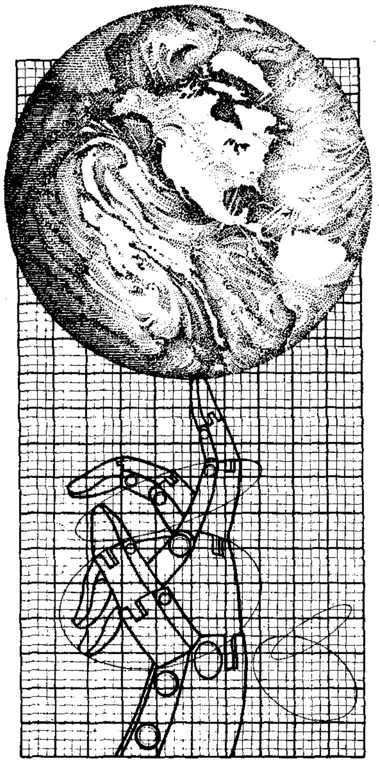

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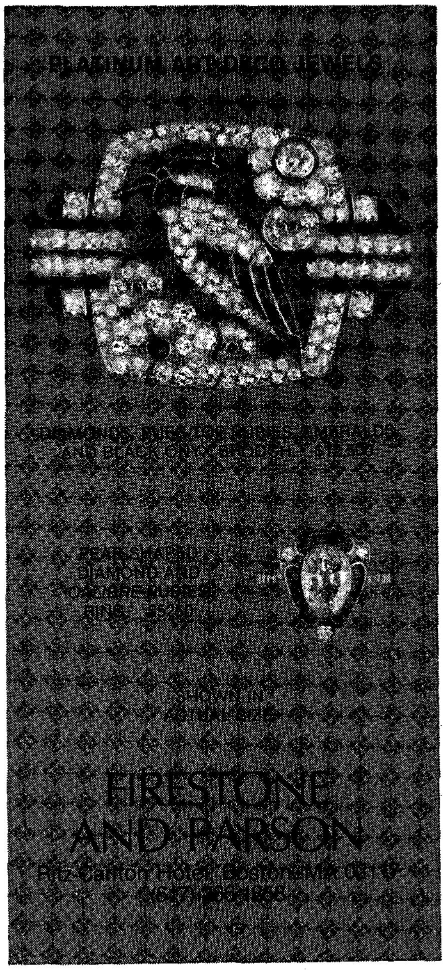

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Oakmont, however, Watson and Ballesteros, who were scheduled to play in the last twosome, were the favorites. The people who like to think of themselves as constituting the "smart money" thought it would probably be Ballesteros. They were doubtless influenced by what had happened at the Masters earlier this year when the two were paired in the final round: Ballesteros had quickly taken command with a birdie, an eagle, a par, and another birdie, and had faced no serious challenges the rest of the way.

At Oakmont, it was Watson who was off fast. He birdied the second from four feet, after a fine 9-iron. He birdied the third by holing a twenty-five-footer. On the fourth, a 561-yard par 5, where the pin was set this day close behind the stern front bunker, he made his third straight birdie by hitting a sand wedge that spun itself out four feet from the pin. He got a par on the fifth—two putts from twenty feet—but on the par-3 sixth, after just missing a hole-in-one with a 5-iron, he got down from six feet for another birdie. He interrupted his rush with a bogey on the seventh, the result of a wayward tee shot into the rough on the right, but snapped back quickly. On the eighth, a 240-yard par 3, he played a handsome 4-wood six feet from the pin and holed for his birdie, and he then made his sixth birdie on the front side by getting down in two from off the edge of the green on the long ninth. With this sustained surge of bold shotmaking, Watson reached the turn in 31—five under par for the round, six under for the championship. He had left Ballesteros five strokes behind. Considering that he had made nothing on the greens, Ballesteros had not played poorly at all, but on the back side he did give the impression that he might actually have been dazed by Watson's pyrotechnics, since the edge went off his concentration.

Much more to the point, however, was the fact that, with nine holes to go, Watson held a margin of only three strokes on the surprising Mr. Nelson. Paired with Peete just ahead of Watson and Ballesteros—Peete's bid was now over—Nelson had gone out in 33. Usually there is an uncollected, boyish look about Nelson, which is accentuated by his preference for wearing a baseball-type cap that looks a couple of sizes too large. But this day, from his opening tee shot, Nelson's facial expression was decidedly different. It projected self-possession and purposefulness. There was also an uncharacteristic briskness to his walk, though his swing retained its legato rhythm, which is evocative of Gene Littler's. He obviously was not in the mood to settle for a good showing and a sizable check. An hour or so later, he had moved into a tie for the lead. Watson had lost a stroke to par on both the tenth and the twelfth by driving into the rough, and Nelson, after four straight pars, had made up the other stroke by birdieing the fourteenth, where he came within a whisker of lobbing his short pitch into the cup on the fly. Incidentally, this was Nelson's fifth birdie of the round and his thirteenth in the last thirty-two holes he had played. It looked for all the world as if we were heading for a dramatic and possibly historic conclusion—the kind that encourages a man to dig out his daily journal, which he has ignored for weeks, and write, "I may have done nothing else of consequence this month, but I was one of those lucky people at Oakmont who saw that never-to-be-forgotten duel between Watson and Nelson right down to its terrific climax."

It wasn't meant to be. In a matter of minutes, only moments before Nelson putted out for his par on the fifteenth, there was a flash of lightning. Play was officially halted, Watson marked his ball on the fourteenth green, sirens wailed, thunder began to crackle, and, as the rain started to pour down, everyone headed for shelter. After waiting an hour and a half for the rain to stop, the U.S.G.A. announced that the fourth round would be resumed the next morning at ten. We all buried our frustration in tiresome talk and in drinking whatever was still left around, and slowly made our way back to our motels, thinking as frequently about the young George Washington and Fort Duquesne as about the unhappy anticlimax at Oakmont.

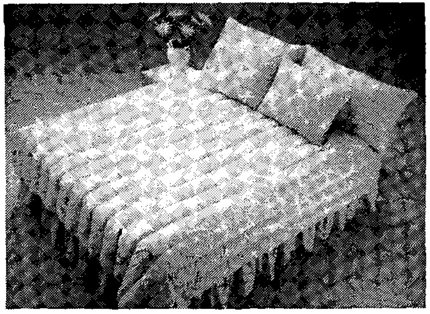
Nelson spent most of his warmup session on Monday morning hitting 4-woods. His first shot of the day would be a 4-wood off the sixteenth, a 228-yard par 3. The pin was set on the right side of a green that slopes gingerly down from left to right. Watson meanwhile had ended his warmup by practicing a few putts in the thirty-to-forty-foot range, because his first assignment was to get down in two putts from thirty-two feet for his par on the fourteenth. He did this successfully when play was resumed. Simultaneously, Nelson hit a 4-wood onto the back-left quarter of the sixteenth green, sixty feet or so from the pin. He had played the shot to fade a little, and it hadn't, and now he was confronted by a long downhill putt on an exceedingly fast green. He was hoping for nothing more than to get down in two putts, but his ball had just the right speed on it as it eased over the edge of the first tier and then over the edge of the second tier he had to negotiate. A foot or two later, it started to slide a shade to the right, and fell into the cup.

That birdie putt was the shot that won the Open for Nelson. (He had a par and a bogey on the two remaining holes.) Was there one specific shot that lost the Open for Watson? It is hard to say. Perhaps his 9-iron pitch to the seventeenth did. When he came to that hole after copybook pars on the fifteenth and sixteenth, he was only too well aware that in order to catch Nelson, as matters then stood, he had to birdie one of the last two holes, and he knew that he had a much better chance for a birdie on the 322-yard seventeenth—which he had birdied with a ten-foot putt on his third round—than on the brutal 456-yard eighteenth. The pin on the seventeenth this day was placed once again in that narrow triangular segment at the very back of the green. Watson went with a 9-iron. He did not play a good shot. A high-strung young man, he was really pumped up in this situation—certainly more than he apparently realized. He flew the ball clear over the green and into the bunker on the right. He somehow managed to improvise a wedge recovery from a downhill lie which crawled onto the green six feet from the cup, but I think the damage had been done before he missed the putt for his par. As it turned out, Watson was still not out of it: on the eighteenth, with the pin set on the high ledge at the back-left section of the green, Nelson had three-putted for a bogey 5. Watson could tie him if he could come up with a birdie. He banged a tee shot 310 yards down the fairway, but, pumped up as he was, the 6-iron he selected for his approach was far too much club. The ball sailed over the green and into the thickly massed spectators. A few minutes later, chipping for his birdie from trampled-down, semi-muddy ground, he had no chance of making the kind of contact with the ball that was needed to control it. It rolled fifty feet past the pin—not that this meant anything now—and when he somehow contrived to sink the long putt back for his par 4, that was irrelevant, too. It was pleasing, though—shades of the eighteenth hole at Olympic in the 1955 Open playoff between Fleck and Hogan—to see a superior guy like Watson spared the minor ignominy of a high score on the last hole.

Larry Gene Nelson—height five feet nine; weight a hundred and fifty-five; age thirty-five—is a worthy champion, to say the least. The adjective most often used to describe him is "colorless," but there is a good deal of substance to this young man. For example, he saw active service in Vietnam as an infantry sergeant, and I would bet that few soldiers performed that onerous duty better. On his return, when he was twenty-one, he took up golf. He taught himself the game by studying Hogan's book "The Modern Fundamentals of Golf." His style is nothing like as assertive as Hogan's. He swings the club back much more slowly, and he holds a lot of power in reserve at impact. He hits nice-looking shots, from the driver through the wedge, that soar softly in a rather high parabola. He is not considered by his colleagues to be a good putter, but he putted superbly at Oakmont. There, trying to end a long slump on the greens, he made it a point not to sole his putter as he addressed the ball, and discovered that for the first time in years he felt he could make just about every putt of a reasonable length. Nelson's 72-hole total was 280 (75, 73, 65, 67). His total of 132 for the third and fourth rounds broke the previous record score for the last thirty-six holes of the championship by a full four strokes. This figure may stand for some time, and so should Nelson's feat of summoning fourteen birdies under the pressure of the last two rounds.

What did we all learn at Oakmont? First and foremost, I think, the value of being able to hit the ball straight. We have tended to overlook this in recent years, when too much emphasis has been placed on the distance the supple young giants on the tour smite the ball. Larry Nelson reminded us that a man who can stay on the fairway can handle any course. He also brought home the importance that tempo plays in hitting good shots one after the other. Of course, there is always a catch in golf. The only sure way of achieving the tempo we all seek is to master the integrated movements of a sound swing.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



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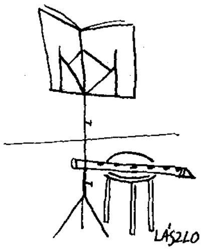
MUSICAL EVENTS

Child of Sin

IN Wagner's centenary year, Europe sounds with productions of not only his mature music dramas but also his first, exuberant operas: "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi." There are two good reasons for reviving them. One is the interest attaching to any great creator's youthful works. The other is their appeal to current operatic taste. When the British première of "Das Liebesverbot" was announced, in 1965, I invited that learned, sensible Wagnerian Deryck Cooke to write about Wagner's early operas in *The Musical Times*. His essay—it is now reprinted in "Vindications" (Cambridge), a rich, challenging collection—began:



> When examining, in "Opera and Drama," the various attempts to elevate opera from a naïve entertainment into a serious dramatic art form, Wagner was realistic enough to glance at Rossini, and note that his success showed what opera-lovers really wanted: tunes. Nevertheless, he persevered with his own blueprint for music-drama, and realized it so magnificently . . . that by the time of his death it seemed that he had killed the old-style opera stone dead. But during the present century that strange creature the opera-lover (as opposed to the lover of great musical stage works) has proved resilient enough to live down again to Wagner's estimate of him. He may now go to music-dramas, but what he really enjoys is an old "tuney" set-number opera. . . . Hence the revival of the ostensibly serious operas of Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and the early Verdi. And the intellectual opera-lover rather defiantly justifies his (not always openly avowed) preference by discussing such operas quite seriously, treating them as genuine musical dramas like Wagner's.
>
> Since I personally regard Wagner's musical dramas as being self-evidently on the artistic level of Shakespeare's poetic dramas, and the works mentioned above as belonging to an altogether inferior category, I find all this incomprehensible.

In another of the essays, "The Futility of Music Criticism," Cooke notes that a composer's position is "decided not by criticism but by the eventual stabilizing of informed majority opinion." Puccini has been kept prominent by "the continued enthusiasm of performers and listeners . . . despite a persistent critical campaign" to dislodge him. Informed majority opinion places Beethoven "right at the center of our musical experience." Because of a ninety-per-cent consensus that Wagner is a great composer, he stands near the center, but "if it should one day shrink drastically, he would move to the edge, to join Meyerbeer." (Cooke died in 1976, before Meyerbeer, once more highly esteemed than Wagner, then for a half-century derided and ignored, rejoined the Metropolitan and the Covent Garden repertories.) Observing, while not approving, our age's vindications, Cooke concluded that Wagner's early operas merited revival in "a world that takes seriously Verdi's 'Oberto' and 'Un Giorno di Regno,' " one that can revive "Attila." I agree, and in these pages have sung the praises of "Rienzi" (after San Antonio's splendid 1977 production and Eve Queler's 1982 concert performance) and of "Die Feen" (even after the City Opera's feeble 1982 concert performance). My belief that "Das Liebesverbot" merits stage revival and could be a popular success at, say, the City Opera was strained by—but survived—the American première of the piece, at the Waterloo Music Festival, in New Jersey, on July 9th. Previously, I'd encountered the opera in spirited, youthful student productions and had been captivated. Waterloo gave a concert performance sung, by its all-American cast, in German. The musical execution lacked the theatrical verve that "Das Liebesverbot" needs.

Wagner composed the work in 1835, the year of "I Puritani" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." He was conductor in Magdeburg, where Rossini and Bellini loomed large in his repertory. Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient—Beethoven's Leonore in 1822, later Wagner's first Adriano, Senta, and Venus—sang Rossini's Desdemona and Bellini's Romeo under his baton. Impatient with the earnestness of German opera, struck by the effectiveness of the Italian works and of Hérold's "Zampa" and Auber's "La Muette de Portici," and seized by what he later diagnosed as "a pert fancy for the turmoil of the senses, a defiant exuberance of glee," he composed his own Shakespeare opera, packed with good tunes and opportunities for vocal display. "Measure for Measure" was transformed. Angelo becomes Friedrich, a German viceroy of sixteenth-century Palermo. Shakespeare's grave moral themes are simplified to an outer conflict between Friedrich's puritanical sternness—resulting in his "ban on love"—and the Sicilians' natural gaiety and sensuality, and to a conflict within Friedrich, who is at once attracted by and intolerant of the frivolity and license that German moralists and German musicians have often condemned as Mediterranean. The inner conflict inspires some serious pages, of which the finest are Friedrich's monologue. The hot Sicilian air and Isabella's beauty have intoxicated him. He cannot resist his desires, but, as a man of rigid Teutonic honor, he resolves to punish himself, after sinning, as cruelly as he punishes the Sicilians. The scene inspires the most forward-looking music in "Das Liebesverbot;" there are "Tristan"esque harmonies as the love-ban motif and memories of Isabella's pleading for her brother's life wind through the score. It is excellently dramatic that the very intensity of her appeal—has Friedrich never felt love warm and weaken his own stern breast?—moves him not to mercy but to sin and to greater sternness still. There seems to be something autobiographical in these pages. In composing "Das Liebesverbot," in deserting for a while the lofty path embarked on in "Die Feen" and yielding to heady Italian charms, Wagner was being self-indulgent, and his conscience pricked him. Isabella's conflicts are more briskly, though tunefully, dealt with. Claudio's music about the warm delights of love is beautiful. Brighella's long buffo rondo, with witty orchestral comments and jaunty transformations of the love-ban motif, is worthy of Rossini, and so is a playful trio in which Isabella and her chambermaid Dorella (one of Lucio's former loves) tease Lucio for his fickleness. Pontio Pilato—Shakespeare's Pompey renamed—is a merry role, too. Mariana has a tender, somewhat Agathe-like aria and a tranquil, though floridly decorated, duet with Isabella in the convent garden. (Wagner's carefully written-out, intricate double cadenzas of a kind that Rossini and Bellini sopranos would spin as a matter of course raise a smile if the singers make heavy weather of them.) Other themes are lightly touched on—the crumbling of social barriers when the young aristocrats join hands with the people, and when Isabella and her maid vie playfully for Lucio; and the force of popular feeling to overcome tyrannical authority—but one should not make much of them. "My chief idea," Wagner says in "Mein Leben," "was directed against puritanical hypocrisy and thus led to the bold exaltation of 'sensuality unrestrained.'" The outcome is not in doubt. In the brilliant overture, the stern, chromatic love-ban theme, on trombones—"soulless, legal, harsh, dramatic," as Cosima called it—has already been routed again and again by the music of merrymaking. (Cooke points out that the theme, in various forms, reappears in all Wagner's works, "always standing between lovers.") By the end, not only Friedrich has been taught a lesson; Isabella and Mariana have been rescued from taking the veil. Isabella becomes positively flirtatious when she confesses to Lucio that she fell in love with him when first she saw him.

Wagner reviewed his opera (anonymously) for Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik.* After regretting that a critic could say little on the strength of a single, imprecise performance, he continued, "But this I do know, that the opera, if the composer is fortunate enough to obtain performances in a good theatre, will succeed. There is a lot in it, and, what pleases me, everything sounds, and it contains music and melody, qualities not easy to find in our contemporary German operas." He never heard "Das Liebesverbot" again. (Its first revival was in Munich in 1923.) He sent the opera to King Ludwig in 1866, as a Christmas gift, with the quatrain:

> I now repent that once I went astray;
> How can I be from youthful sin set free?
> Sin's offspring at your feet I humbly lay;
> May you in mercy its redeemer be.

In 1879, he looked through the score with Cosima and—except for an offstage nuns' chorus, used again as the Feast of Grace theme in "Tannhäuser"—found it all "horrible, execrable, disgusting." At the time, he was working on the third act of "Parsifal."

THE Waterloo performance was awkwardly disposed. The soloists—making entrances and exits as the action required—sang (from music stands) on a crescent-shaped plot at the front of the platform, bounded by a trellis and some small trees. The orchestra and the chorus were behind them, and largely invisible from where I sat. The singers could not see their conductor, Gerard Schwarz, except by glancing back at him, and his eyes could not follow their eyes, lips, and lungs to accompany their phrasing. Much of the time, it was a rather lumpy, metronomical, inexpressive performance—one without Wagnerian rubato, without molding and shaping of the individual lines. Even the mounting sequences in the overture, *allegro con fuoco*, were unbreathed: a brisk Rossini crescendo may be the model for the passage, but Wagner filled it with ardent appoggiaturas that need to be felt. There was a general effect of animation and enthusiasm—but of an unvaried, undifferentiated kind. The orchestral playing lacked finesse and lightness.

The great prima donnas for whom Beethoven, Weber, Donizetti, Bellini, and the young Wagner composed owed their supremacy, by and large, more to the vividness of their acting and their declamation than to exceptional vocal finish. (Henriette Sontag and Giulia Grisi were exceptions.) Schröder-Devrient, Carolina Unger (in her upper register), Giuditta Pasta were all deemed faulty vocalists but sublime artists. In "Mein Leben," Wagner declared that when he looked back on his life as a whole he found no event that had made a more profound impression on him than hearing Schröder-Devrient's Leonore: it decided him to become a musician; "from that moment my life had acquired its true significance." Henry Chorley on Schröder-Devrient in "Fidelio" is worth reading:

> She was a pale woman.—Her face—a thoroughly German one—though plain, was pleasing, from the intensity of expression which her large features and deep tender eyes conveyed.—She had profuse fair hair, the value of which she thoroughly understood—delighting, in moments of great emotion, to fling it loose with the wild vehemence of a Moenad. Her figure was superb, though full, and she rejoiced in its display. Her voice was a strong *soprano*—not comparable in quality to other German voices of its class (those, for instance, of Madame Stockl-Heinefetter, Madame Burde-Ney, Mademoiselle Tietjens)—but with an inherent expressiveness of tone, which made it more attractive on the stage than many a more faultless organ. . . . [Sontag and Jenny Lind] had learned to sing—Madame Schröder-Devrient *not*.—Her tones were delivered without any care, save to give them due force. Her execution was bad and heavy. . . . But then, as an actress, the devouring suspense of the disquieted wife . . . enabled the German *Leonora* to exhibit all her passion of by-play, in judicious interpretation of the situation.—Her eyes, quickened by the yearnings of her heart, were everywhere; her quivering lip, even when her countenance was the most guarded, told how intensely she was listening . . .

And so on, all about her acting. "By no one has Madame Schröder-Devrient been equalled in this opera."

I'm not suggesting that the singers of our day should pay *less* attention to vocalism: Chorley's complaint about tolerating technical incompetence in singers which would never be tolerated

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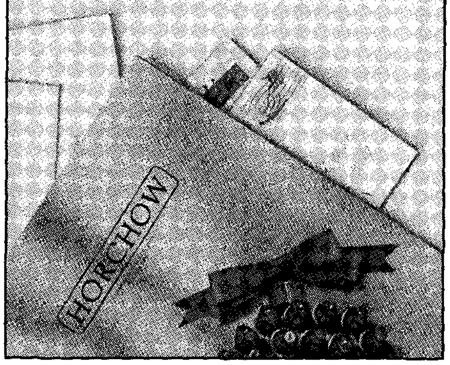

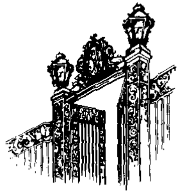

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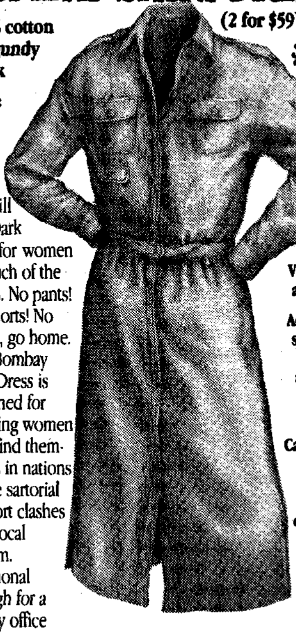
in fiddlers or pianists ("A man whose fingers cannot control the strings would hardly have a second hearing, did he attempt instrumental music.—But a woman, supposing she can correctly flounder through the notes of a given composition, has been allowed . . . to take rank as a singer") can be echoed today. I'm not ungrateful that we still have a few singers who, like Sontag and Lind, have learned to sing. But I do think that—especially in the newly revived early-Ottocento repertory, and especially in this country, where the fad of performing in languages not understood by listeners is *rife*—many singers still concentrate too much on the noises they make and too little on bringing the music to life by acting and by expressive, inflected declamation of the text. Such reflections occur whenever an opera of the eighteen-thirties is done—even in a concert performance, where acting must be a matter of eyes, demeanor, vivid words, and vivid phrasing. Rossini complained of Pasta, "She always sang false." Chorley suggests that Rossini, "inattentive to the march of time," made the mistake of fancying "that he could retain . . . his theatrical audience by the spell of music alone." Although Pasta had animated Rossini's Tancred by "dignified and knightly demeanour" and "her superb declamation," although she had relieved the lengthiness of "Semiramide" by "queenly grandeur of bearing," it was as Bellini's Romeo and Norma and as Donizetti's Anna Bolena that one remembered her. "When she could be dramatic, the defects of intonation to which she was liable either disappeared, or were forgotten."

The Waterloo Isabella, Jeanne Distell, had defects of intonation (one assumed she was unwell, although no announcement was made) and little dramatic power. The Mariana, Alessandra Marc, deployed a large, rich soprano. Margaret Chalker, as Dorella, a soubrette role, was bright, alert, and charming—a good singer and a good actress. Roger Roloff, the Friedrich, was firm and incisive both of timbre and in declamation. His Wotan in the "Ring" cycle that the Boston Lyric Opera is bringing to the Beacon Theatre in August should be worth hearing. Donald Grobe, the Lucio, was, as always, thoroughly efficient, if dry of timbre. Howard Hensel's Claudio had romantic moments. Edward Crafts' Brighella was both fully characterized and well sung, and



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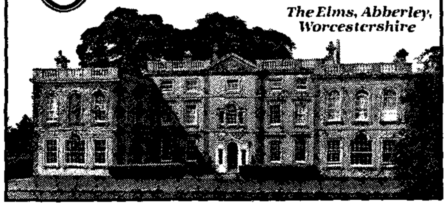

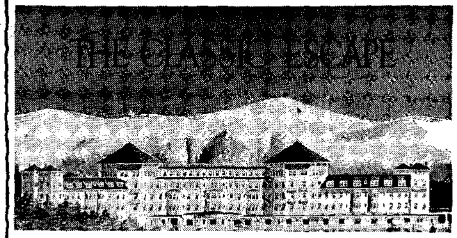

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there were sparky moments in Howard Bender's Pontio Pilato. It wasn't a bad cast. But it didn't bring "Das Liebesverbot" to life in the way that, say, Eve Queler and her company had brought "Rienzi" to life in Avery Fisher Hall. The BBC's uncut presentation of "Das Liebesverbot," in 1976, ran for a little over three hours. At Waterloo, perhaps twenty-five minutes of music was cut. The performance will be broadcast by WNCN on July 23rd.

IT was my first visit to Waterloo Village, an attractive place about an hour's drive from New York, founded in the mid-eighteenth century as Andover and renamed in 1815 after Wellington's victory. The settlement grew around an ironworks, a forge, and a mill; was a stopping place in stagecoach days; boomed in the mid-nineteenth century when the Morris Canal, an engineering marvel admired by Mrs. Trollope (boats were hauled over the hills on a water-powered railroad laid on stone sleepers), passed through it; declined under competition from conventional railroads (the canal was abandoned in 1927); and became a ghost town until two enthusiasts, Percival Leach and Louis Gualandi, quietly and tactfully restored it. The music is played in an open-sided tent, holding about two thousand, with more listeners on the lawns around. It is a serene, beautiful domain, most of it apparently untouched by the modern world. During a Bayreuth-length intermission, one could walk beside the water, explore paths through woods aglint with fireflies. As at Glyndebourne, nature and works of man conspired to please the senses and soothe the spirit. But Glyndebourne holds eight hundred, while at Waterloo plans for a permanent summer auditorium holding nine thousand (including the lawn listeners) and for "a major conference facility" have been prepared. Will the special, secluded, almost secret quality of Waterloo—very different from bustling Tanglewood, Saratoga, or Wolf Trap—survive them? —ANDREW PORTER

•

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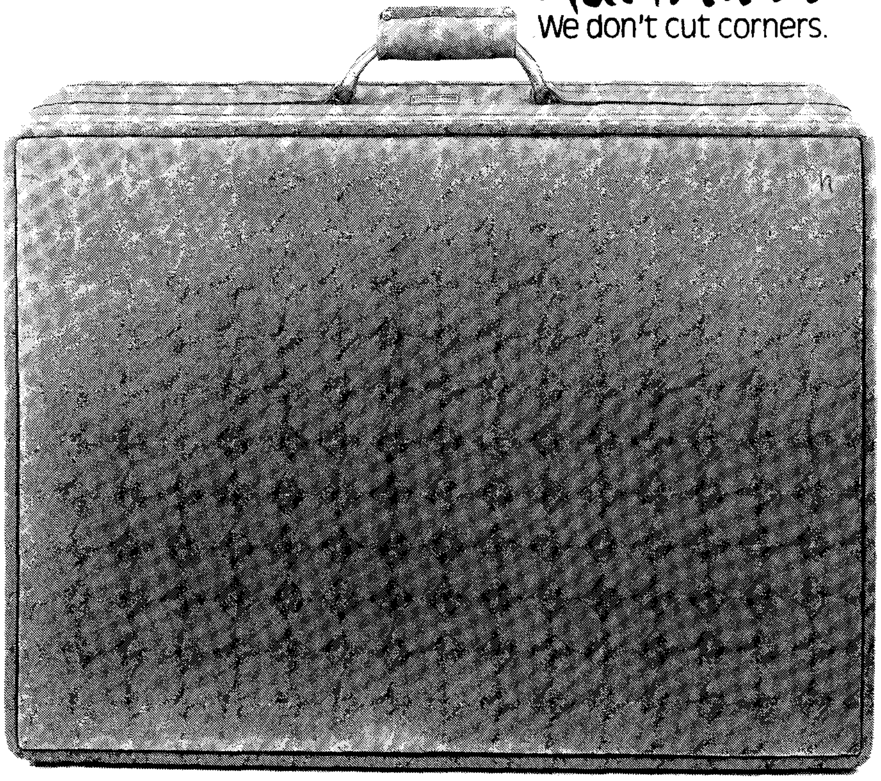

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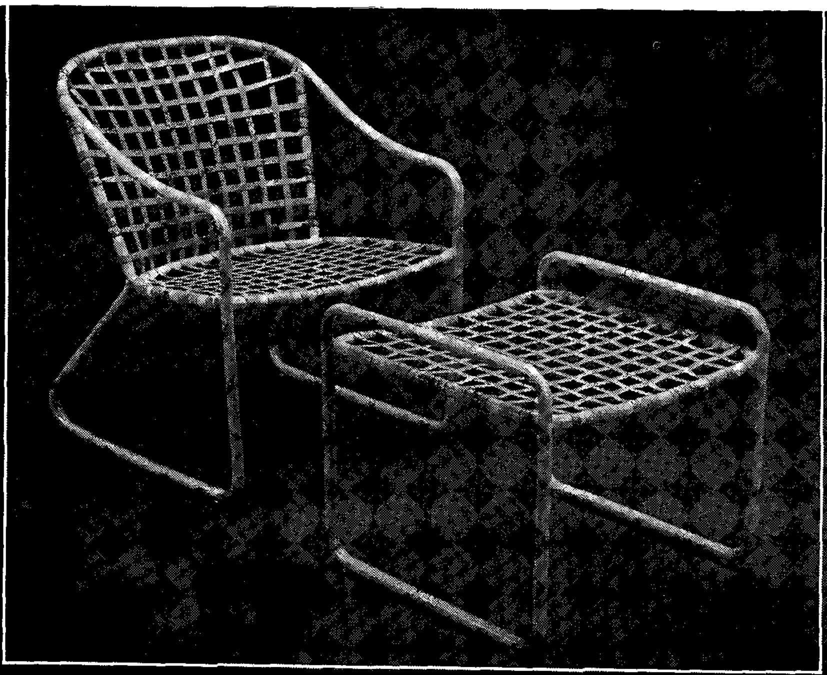

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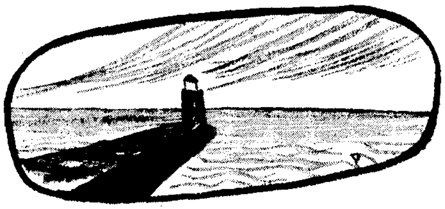
AROUND CITY HALL

LINGUISTICS

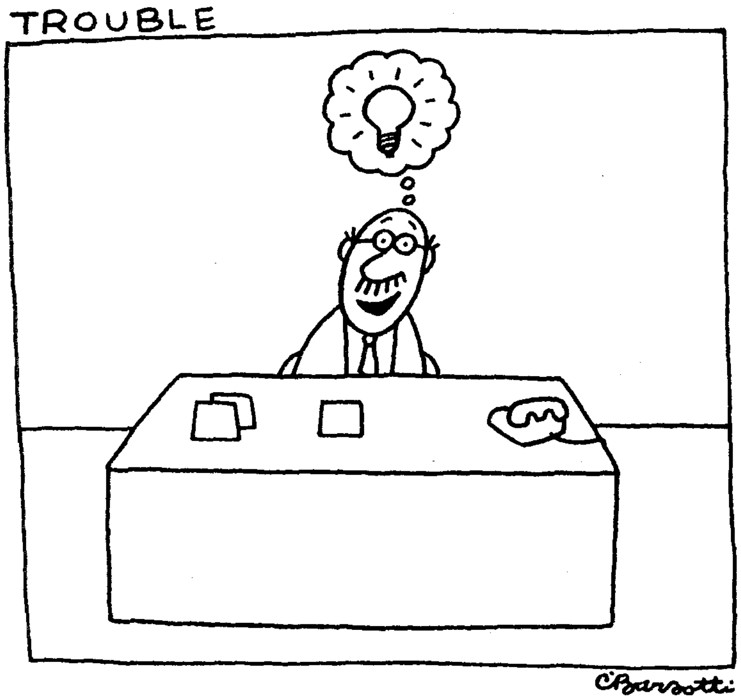
WORDS, like fashions in dress and music, have their own time. "Insensitivity," in its currently popular sense, showed up in the dictionaries over a century ago; "compassion" goes all the way back to the fourteenth century. Yet it is only in the last couple of decades that these words have come into their own. Hardly a day goes by now that Mayor Edward Koch isn't accused of being insensitive to one group of his constituents or another, while New York mayors of previous generations rarely, if ever, had laid on them the charge of insensitivity. In 1936, when Fiorello LaGuardia, Koch's favorite among his City Hall predecessors, named Dorothy Kenyon as his deputy commissioner of licenses—he was not, of course, described as having shown sensitivity to the gender-gap issue—he presumably felt sure that he could count on her for traditional womanly support on public-morals questions, toward which LaGuardia's attitude was not, as we might now say, permissive. After he issued an order withdrawing the licenses of the city's burlesque houses, Miss Kenyon publicly opposed it, saying that such houses offered "the only beauty in the lives of icemen and messenger boys." The mayor was not charged with a lack of sensitivity to the concerns of icemen, nor was Miss Kenyon accused of having an oversupply of it. However, when, in 1979, Mayor Koch suggested, as a useful moral lesson, that the city-owned radio station broadcast the names of men convicted of soliciting the services of prostitutes, he was accused of being insensitive to the concerns of johns and their families. (The word "john" in this sense dates back many decades: "formerly a representative proper noun for a footman, butler, waiter, messenger, or the like," according to the Oxford English Dictionary.) It was this request, which the station complied with on one occasion, that led William Safire, the well-known *Times* wordman, to dub Koch "the Mayatollah"—a name that, far from resenting, Koch happily seized upon to describe (jocularly, to be sure) his imperial role in the life of the city.

Nevertheless, in public life nowadays the charge of being insensitive is often a heavy one, and it tends to stick. Mayor Koch received substantial financial support from corporate and real-estate interests both in his successful 1981 race for reëlection as mayor and in his unsuccessful 1982 campaign for the Democratic nomination for governor. His opponents, including Mario Cuomo, who defeated him for the nomination and went on to win the governorship, frequently accused him of favoring the interests of these rich and generous constituents, and also of being insensitive to the concerns of the poor. The latter charge is one with racial connotations, since, as Koch himself often mentions, in this city the poor are predominantly black and Hispanic. Though there are still far too many poor people here, some consider it progress of sorts that in bureaucratic pronouncements such New Yorkers are now usually described as "poor" rather than, in the custom of a few years back, "disadvantaged."

The Koch administration is so often charged, fairly or not, with various forms of insensitivity that when it does give serious attention to the interests of its less well-fixed constituents it sometimes doesn't get credit. Although Manhattan was wired for cable television over a decade ago, efforts to bring this amenity to New York's four other boroughs, where eighty per cent of city residents live, were still bogged down this spring as squadrons of lawyers and other agents representing half a dozen companies attempted to negotiate their way through—or, more often, around—the city's elaborate bidding provisions. The major holdup was City Hall's insistence that the contending companies were not free simply to vie with one another for the privilege of laying cable in affluent neighborhoods of their choice but had to agree to complex trade-offs that would require them also to put lines in such areas as the South Bronx and Bedford-Stuyvesant, in Brooklyn, where the profits might be very slow to roll in. If such terms were specified out of high-mindedness, they were also a matter of political necessity. Being more or less permanently cut off from a service available to one's richer neighbors a few blocks away is the kind of thing that could drive voters to punitive action at the polls. Even if the Mayor had felt he could take a chance on getting along without blacks and Hispanics on the next Election Day—the fact that their votes mostly went to Cuomo in 1982 is believed to have been a big factor in the Koch defeat—some of the borough presidents whom he needs as allies on the all-white Board of Estimate could not afford to be so reckless. Minority groups now account for about half the population of Brooklyn, and two-thirds of that of the Bronx. Complicating things further was City Hall's well-publicized determination to avoid the corruption that, according to rumor, had accompanied the parcelling out of cable franchises in some other communities. "We have no corruption," Koch said a few months ago. And, speaking of the outer boroughs, he added sadly, "we have no cable television." At a convention of cable companies in Houston last month, there were many disrespectful references to New York's tortuous, if virtuous, process. One of the convention speakers, Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, said of New York, "I don't think they're ever going to get cable." He said also, "If the Mayor of New York runs the city the way he has run this thing, no wonder New York is in such god-awful trouble." In truth, however, the Senator's remarks were misguided on two counts. A couple of weeks after the Houston meeting, the city reached an agreement with the contending companies, assuring cable service—eventually—to the four outer boroughs. And if, by "god-awful trouble," Goldwater was referring to fiscal matters, he was also wrong there. The Mayor had described the city's financial prospects as grim last January, but as a result of several fortunate developments—for the most part unrelated to the actions of City Hall—the city ended its last fiscal year, on June 30th, with a five-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar surplus.



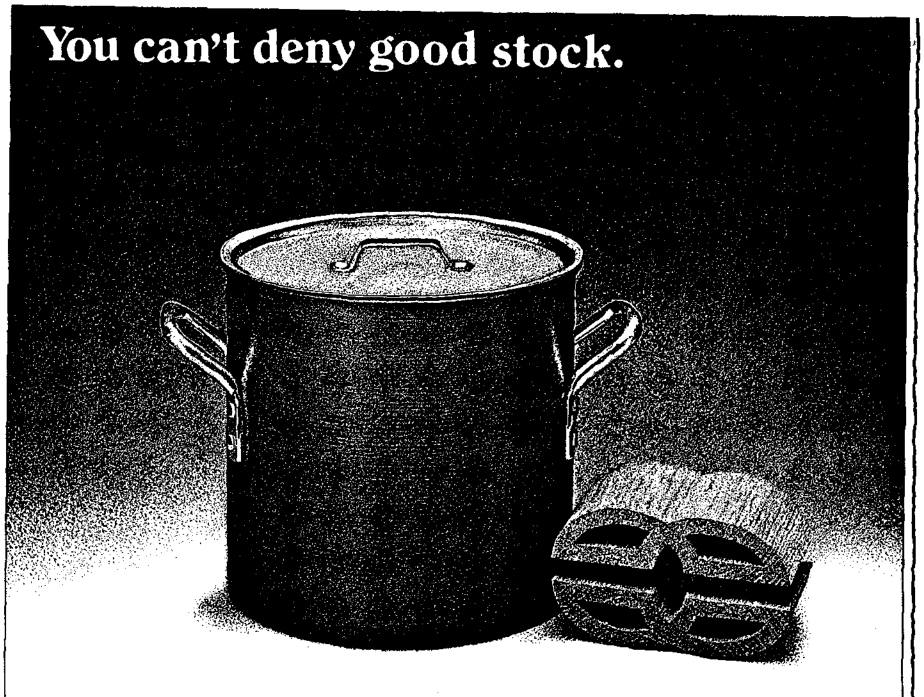
WHILE Koch was fending off numerous slings and arrows, some of them quite undeserved, he bore the further cross of having to watch from the sidelines as the new governor of the state was being hailed as trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, brave, clean, reverent, and so on—and, of course, full of sensitivity and compassion. A few dissenting voices did accuse Cuomo of being unduly cerebral in discussing his positions, and overquick to compromise. Cuomo disciples reminded the dissenters that it had been the condescending view of him as the ineffectual Hamlet of New York politics that had persuaded all but a handful of the state's powerful Democratic county bosses to make the ruinous mistake of assuming that he would be the sure loser in the race for governor. "You're going to find it very, very hard to fight with me," Cuomo told the leaders of the Republican-controlled State Senate soon after he took office. On Inauguration Day, January 1st, one scene encouraged the hope that the raucous, partisan quarrels that have held up passage of the annual budget in Albany year after year could be avoided this spring. Cuomo concluded his inaugural address with an aside to his Italian-immigrant father, who died two years ago, reminding himself of the need to remember his humble beginning: "And Pop, wherever you are—and I think I know—for all the ceremony and the big house and the pomp and circumstance, please don't let me forget." Some of those in the audience say that at this point Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, the most powerful Republican in state government, was caught wiping his eyes.



By midsummer, the generally cooperative atmosphere in Albany showed signs of severe strain, but the fact that the principals had successfully worked their way through a crowded legislative agenda, including a state budget passed on time, seemed to call for even louder congratulations all around as word came of the crippling intramural wars in other state capitals. Residents of Pennsylvania and California, for example, had to get along without welfare or unemployment payments or state salaries for a time, because their legislators and governors could not agree on their respective state budgets. One of the beleaguered governors had more in common with Mario Cuomo than the circumstance that they were both sworn in last January. Question: What newly elected governor of one of the nation's most populous states was born in New York State, took his law degree from St. John's University in Queens, in his inaugural address spoke movingly of his pride in his poor immigrant parents, and this spring, as he wrote the author, greatly enjoyed reading "Ironweed," by William Kennedy, a novel about Albany a generation ago? Answer: George Deukmejian, of California, who was born in Menands, New York, not far from Albany, and didn't move west until 1955. Cuomo also read "Ironweed" this spring—"when I should have been sleeping," as he wrote to Kennedy, whom he called his favorite fiction writer. "I think he's going to be a great governor," Kennedy said, returning the compliment. Of his statehouse readership, Kennedy told Dennis Duggan, of *Newsday*, "That's two governors—just forty-eight to go."

In a speech last month at a dinner at which the Citizens Budget Commission, a local watchdog group, gave Cuomo its annual Award for High Civic Service, the Governor, who will probably never tire of rehashing the details of his surprise victory over Koch last year, quoted from an upstate editorial during the primary that pointed out that he had lost to Koch before (in the 1977 mayoral election) and that, although he was a good man, "being a good man and even a nice man is not necessarily all that's needed to succeed in a political race." The candidate who was too nice to win was inevitably contrasted with Koch, the fierce political infighter, who, as the Mayor himself has often said, never forgets political slights committed against him. To a large gathering at City Hall in January of 1982, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Franklin D. Roosevelt's birth, for example, he invited all but three of the hundred and nine members of the commission that had been appointed by Governor Hugh Carey to preside over the state celebration of the centennial. Those left out—they included Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Roosevelt's biographer and the chairman of the state commission—had all supported Koch's opponent in his 1981 reëlection campaign. Now that he is governor, Cuomo is also turning out to have a long political memory.

Last year, City Council President Carol Bellamy, who has often been mentioned as a future candidate for statewide office, strongly endorsed Koch for governor in the Democratic primary. This was an understandable move, since, under the terms of the city charter, she would succeed Koch as mayor if he were to become governor. On one occasion, she also stood in for Koch in a primary debate with Cuomo. This year, the new governor has asked that leading New York Democrats hold off endorsing a 1984 Presidential candidate for some months, on the theory that the state's influence on issues and the choice of candidates will be greater if New York Democrats aren't politically fragmented. Early in June, Miss Bellamy came out for Walter Mondale. Cuomo, asked if he resented Miss Bellamy's action in breaking ranks, said, not very sensitively, "I only asked it of politicians of statewide influence. It clearly doesn't include her." Cuomo hit a lighter note in dealing with some of last year's Democrats of little faith in an appearance in May, at the annual musical satire put on by the Albany press corps. It was demeaning, he scolded the crowd, to suggest that with all his responsibilities as governor he would concern himself with such matters. "I have better things to do than to remember Stanley Friedman, Nick LaPorte, Charlie Welch, Joe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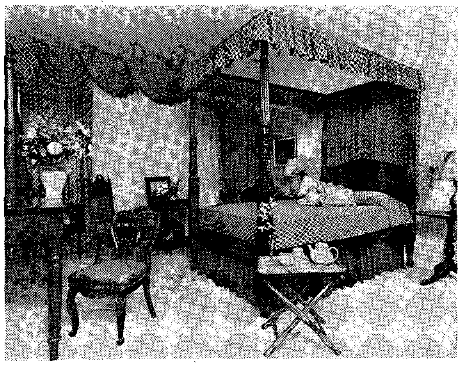
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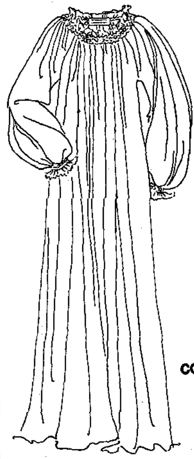
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Crangle, Dominic Baranello, Marty Mellman, Meade Esposito, Donald Manes, and forty-eight other county leaders who opposed me and two hundred and sixty-two state committeemen." Referring to one of the relatively few labor leaders who did not support him, he said, "Who can be bothered remembering that Barry Feinstein and Local 237 gave Koch fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-four dollars and seventy-three cents, eleven full-time volunteers, and sixty-one people on primary day. . . . Honest—I don't bear grudges!"

A few weeks later, another event may have brought the new governor one more reminder of why he was beginning to feel comfortable in the give-no-quarter world of clubhouse politics. On June 1st, at the funeral of Erastus Corning II, the mayor of Albany since 1941 and Albany County Democratic boss since 1977, Cuomo read a message from the Scriptures: "O death, where is thy sting?" In the bipartisan crowd of twelve hundred mourners were Carey, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Senator Alfonse D'Amato, and at least twenty-five mayors, not including Koch. Corning had been the first and by far the most influential county leader to back Cuomo for the nomination for the governorship last year. Possibly, he had a number of reasons for opposing Koch. Possibly, it was enough that the Mayor had referred to life in Albany as a fate worse than death. When Cuomo campaign directors asked Corning for names of people who might be helpful in his town, he sent along the Albany city directory—the list of all city employees. The Cuomo people said that there had been some misunderstanding: the question was who could be counted on for help in Albany. Corning assured them there had been no mistake; every person on the city roster was for Cuomo.

TWO months earlier, there had been another event in the state—in this case at Hyde Park—that brought together admirers of a man who had spent significant time in Albany. Franklin D. Roosevelt was there as a New York state senator before the First World War, and served four years as governor before he went to the White House. The gathering to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his first Presidential Inauguration was the final scheduled event of the state's Roosevelt centennial commission. Like last year's centennial, it offered the

Democrats on hand a marvellous opportunity to see how many times they could use the word "compassion." It is a word that is missing from most collections of F.D.R.'s speeches. He was apparently content to call attention to the desolate state of one-third of a nation without putting a label on his concern. Roosevelt's "compassion" was referred to so often in early 1982, usually with the heavy-handed implication that it was a quality in which the present occupant of the White House was almost entirely deficient, that at one point President Reagan, who had quoted Roosevelt in nearly every speech he had made as President, asked his speechwriters to find their material somewhere else. Cuomo, who delivered the main address at the Hyde Park ceremony, said that it had been no secret that the Reagan Administration had not been at all keen on celebrating F.D.R.'s hundredth birthday; indeed, for many months, despite Democratic urging, it had declined to support the funding of a Roosevelt centennial commission, although such an appropriation had been routinely made to honor the hundredth birthday of Herbert Hoover, in 1974. Much of the impetus for the national Roosevelt celebration, Cuomo said, had come from this state. Among other reasons, the locals may have been eager to remind other Americans of an era when a New Yorker—Roosevelt was the last of the six residents of this state who made it to the White House—was calling the national tune. The Reagan Administration, for its part, may have considered it a bit sneaky of the New York commission to extend its mandate well into this year, so that it included the golden anniversary of the day Roosevelt took over the Presidency from a Republican in a terrible national time. One feature of the Hyde Park program was the playing of a record of Roosevelt's voice with its message "I shall ask the Congress for . . . broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency, as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe." Every mention in the Hyde Park speeches to the economically stricken nation of fifty years ago was a reminder of the soup kitchens, the forced farm sales, the long lines of the jobless in America in 1983. References to Roosevelt's strong response brought a nodding of heads among the listeners—most of them Democrats—as if they were comparing it to a response of Reagan's, who a few days earlier had

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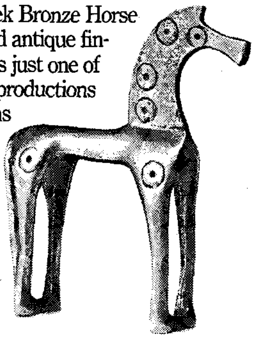

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described the nation's current troubles as "a corrective interval" that would fade from memory once his pet economic theories proved themselves, as they surely would.

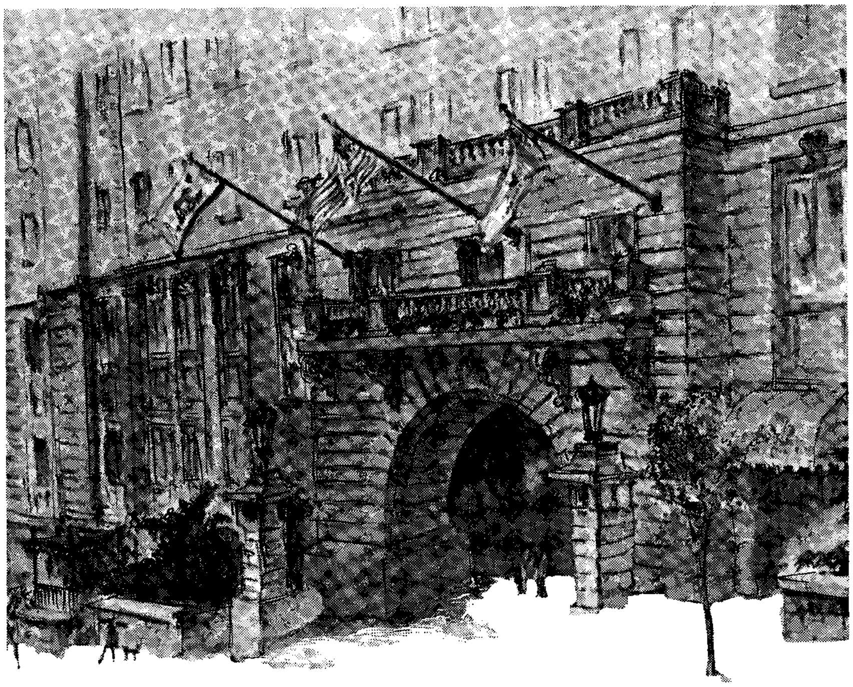
House Speaker Thomas O'Neill had recently described Reagan as "Herbert Hoover with a smile." All around the country last winter—including the Brooklyn riverfront—clusters of derelict structures were hung with signs that read "Reaganville," in memory of the Hoovervilles of half a century earlier. It seemed as of late last winter that a prolonged national economic crisis—perhaps even another Great Depression—was under way, and that, once again, Democrats would be able to lay it at the door of Republicans, along with alleged insensitivity to the pain it caused less fortunate Americans. Jimmy Carter, during his first Presidential campaign, had mentioned the Depression and "the look of alarm . . . of an American who wants to work but has lost the hope of finding a job." He added that "it is a look the Republicans do not see." The lavish way of life favored by the Reagans from the beginning of their White House stay had been helpful, of course, in allowing Democratic leaders, themselves not necessarily residents of hovels, to portray Republican leaders as living in fat city while the peasants wasted away at the royal gates. Some of them, including Cuomo—and even a few leading Republicans—claimed to see a resemblance between the Reagan household and that of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, with her let-them-eat-cake philosophy.

Everyone understood last winter that the economic downturn had been a major reason that the Republicans lost twenty-six House seats to Democrats in 1982 and that if the economic news got worse in 1984 there could be even more good political news for Democrats. Long before the Hyde Park ceremony, however, members of the Administration had been insisting that the recovery was imminent, though they went to all lengths to avoid saying that it was just around the corner. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige said that it was "baked in the cake;" that is, sure to emerge, because of the supply-side ingredients in the recipe. This led to some rude questions about whether this was the cake that the hungry peasants were consigned to eat. In mid-March, Republicans and Democrats in Congress joined in pushing through the emergency jobs bill, which was signed, with some reluctance, by the President. Within a few weeks, both sides were saying that if they had just waited there would have been no such bill because, it now seemed, there would be no emergency. By late spring, the recovery that the smiling President had insisted was under way had to be acknowledged, even by Democratic leaders. Last month, Moynihan referred to "the Great Recession" in retrospective tones. The President described the recovery as "beginning to sparkle." It was fair for Democrats to point out that there were still more than eleven million Americans out of work and that there were two-hundred-billion-dollar annual federal deficits as far as the eye could see. It was not fair for them to allow their eyes to brighten at word that interest rates and perhaps inflation were beginning to edge up again. In any event, the apparent recovery had badly skewed the Democratic plot line. Sometimes good news is almost as hard to adjust to as bad news.

THE Democrats at City Hall had no trouble adjusting to the economic good news. Last January, the Mayor had predicted that because of gloomy fiscal prospects the municipal work force would have to be reduced by more than eleven thousand employees, including forty-six hundred actual layoffs. There would be fewer policemen, therefore more unapprehended criminals, he said. There would be more potholes. The streets would be dirtier. When the budget for the present fiscal year was passed, in June, he was able to announce that none of those bad things would happen. Thanks to the national economic recovery, city revenues had come in at a much higher level than expected. In addition, Albany—where Cuomo had been a strong voice in the city's corner—had proved to be more generous than the Mayor had counted on. And the emergency jobs bill would mean fifty-eight million dollars for the city. Part of the big 1983 surplus could also be rolled over to provide revenue for the present fiscal year. As a result, the Citizens Budget Commission headed its report on the fiscal 1984 budget "A Bright Promise for the City of New York." The commission had not always been so flattering. And a couple

of years back, after a study— edited by two professors, Raymond Horton, of Columbia University, and Charles Brecher, of New York University, who are associated with the commission—concluded that in the Koch era poor New Yorkers had suffered financially more than any other group, the Mayor had stayed away from most events that the two men had anything to do with. This year, however, he was so gratified by the commission's report that when he was invited to attend its annual dinner, at the Waldorf-Astoria, he asked if he could make a ten-minute statement.

In fact, Koch spoke for twenty-two minutes, or longer than either Cuomo, the evening's honored guest, or the hired entertainer, Art Buchwald, who had been brought in on the sensible theory that even members of budget-watchdog groups need a break from financial numbers and politicians. Koch, in his speech, took the commission and other city financial monitors to task for their past misjudgments of his fiscal achievements, and congratulated them on having seen the light. Buchwald said that he couldn't join in any praise of the Citizens Budget Commission, because he had never heard of it. ("Am I bullish on New York bonds? I can go either way.") He had heard of the Mayor, however. "Give him credit, he tells it like it is," Buchwald said. "And then, just about the time you're about to move to Greenwich, he says he was only kidding." The columnist thought well of the new governor, he said, because, like Buchwald, Cuomo was from Queens. Commenting on the list of mayoral achievements offered by Koch, who was born in the Bronx, Cuomo said, "Imagine what he could have done if he had come from Queens." In fact, Buchwald didn't spend all his early life in that borough. In the depths of the Depression, he lived for some time in an orphan asylum on West 135th Street in Manhattan. The early life of Senator Moynihan, who also often appears at political dinners at the Waldorf, was not as limited to Hell's Kitchen, on Manhattan's West Side, as is usually represented in political legend. In the late thirties, however, about the time Buchwald was in the orphanage, Moynihan was shining shoes in Times Square. Fortunately, unlike Charles Dickens' few months in the blacking factory, these experiences do not seem to have left the two men with permanent psychological trauma, as Dickens did not call



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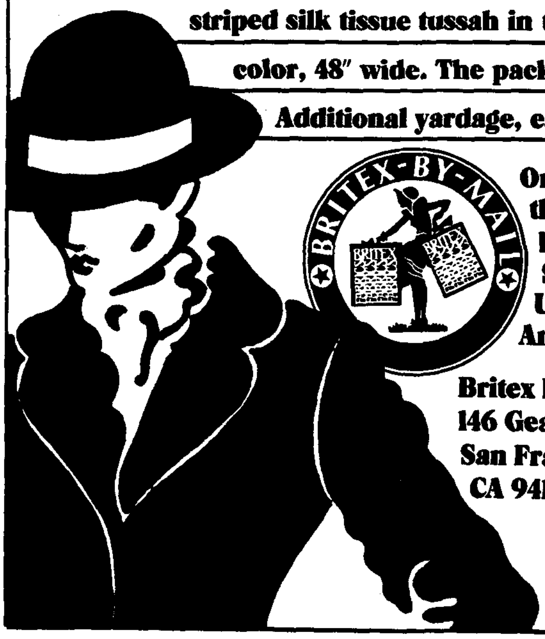

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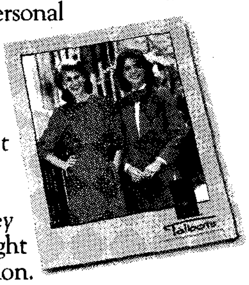

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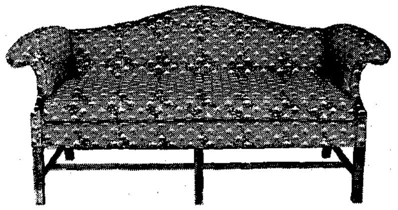

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it. There are economic philosophers—and politicians—who hold the view that if poor people don't make it out of the ghetto or other deprived environments it is their own fault for being short on gumption and good old American get-up-and-go. It is a sentiment heard more often from theorists than from those who did somehow survive and go on to realize some aspect of the American dream, even all the way to the Waldorf. It is not a sentiment anyone remembers hearing from Buchwald or Moynihan. Some years ago, New York Senator Robert Wagner, the father of the former mayor and the grandfather of Koch's deputy mayor, was asked about his achievement in rising to a leadership role in the United States Senate from his lowly start in Yorkville, where his mother took in washing. "I came through it, yes," he said. "That was luck, luck, luck. Think of the others!"

City Hall, after a time when all the talk was of cutting back, making do, eking out, has settled into a period of what an economist at a symposium on city problems once called "deretrenchment." Although a national economic recovery does seem to be under way, in the last couple of years many Americans here and elsewhere have had a bad scare and caught a harsh glimpse of what life was like in the thirties, which most of them are too young to remember. Some of them still wear that look of alarm, as if they don't entirely trust the cheery voices from Washington. There are still over a quarter of a million people out of work in the city, after all. New Yorkers who have no place to go at night—or, for that matter, in the daytime—were for a while referred to as "disaffiliated population" in City Hall documents. The numbers of the homeless—now their official designation—are at the highest level since the Great Depression. Last fall, the Guardian Angels, a local group of young people who insisted they were only trying to be helpful, offered to look after some of them in abandoned, city-owned buildings. There was even a suggestion that the bachelor Mayor must be rattling around in spacious Gracie Mansion and perhaps could take in some of those in need of shelter. Getting no response, they built a cluster of packing-box structures near the mansion, and hung a sign on it that read "Kochville." The city decided that Kochville was a fire hazard and had it torn down.

There are indications that the poor here plan to be more vocal in their demands and to register to vote in greater numbers than they have in the past. The Mayor, who is an intelligent man, will no doubt accommodate himself to this development and go out of his way to demonstrate that he is indeed sensitive to the concerns of New Yorkers who are down on their luck. Pulling him in another direction lately, however, has been his apparent need to accommodate himself to his last year's loss to Cuomo. The governor's salary is a hundred thousand dollars a year. When Koch took office, five years ago, the mayor's salary was sixty thousand dollars. In 1979, he appointed a commission headed by Richard Shinn, who was known to believe that governments, in order to make sure of having able public servants, should be willing to pay them high wages—a view that is shared by such civic-minded groups as the Citizens' Union. Asked to recommend changes in the salaries of elected city officials, the commission recommended increases ranging up to forty per cent, which were duly voted by the City Council. This May, Koch appointed Shinn as head of a similar commission with a similar charge. Early this month, the new Shinn group recommended increases ranging again from thirty to forty per cent and proposed that Koch's salary, now eighty thousand, go to a hundred and ten thousand dollars. Citing the incomes of some athletes and corporation heads, Koch said that he should be making ten times as much. A week or so later, although no one had mentioned the French Revolution, he called higher salaries for city officials "not croissants, but bread." The raises recommended by Shinn swiftly passed the City Council, for whom the commission's proposals were similarly generous. Thus, although Koch lost his chance to go to Albany, he will have the satisfaction of making more money than the man who beat him.

In mid-June, the Mayor had announced another coming improvement in his life. The Ford Motor Company has a program by which various of its vehicles, including Lincoln Town Cars, are made available to all fifty governors and about a hundred and twenty-five mayors. Since it is a sales-promotion program, the Ford people insist that the cars be provided in the same condition that they are available for purchase by any customer—that is, with no special amenities or equipment. At a press conference, the Mayor told reporters that the chauffeured Lincoln Town Car he had was too small; he was getting bedsores on his knees. Unfazed by the fact that New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, who is six feet five, drives a Chevrolet Citation, Koch said that the offending car would be replaced with another one of the same model that he was having stretched so that it would measure twenty-one and a half feet long. It would include such additional options as a stereo console, air-conditioning, a television set, and other features fit, it was being said in the City Hall corridors, for a Mayatollah. The city would pay three thousand dollars annually for its use, as it did for the old car, but the head of the Brooklyn company that was doing the stretching and embellishing of what was inevitably being called the Kochmobile said that the cost—thirty-five thousand dollars or so—would be his contribution to "a great city" and "a great mayor." It looked as if the Mayor would not only make more money than the Governor but would ride around town in greater style. Unfortunately, about the time the new car was ready for a big City Hall presentation ceremony, the *Post* reported that in federal court in Brooklyn a few years back Koch's benefactor had been convicted of extortion in a case involving arson, and the Mayor decided not to accept the car after all. "KOCH NIXES LIMO—DEALER DID A STRETCH" was the *Post* headline. "God obviously does not intend for me to have a bigger car right now," said the disconsolate Mayor. Meanwhile, Cuomo, who is the same size as the Mayor (just over six feet), says he has had no trouble with bedsores in his Lincoln Town Car. In fact, he never before had such a nice car. He also had no complaints about his salary, even in view of the family tuition bills. Moreover, along came the news last month that his birthday present from the youngest of his five children was a new shoetree—just what he wanted, since he always polishes his own shoes. There's nothing like political one-downmanship.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

Wright gave up nine walks, hit a batter and uncorked two wild pitchers.—*Des Moines Register*.

After which he was sent to the kitchen.

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JAZZ

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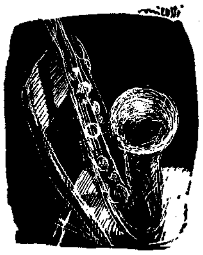
FRIDAY, JUNE 24TH: The twenty-ninth Newport Jazz Festival—or, if you will, the third Kool Jazz Festival—began this afternoon in Carnegie Recital Hall with a concert by the pianist Ralph Sutton. Sutton is a good player. He can do a faster-than-the-eye oompah bass and a knockabout boogie-woogie. He can, like Dick Wellstood, ease in and out of the narrow, high-walled confines of stride piano, where he spends much of his time. He can rekindle the "St. Louis Blues" and "Honeysuckle Rose," as he did this afternoon, and then do a rich, ad-lib "Sweet and Lovely" that suggests Jimmy Rowles' harmonic density. But he rarely swings.



Ella Fitzgerald, accompanied by her trio (Paul Smith on piano, Keter Betts on bass, Bobby Durham on drums) or by the guitarist Joe Pass, who also played by himself, gave two concerts at Carnegie Hall this evening. The early one was a successful attempt to disguise the fact that her famous fifty-year-old singing style—the lucent diction, the daisy voice, the perfect intonation, the just-so phrasing—has at last started to wear. She did this by jazzing almost everything. She scat-sang in most of her fifteen numbers, she shrieked, she growled, she whooped. She sounded wild and exciting. Like a fastball pitcher who has lost his steam, she was hard at work developing a slider, a slip pitch. Joe Pass is a jumpy virtuoso who likes to duck from register to register, change keys, unreel arpeggios and flashy chords, and interrupt his forward movement with Earl Hines arrhythmic explosions. His solos, devoid of melodic logic, are a succession of dazzling feints.

JUNE 25TH: "Black, Brown and Beige" is Duke Ellington's longest and best-known extended composition (it lasts forty-five minutes), and it has had a curious life. It was given its première, by the Ellington band, on January 23, 1943, in Carnegie Hall, and was repeated five days later in Symphony Hall, in Boston. It was not well received, and Ellington—chagrined? embarrassed? angry?—never played it again, although he recorded excerpts not long after the première and used sections of it over and over: in particular the stately, hymnlike "Come Sunday" and the mocking "The Blues." Thirty years passed. Then Alan Cohen and Brian Priestley, working from acetates made at the première and from what they could find of the score, put almost all of "Black, Brown and Beige" together again. A slightly altered version of this transcription was played by the New York Jazz Repertory Company orchestra at the Newport Festival in 1976, and still another version, made by Barry Lee Hall from a recently discovered Ellington score, was played at Carnegie Hall tonight by the Mercer Ellington band. Since its reappearance, the work has become something of a critics' darling, but much of it remains contrived, especially when compared with the concertos Ellington wrote between 1940 and 1942. A rousing version of his twelve-minute "New World A-Comin'," which was composed soon after "Black, Brown and Beige," followed tonight, and was absorbing for its resemblances to George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." The concert was opened by a thirteen-piece group, about half of it Ellington alumni—Harold Ashby, Norris Turney, Clark Terry, Britt Woodman, Skippy Williams, and the bassist Aaron Bell, who played piano and conducted. Very little in its nine selections was right. The section work was mushy, the tempos were awry, and Clark Terry's rendition of Rex Stewart's celebrated solo on "Boy Meets Horn" didn't have a single half-valved note. Somewhere in the middle of the evening, Tammy Grimes, the soprano Kathleen Battle, and a female singing group named Sister Sledge repeated the numbers they did last winter on a scandalously bad PBS show called "Ellington: The Music Lives On." Miss Battle has a fine overarching coloratura of the kind that Ellington liked, but Sister Sledge is a yoo-hoo group, and Tammy Grimes did "Sophisticated Lady" as if the lyrics were in Latin.

Ellington hovered over the proceedings late this afternoon at Carnegie Hall when the Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band (formed by the pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and the reedman Lew Tabackin) played seven long numbers in which Ellington voicings and Ellington moods kept sliding to the surface. Akiyoshi, who does all the arranging and writes most of the band's material, has unmistakable lyrical gifts. Passages of keening, often beautiful melody appeared. One was played in half time by the saxophone section while a fast four-four beat slid along underneath, and one was played without rhythm and in a declamatory unison by the whole band. And she likes adventurous voicings—two flutes, two clarinets, and a bass clarinet.

JUNE 26TH: Jelly Roll Morton was the first great composer-performer-leader in jazz, and Duke Ellington was the second. Others have followed at irregular intervals, and they include Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, John Lewis, and Ornette Coleman. All have fashioned complete musical machines whose parts are interdependent. But it has become clear since the death of Ellington that when the composer-performer-leader dies the machine is irreparably diminished, and the music, no matter how lovingly performed, becomes an imitation of what it was. Consider the celebration given Charles Mingus tonight at Carnegie Hall. It was played by Mingus Dynasty, a small group made up of such Mingus musicians as Jimmy Knepper, Johnny Coles (flugelhorn), Ricky Ford (tenor saxophone), Roland Hanna, and Dannie Richmond; by a big band that incorporated most of the same men; by the guitarists Tal Farlow, Joe Beck, and Larry Coryell; and by the bassists Ron Carter, George Mraz, Eddie Gomez, and Miroslav Vitous. They did ten Mingus compositions, and there again were the long, sometimes seemingly endless melodic lines, the constant, nervous rhythmic shifts, the wild ensembles, the stunning dynamics, the high satiric content. But where, in all these often straining combinations of instrumentalists, was Mingus, with his ringing, ferocious bass playing and his hornlike, electric shouting? Where was the jubilation and the contempt and the sorrow that he poured without stint into his playing, his bands, his music?

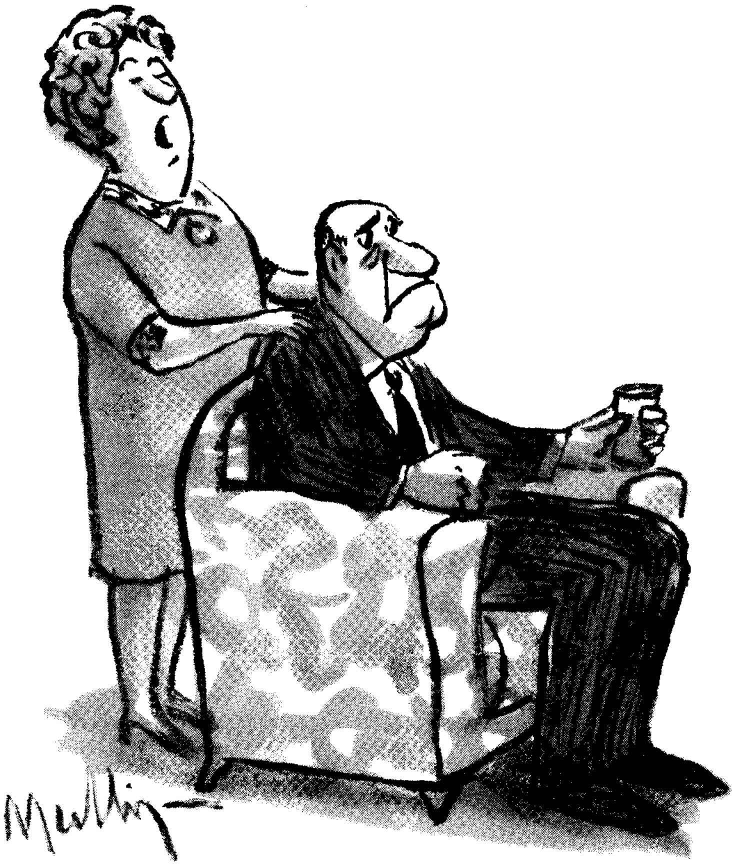
Miles Davis held forth at two concerts at Avery Fisher tonight. At the second one, Davis, abetted by his current group (Mino Cinelu, percussion; Al Foster, drums; Bill Evans, reeds; John Scofield, electric guitar; Darryl Jones, electric bass), played for an hour and fifteen minutes. One number was a slow blues, in which he took four or five choruses open horn; in another he took four or five choruses muted. His chops were in good shape, and he sounded like the old Davis of "Walkin'." The rest of the time—he was disguised tonight as a sort of golfer, in white cap, baggy dark-blue windbreaker, and wide-legged nineteen-thirties pants—he played on an electric keyboard, let loose occasional trumpet shrieks, and allowed his group to scream its back-beated electronic head off.

The concert was closed by a former Davis rhythm section—Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams—topped by the whipped cream and cherries of Wynton and Branford Marsalis. Wynton was most striking in the first part of his solo on the second number. He played a lot of fat, worried notes, arranged in shocking new ways, and then lost his melodic train of thought by skipping into the upper register—a noisy, cheap place that should be off limits to all lyrical trumpet players.

JUNE 27TH: The twenty-year-old French pianist Michel Petrucciani is three feet tall and weighs fifty pounds. (He suffers from a calcium-deficiency disease.) He was carried onstage at Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon, and when he had finished his concert he bowed, and was carried away. The ecstatic applause was two-edged, as it should have been. It was for Petrucciani because he has transcended his limitations, and it was for Petrucciani the pianist. But as Petrucciani becomes familiar (he settled on the West Coast two years ago, and has played little in the East) he will, like his noble predecessor the hunchbacked master drummer Chick Webb, be judged solely as a player. Petrucciani says his models are Bill Evans, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, and McCoy Tyner. Certainly he pays them his respects, particularly in his relentless baroque flow, but what is irresistibly attractive in his playing is his passion and lyricism. This was most evident in his right hand, when he would turn a simple single-note figure in the light until he had found every gleam and color and sparkle. In the last of his five long numbers (a couple of ballads, a down blues, and his own compositions), he went over and over a series of high notes, constantly varying them, constantly rearranging them, piling new tone clusters on new tone clusters, until his right hand (all the while, his left hand maintained a seesaw ground bass) became a summer country evening, a yard full of birds, a freshening breeze. Petrucciani has been compared to the episodic, arch-romantic pianist Keith Jarrett. Jarrett has a soft, runny core; Petrucciani's vision is generous and strong.

Petrucciani unwittingly overshadowed the evening concert at Carnegie Hall at which Oscar Peterson—by himself, in company with Milt Jackson, and with his rhythm section—displayed his glistening technique and his barren improvisations.

JUNE 28TH: Ira Gitler produced "The Body and Soul of the Tenor Saxophone: A Tribute to Coleman Hawkins" at Avery Fisher Hall tonight, and here are the circumambulations he took us on. First came a recording of Eddie Jefferson singing Hawkins' celebrated 1939 version of "Body and Soul," followed by transcriptions of three of Hawkins' numbers with Fletcher Henderson played by a good big band that included Dick Vance, Jimmy Maxwell, Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, Britt Woodman, Budd Johnson, Tommy Flanagan, Milt Hinton, and Gus Johnson. Then came a clip from the 1957 CBS "Sound of Jazz" show, in which Hawkins, in a business suit and fedora, did a raggedy (he forgot some of the chords) "Wild Man Blues" with Red Allen, Rex Stewart, Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, and Jo Jones. We were taken back to 1937 for a re-creation by Benny Carter, Charlie Rouse, Zoot Sims, and Budd Johnson of the "Honeysuckle Rose" Hawkins recorded in Paris with Django Reinhardt and Carter (Carter took three elegant choruses tonight), and forward to a film clip from the 1945 "Crimson Canary," in which Hawkins played "Hollywood Stampede" in a night club with Howard McGhee and Oscar Pettiford. Next, McGhee himself, along with Illinois Jacquet, Dickenson, Flanagan, Hinton, and Johnson, burned their way through two more numbers, and the big band did Hawkins' 1944 recording of "Woody 'n' You," which included Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, and Clyde Hart, and was probably the first bebop recording. Gillespie appeared and played three choruses on the number, the last containing one of his miraculous bridges—six or seven legato notes, facing this way and that, followed by a sizzling, soft arpeggio. There was a television clip from the late fifties showing Hawkins doing a fine "Indian Summer," with Willie the Lion Smith on piano, and there was a string of saxophone solos by such as Big Nick Nicholas, Hal Singer, Jacquet, and Zoot Sims, who knocked everyone out with a consummate "It's the Talk of the



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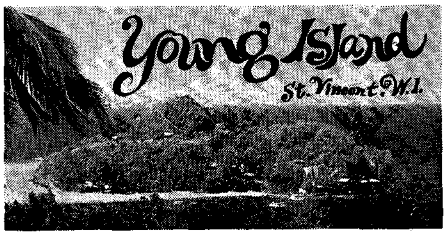

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Town." A witty duet by Flanagan and Barry Harris on "Bean and the Boys" came along, and we had a 1958 television clip of Hawkins and his old friend Roy Eldridge playing "Stompin' at the Savoy." A jam session closed up shop. The evening had two holes. We should have heard Hawkins' own "Body and Soul" and his peerless 1943 versions of "The Man I Love" and "Sweet Lorraine." They would have brought us even closer to his magisterial tone and inexhaustible melodic imagination.

The avant-garde pianist Don Pullen played three long, wild, swinging numbers in Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon. Like Cecil Taylor, whom he is fond of aping, Pullen is interested less in playing individual notes than in constructing pyramids of notes—looming pyramids of sound that rise and fall away. He likes to clown. He will start a conventional ballad and, after a minute or two, insert a quick, almost unnoticeable dissonance in his left hand, followed thirty seconds later by a purposely stumbling arpeggio in the right hand. Then he makes a fist of his right hand and rolls it back and forth, mashing the keys. Another dissonance bursts in his left hand, and chaos takes over. At its center is Pullen, doing ten things at once—alternately crushing the keys to his right and left with his forearms and elbows and playing jerking, jitterbugging figures with his fingers stiff and bunched together at right angles to the keyboard around middle C. The din becomes deafening, then suddenly blows away, and Pullen drops back to his windless, opening rhapsody. He arrived at the concert in a tuxedo, but before he sat down he took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. It was fair warning.

JUNE 29TH: It's raining pianists. This afternoon at Carnegie Recital Hall, we heard the twenty-two-year-old Japanese prodigy Makoto Ozone, and tonight at Carnegie Hall, in a tribute to the late Bill Evans, we heard George Shearing, Teddy Wilson, Warren Bernhardt, John Lewis, Joanne Brackeen, Dave McKenna, Jimmy Rowles, and McCoy Tyner, together with such instrumentalists as Lee Konitz, Freddie Hubbard, Kenny Burrell, and Zoot Sims. Ozone, an Oscar Peterson spinoff, has a hard, splintering touch, mannered dynamics, and mercurial, empty fingers. He is a glossy, imitation jazz pianist. Almost everyone tonight seemed to have fallen under the influence of Evans' playing as it so often was toward the end of his life—soft, impressionistic, circular, arrhythmic. There was a lot of preamble piano. This is generally played ad lib, and sounds like the verse of the song to come. But it isn't—it *is* the song, and it keeps going, and then ends before anything has happened. The instrumentalists were brought on at the close of the concert, and they didn't add much (even the admirable Konitz was in a doze). Nor did three of the four film clips that were shown. In the exception, taken from a 1958 television program, Evans plays George Russell's "Sonata for Billy the Kid" with a fire and exhilaration that he spent the rest of his life slowly damping.

JUNE 30TH: It took Betty Carter a while to get her magnificent singing-and-dancing machine going tonight at Carnegie Hall, but by the fourth number, "Caribbean Sun," her voice had begun to slide off the center of her notes perfectly, and she was starting to Martha Graham. Her fifth song, a medley of "I Remember You" and "All the Things You Are," was full of serpentine melodic turns and Andean drops, and in "Cocktails for Two" she used tempo and key changes to light her daring, almost atonal way. Her final number was largely given over to scat singing. She does not, like most scat singers, bounce from consonant to consonant. She rides inside the bevowelled words she coins, making them swoop and whisper and run.

A Fairfield Porter replacing an Arthur Dove, the Modern Jazz Quartet did the second half of the concert. The group now works together several months a year, and it has made some startling changes in its approach. Part of its genius has been its devotion to collective playing, to countering the fashion for long, brainless solos which came in with the L.P. But tonight—wonder of wonders!—each member of the quartet was given a solo number. Percy Heath did his own "Watergate Blues," Milt Jackson poured on an a-cappella "Nature Boy," Connie Kay was at the center of "Sacha's March," and John Lewis, Mr. Shy himself, was headlined in his own beautiful "Milano." The group, though, fell into its customary selflessness in such old but newly revised numbers as "Monterey Mist," "One Never Knows," "D. & E.," "The True Blues," "Willow Weep for Me," and "Bags'

Groove." And the same was true of Lewis's new and graceful "That Slavic Smile" and of his somewhat quaint "The Hornpipe," based on an English folk song. Kay played with great alacrity and strength, and Lewis swung hard again and again. Heath and Jackson keep on rolling.

JULY 1ST: The blues singer Joe Williams gave a handsome performance tonight at Carnegie Hall. He began his career as a ballad singer, and in recent years he has often set aside the blues and returned to popular singing. Curious things happen when he does. He has an oceanic baritone, and he lets most of it loose in the blues. But when he sings ballads his voice moves into the top of his baritone register. It becomes lithe and almost skinny, his diction grows sharper, his vibrato steadies. He came onstage with the pianist Norman Simmons, and they went immediately into a light, rocking version of Eubie Blake's "A Dollar for a Dime." They were joined by Joe Wilder, Billy Mitchell, Frank Wess, Tal Farlow, Milt Hinton, and Gus Johnson, and Williams did "What a Difference a Day Makes" and "Imagination." Wilder played a regal solo in the first and a clinging, muted obbligato in the second. Then, with the whole group leaning together midstage like the poles of a tepee, Williams summoned the blues and gave us a long "In the Evening," complete with a Ray Charles falsetto. A string section appeared, and Williams did delicate versions of "I Love You Just the Way You Are" and "Here's to My Lady," which he closed with a basso-profundo Al Hibbler note. The strings stayed, and he sang the old Memphis Slim blues "Every Day." Williams introduced Joe Turner, and said Turner was his first model. Jay McShann took over at the piano, and, inexplicably, the horns left. Turner did five numbers, including "Cherry Red," "Roll 'Em Pete," and "Stormy Monday Blues." His great voice rolled around the hall, flattening every consonant and vowel in sight, but, seated in a chair with a microphone in his right hand and his left hand flat on his eight-by-eight thigh, he seemed to be only mouthing these anthems. Then Williams introduced Woody Herman, who brought forth a sixteen-piece band full of bearded, big-lunged young men. It was, like all the Herman bands since the early fifties, brassy, loud, and high-pitched. Even a

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new Bill Holman called "Midnight Run" was stiff and pushing.

Dick Hyman—composer, arranger, transcriber, leader, professor, organist, pianist—closed the piano series at Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon with a couple of his own numbers, with Zez Confrey's ornate suite "Three Little Oddities," and with fleet, expert Art Tatum readings of "What Is This Thing Called Love?," "Memories of You," "Beautiful Love," "Lover Come Back to Me," and the Thad Jones–Alec Wilder "A Child Is Born." Yesterday afternoon, the bebop pianist Walter Bishop, Jr., played some of his own material as well as several bebop numbers, all the while nodding in the direction of Bud Powell, who, if he had lived and prospered, might well have steered modern jazz piano playing away from the Chopin wetlands it is now passing through.

JULY 2ND: Tadd Dameron was a gifted composer-arranger-pianist who was born in Cleveland in 1917 and died in New York in 1965. He wrote lyrical songs ("If You Could See Me Now"), and had a bent for catchy tunes ("Good Bait," "Hot House," "Sid's Delight"). And he was one of the first arrangers to translate bebop into big-band form. But, troubled by drugs and by uncertainty about where he belonged in jazz, he had a sporadic, stop-and-go career. A couple of years ago, the drummer Philly Joe Jones, who worked with Dameron, put together a nine-piece group called Dameronia. It includes Cecil Payne, who also worked with Dameron, on baritone saxophone, Frank Wess on flute and alto saxophone, Benny Powell on trombone, Walter Davis, Jr., on piano, and Don Sickler on trumpet, and its business is to restore Dameron's music. Dameronia appeared tonight in Carnegie Hall and played ten Dameron pieces. The rare ones were "Choose Now," "Look, Stop and Listen," "Dial 'B' for Beauty," and "Theme of No Repeat," and the better-known ones were "Soultrane," "On a Misty Night," "Sid's Delight," and "Fontainebleau." Unexpectedly, what was made clear was the blandness of Dameron's music and arrangements—their queer resistance to swinging. But it was good to hear Philly Joe Jones at length. He plays far better than he did in the fifties, when he came up and was wont to take paralyzing thirty-minute solos.

In the last half of the concert, the bassist Charlie Haden reconstituted his Liberation Music Orchestra, a quasi-political avant-garde group that came into being in 1969. It made an L.P. that contained protest songs, a memorial to Che Guevara, and Ornette Coleman's "War Orphans." The music was melodic and dippy, and had lots of squalling solos and hair-raising ensembles. Tonight, Haden had a twelve-piece group, including the tenor saxophonist George Adams, the trombonist Craig Harris, the tubist Bob Stewart, the alto saxophonist Ken McIntyre, the trumpeters Randy Brecker and Baikida Carroll, the pianist Stanley Cowell, and the drummer Paul Motian. Haden announced that they would play nine numbers having to do with the Spanish Civil War, El Salvador, Portugal, and Chile. After an hour had passed—we had heard marching-band sections, flamenco guitar, a beautiful ensemble dirge, and solos of varying interest by Carroll, Brecker, McIntyre, Harris, and Motian—it was time to go to Avery Fisher for the second of the B. B. King–Ray Charles concerts.

The dedication and intensity of Haden's group made King and Charles seem show-biz tough. King is a good second-generation blues singer and guitarist out of Joe Turner and T-Bone Walker, but tonight he was nearly buried by his raucous, pointless band, and it was difficult to get at his single-note guitar solos, which can shimmer and shine. Charles, with his big band and five Raelettes in tow, did some of his classics—"Georgia," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Some Enchanted Evening," "Hit the Road, Jack," and "I Can't Stop Lovin' You." His voice sounded resilient and all his trademarks were there. But there was a mysterious short circuit somewhere. A Charles performance can alter you. Tonight, he kept turning in on himself.

JULY 3RD: Deciding whether to go to a Gil Evans retrospective at Avery Fisher tonight or to a concert at Town Hall devoted to the music of the Depression and called "Hard Times, Good Times, with Studs Terkel" was easy. The Evans would be an arranger's concert but the Town Hall affair would be a performers' concert, which is what jazz is about. It was, moreover, to be a celebration by some of the Depression's best survivors: Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, Eddie Barefield, Danny Barker, Milt Hinton, Panama Francis, Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, Eddie Miller, Teddy Wilson, Jay McShann, Joe Turner, Dolly Dawn, and Maxine Sullivan. That it turned out to be gimmicky and long-winded was a surprise. Terkel kept asking the musicians to tell him about the horrors of the Depression, and they kept saying it was a good time (racial things excepted), with steady work and comparatively good pay. Everyone in the depressed United States, they kept saying, was dancing, and dancers need music. Here is the good music we heard: all of Cheatham's and Dickenson's solos, in particular Cheatham on "River Stay 'Way from My Door" and Dickenson on "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams;" Barker's crystalline acoustic guitar; Joe Turner's three numbers, the first beginning with a note that shook Town Hall's tired timbers; Maxine Sullivan's six cool songs; the glimpses, mostly in the ensembles, of McPartland's lyrical cornet; and Teddy Wilson's solos on "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" and "Street of Dreams."

For the first time in its twenty-nine years, the festival had no program, thus leaving many of its patrons without any information about the players or the music. Instead, we were offered a glossy throwaway, which had a letter from the president of the Brown & Williamson Tobacco company; George Wein's annual addition to his autobiography ("A Statement from the Producer"); an apologia for the festival by Ira Gitler; and blurbs on each of the twenty or so Kool Jazz Festivals being heard around the country this year. People aren't going to go to the track if you don't tell them about the horses.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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The first thing, says Claire McCarthy, Vice President of Business Marketing for the Chamber, is to "forget Manhattan, forget the skyscrapers." There are four other boroughs in NYC—Queens, the Bronx, Brooklyn and New Jersey—and they have both space and labour in abundance. —*The Director, a business magazine published in London.*

Though, with the ferry and all, New Jersey is a little off the beaten path.

•

LADY WHO sat on left of man from Greenwood at Brown Co. Playhouse on July 3rd wants her to contact him at . . . —*Adv. in the Bloomington (Ind.) Herald-Telephone.*

It was a confusing evening.

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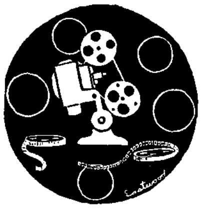
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hysterics

THE banner line on the ad for "The Survivors," the new Michael Ritchie film, starring Robin Williams and Walter Matthau, says, "Once they declare war on each other, watch out. You could die laughing." The advertisers might as well be saying, "We dare you to see this dud." Everything about the publicity campaign for the picture has been at this level. (From time to time, you'll read about how a strikingly clever trailer or a TV commercial helped to sell a movie, but nobody writes about the ones that repel audiences the way a plague warning would.) I doubt if there's any way that the public perception of "The Survivors" can be turned around, but some people may discover the movie when it gets to HBO and the networks. (That's how a lot of people discovered Ritchie's "Smile.") "The Survivors" isn't about two men declaring war on each other; it's about two New Yorkers without anything in common who become friends. The advertisers probably didn't know what to do with it because it's a comedy for grownups. That may strike them as a contradiction in terms: all comedies are now presumed to be fodder for adolescents (unless they have the runaway charm or star appeal of a "Tootsie"). I don't mean to suggest that adults will necessarily like "The Survivors"—I have several good friends who hated it—but simply that it isn't shaped for the teen-age market.



"The Survivors" may be too unpredictable for some people. There's a lot of unconventional humor in the writing, by Michael Leeson. (This is his first movie credit; he has been winning awards for his work on the TV series "Taxi.") Leeson and Michael Ritchie may compound each other's faults: Leeson doesn't appear to be experienced in building a plot to a climax, and Ritchie ("Downhill Racer," "The Candidate," "The Bad News Bears," "Semi-Tough") tends to be at his sharpest—and most involved—in divertissements on a theme, rather than on the theme itself. This slapstick social satire may have needed someone more square than either of them to give it a center. The movie flits about, and there are spots where a viewer might nod off, but I enjoyed a surprising amount of it, and I think that Robin Williams' work in it transcends the film's flaws.

Williams plays Donald, a junior executive who gets fired on the same day that Matthau, as Sonny Paluso, the owner of a service station, loses his business. They meet at a lunch counter, where each man is trying to drown his sorrow in a cup of coffee. Being fired seems to have thrown a switch in Donald's skull, and when a masked holdup man (Jerry Reed) tries to rob the coffee shop he puts up such a squawk that Paluso goes to his aid, and together they disarm the bandit and, briefly, become media heroes. The whole experience of being fired and feeling helpless in front of the armed robber and getting on television turns Donald's head. He becomes gun-crazy, buys an arsenal, and goes off for a course of training in survival tactics at a camp in New England; he wants to learn how to be violent, so he can live in the wild and protect himself when the social order collapses. The comedy is in the contrasting natures of Donald and Paluso. Everything surprises Donald. He's a sweet-natured hysteric who overresponds to every stimulus. He has the nervous system of an infant; the transitions between mood changes aren't visible—he doesn't consider, he reacts. Paluso is the opposite. Nothing surprises him; he gives the impression of having learned all there is to know about survival (in the big city) long ago. He's cautious and jaundiced, with the kind of cynicism that used to be ascribed to Manhattan cabbies. And when the would-be robber (a sociopath with delusions of being a big-time hit man and of having killed Jimmy Hoffa) is released from custody and goes after the two men, Paluso tries to get Donald to behave rationally—i.e., cravenly—so they won't both be killed.

The best thing about this framework is that it permits Robin Williams to be himself and yet to be Donald. He acts with an emotional purity that I can't pretend to understand. Williams expostulates all through the movie; he sputters out his short-circuited thoughts. He seems to be free-associating twenty-four hours a day; you know that his mind is racing even when he sleeps. And this spritzing never seems false or prepared. He spritzes *in character*. It's like a child's stream of consciousness: you see him making mad comparisons and landing from mental leaps, but you never see him take off. A lot of the comedy comes from his being a grownup with this ranting little kid inside him.

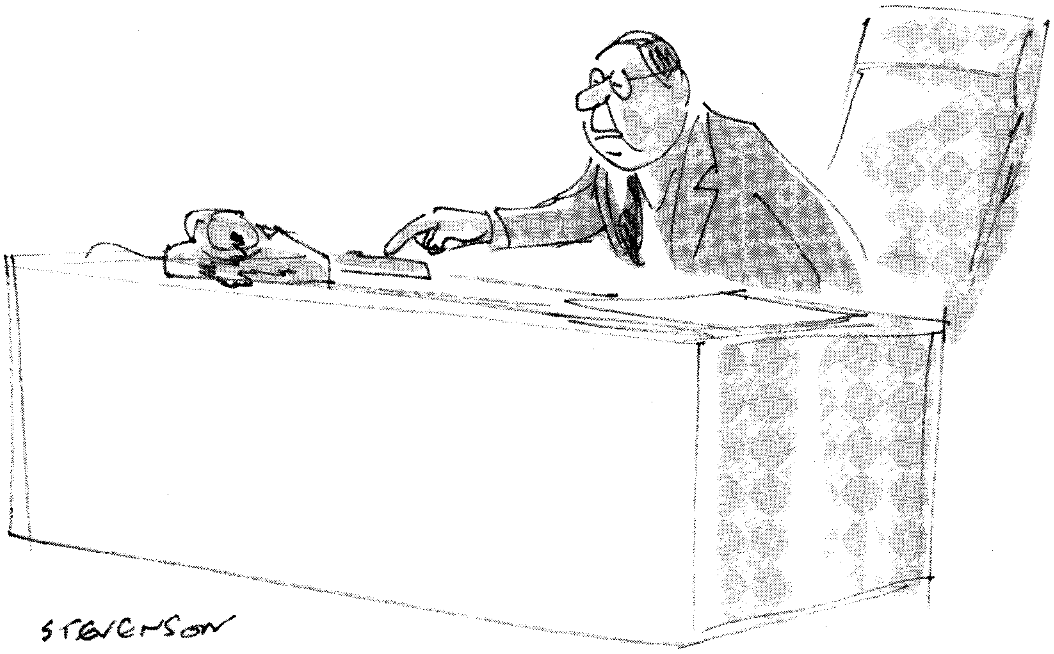
One of the few times Donald slows down is when he's on TV doing an "editorial reply" and discussing crime and criminals. His squashed rubber face is intent. He has a veneer of reasonableness and he articulates impeccably, but what he says is carefully thought out gobbledygook. Smiling into the TV camera, with a clenched-teeth smile—a cross between a grin and a grimace—he has a faintly gloating expression, as if he's sitting on something and wants to keep it a secret. This is one of several monologues—each different in emotional tone—that he delivers in the picture. There's a great one in a telephone booth up in the woods; when he goes into the booth we know what he's going to do but we don't know how, and so we're like eager connoisseurs of lunacy. At this point, Donald feels he has become a master of gunmanship and the martial arts; he has an assurance we've never seen before as he reaches for the phone and sneeringly challenges the crazy robber to come up and fight it out. I don't think I've ever heard just one side of a sneering dialogue before. It's much funnier than hearing both: the macho braggadocio in a void is clearly nutty. Donald is turning himself on; he emerges from the booth triumphant.

Throughout most of the picture, Williams' Donald is a child in panic who needs to be soothed. (Sometimes he looks as if his teeming little head is about to burst.) The soothing is Matthau's function, and he gives a quiet, old pro's performance; he relies on his winces and his sleepy slouch, and he can't get in much trouble with that. But there's nothing particularly funny in the way he takes Donald's scrambled conversations in his stride. Matthau can't be budged—even Robin Williams can't budge him. The other characters in the movie are all loco, and Paluso's thinking man's strategy for survival in the city—cowardice—would come across as loco, too, if Matthau didn't seem so grand and imperturbable. Actually, it's more than that: he's implacable, and that's a little dreary. There are other weaknesses. The revelation that the leader of the survivalist camp is a phony and a con man is too easy a way to dispose of what he represents. (Besides, para-fascists who are honest to the bone are much scarier.) And the plot, for symmetry, could use considerably more of the third key character—Jerry Reed's bullying thug; we need to know more of what's going on inside his handsome hard head. Reed (better known as a country musician) has a fine maniacal presence here, and his performance is so promising that I regretted that there wasn't more for him to do. That was also true for several of the actresses—especially Kristen Vigard, as Paluso's sixteen-year-old daughter, whose spacey mixture of knowingness and childishness adds up to some new configuration that superficially, at least, resembles sanity. The movie does a pretty fair job of demonstrating that the way things are now you'd have to be wacko to be sane. And Robin Williams carries it along by his cock-a-doodle-doo eagerness. He uses his hairy, broad-chested, no-neck body for the naked "universal" emotions that mimes strive for, and he achieves them (in a speeded-up form) without attaching big labels to them. He may be that rarity, a fearless actor.

WHEN stories like the ones that were told on the Rod Serling TV show "The Twilight Zone" grow up, they become Borges fables—metaphysical hoodwinks. I didn't expect (or want) "Twilight Zone—The Movie" to be Borgesian, but I did rather hope that John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller—the four young directors who are paying homage to the TV series—would tease us with more artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows. It's a naïve (and dubious) sort of tribute that sets out to do essentially the same thing with the implicit expectation of doing it better; what they've given us is simply a remake. The original shows, which ran from late 1959 to 1964, and have been in rerun ever since, were ingenious partly because of how economically they got their effects. There were few characters—sometimes no more than two, or even one, and rarely more than eight or nine. They were ordinary people—little guys, anonymous Americans—and the meagrely furnished shows had a sort of cardboard realism. This was cottage-industry sci-fi fantasy. For the first two seasons, the half-hour shows were budgeted at sixty thousand dollars each; that meant one day for rehearsal and three days for shooting. (The budget sometimes got so tight that for a while the directors weren't allowed to use film; they had to use videotape—which in its early years was a miserable medium—and stage the shows the way live television plays were staged.) By necessity, the mysterious was made homey, almost comforting. Sometimes it might seem as if Rod Serling's message were that the U.S.A. was so democratic that demons visited even the common man. Serling was always trying to make a statement about the human condition; it generally turned into a lesson in how to be a good neighbor. The shows—there are a hundred and fifty-six of them—packaged an endearingly corny mixture of supernaturalism and civics. There are probably millions of people who as kids learned the clichés from "The Twilight Zone."

The new movie takes off like a breeze, with Dan Aykroyd and Albert Brooks—hitchhiker and driver—in a car at night on a dark country road, passing the time by playing trivia games, quizzing each other about the theme music for old TV series, and inevitably getting to "The Twilight Zone." Written and directed by John Landis, this prologue is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The first, which was suggested by some of the old shows (rather than adapted from them, like the three others), is a painfully blunt sermon on the evils of racism and prejudice. The central character, a loudmouthed bigot, is played by Vic Morrow, who, along with two Vietnamese-American children, was killed in a helicopter accident during the filming; that may be why we don't get the turnaround that we expect—when this bigot, after experiencing the terrifying plight of being a Jew trapped by the Nazis in occupied Paris, and a black chased by a lynch mob in the South, and a Vietnamese gunned down by G.I.s in a paddy, would metamorphose into a decent person. I assume that the moviemakers considered the possibility of dropping this segment, but that its writer-director, Landis, who was co-producer (with Spielberg) of the whole film, probably felt that it would be a memorial to Vic Morrow—that he wouldn't have wanted his last performance to be scrapped. It is, after all, a starring role in one-fourth of an A-budget movie. And there's nothing the matter with his scowling bad-guy performance, except there's no shading in it—that would probably have come with the twist.

The episode has no real ending, but that isn't what makes it so awful. What does is that the production is overscaled for its dinky, dull idea. Probably the quality that makes the original shows tolerable is their bare-



"Miss Barclay, go out and get me a plaque with some amusing motto, will you?"

ness; their emptiness is eerily restful, and viewers extend good will to Rod Serling's preaching because of the amateurish, tacky, school-play look. The black-and-white photography doesn't suggest the sixties—it's an indefinite past, a synthesis of thirties and forties and fifties, when everybody was Eisenhower-gray. Here, as soon as we see crowds on the screen and elaborate camera setups, Landis's thin pretext of a script collapses. With big colored images on a movie screen, and even images of Vietnam, the characters, who talk like throwbacks to that gray age, don't make any sense. This section is like an unconscious parody of the old shows; its straightness is a deadweight on the viewer's head.

In some ways, the lump of ironclad whimsy directed by Spielberg, which follows, is a worse embarrassment. It's about how through their willingness to engage in youthful play a group of people in a home for the aged become children again (which the moviemakers regard as a great break for them). And as if the whole idea (it's adapted from the 1962 show "Kick the Can," written by George Clayton Johnson) weren't darling enough, a good-fairy black man, played by Scatman Crothers, has been added, so that he can bare his choppers and smile angelically for what certainly feels like eternity. (A friend commented, "I guess we're going to have to accept 'Song of the South' as another of Steven Spielberg's formative experiences.") There are a few pleasant jokes involving the old people's voices, which they carry over into their new kiddiehood. (Selma Diamond's whiny, nasal rasp is a perfect match for the little girl it comes out of.) But this is a coy and twinkling piece of work. Having become children, the people can go back to their aged bodies with "fresh young minds"—like the sugar-puss minds of the moviemakers who worked on this segment? With the gloppy rich music, and what might be (laughingly) described as the ensemble acting, the tone here is sentimental-comic, and horribly slick. It's as if Steven Spielberg had sat down and thought out what he could do that would make his detractors happiest.

The third segment, directed by Joe Dante, from a script by Richard Matheson, is loosely based on the 1961 show "It's a Good Life," from a short story by Jerome Bixby. It's a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect, and after the two latent parodies it's a relief to see something that—unresolved as it is—is at least clearly and unmistakably a parody. There are so many startling good things in it—one of them is the alert, graceful Kathleen Quinlan as a strong-willed young schoolteacher—that I wish it were fully successful, but the half hour seems long. Matheson, who wrote a number of the original shows, hasn't lived up to his own formulation that "the ideal 'Twilight Zone' started with a really smashing idea that hit you right in the first few seconds; then you played that out, and you had a little flip at the end. That was the structure." There's more than one smashing idea here; there's also a misleading prelude, and then the ideas (which don't quite complement each other) pop up, hit you, and recede. No one seems to have known how to get this segment started, and it dwindles away, as if no one knew how to finish it, either. (It badly needs a little flip.) The theme is how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV, and this may be too fertile a subject for the half-hour form; there are also too many different kinds of parody (mostly of television and of acting, but also of American child-centered family life) buzzing around in the material.

This Looney Tunes segment is eccentric and unsettling; it has a couple of spooky images—one of the boy's mute older sister, who has had her mouth wiped off her face (so she can't talk back to him), and one of a cartoon rabbit who is skinned and fanged. He could give you the screaming meemies. And there are some tingles. For example, we catch a glimpse of the isolated house (where most of the action takes place) in a TV cartoon, and this house—Victorian, with a parking lot—has a long hallway that's a cartoon version of the passageways in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." There may even be a tingle in the fact that Kevin McCarthy, who plays the boy's guffawing Uncle Walt, has an obvious affinity for cartoon-style acting, and his big jaw and huge teeth look just right here. And a little bell rings when we meet the boy's family, because we already know them and their double takes from the cheery, bland characters these actors have played in family-centered sitcoms; it's a while before we recognize that they're so frightened

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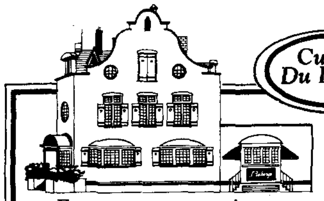
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they're hysterical. The notion of the boy's controlling people and turning them into two-dimensional figures in a cartoon world is powerfully creepy; somebody has slipped acid into our lemonade. Joe Dante and his helpers (one of them is the animator Sally Cruikshank) have created an insane atmosphere, and for those people in the audience whose childhood included a TV set that was always going this half hour may reawaken all sorts of childhood feelings. Dramatically it doesn't work, but the pieces are almost all there and you can put it together afterward; it's better when you think it over than when you're watching it.

Matheson lives up to his formula for an ideal "Twilight Zone" in the fourth episode, which is a reworking of his script for the 1963 "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet," and, with the Australian George Miller (the director of "The Road Warrior") in charge and John Lithgow as star, the result is a classic shocker of the short form—something that ranks with the Alberto Cavalcanti segment of "Dead of Night," the one with Michael Redgrave as the ventriloquist. Miller can't get any distance from his subject: almost all the action takes place in the confines of a plane during a storm, and most of it in the tight space where Lithgow, as Valentine, is seated, squirming and wriggling, sick with fear. The whole episode is about this one passenger's freaking out. (Redgrave's ventriloquist was coming apart, too, and Matheson and Miller may be paying their respects to "Dead of Night" by including among the passengers a little girl with a ventriloquist's dummy.) Working within strict spacial limits, and with Lithgow almost always on camera, Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that Spielberg built at the high points of "Jaws." Miller's images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And it's in no sense a putdown to say that the short format is perfect for him. The mechanical virtuosity he sustains here would be too overwhelming in a full-length movie—it would seem inhuman. Here, Lithgow makes everything credible. You're never aware of his pumping himself up; hysteria seems to come naturally to him. He does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny to us. And when you see an actor with this kind of finesse working inside such bizarre material, the finesse itself is outlandish and makes us laugh.

John Lithgow is six foot four, and he's built large, and cuddly, like a Teddy bear. Onscreen (and on the stage, too), he has a special gift for far-out characters, such as the transsexual Roberta Muldoon in "Garp." Lithgow domesticates flakes; he lets us observe which screws are loose and which are fixed firmly in place. Valentine, the respectable author of a book on computer microchips, is about as far out as a role can get. Valentine has been shaking too much to shave; he has soft stubble on his chin. Those who are subject to anxiety attacks may have a double anxiety attack when they recognize that an attack is starting. Valentine is soaked in cold sweat. He isn't fat, but he's fleshy, and when the sweat pours he's like an animal in terror—a baby-faced ox. And he's writhing with shame because he can't control himself. He knows that the other passengers and the stewardesses (who had to help him back to his seat after he'd panicked in the john) think he's distraught, and maybe they think he's crazy. What else would account for the squalling sounds he has been making, or the way he has been twisting himself on the tiny seat, like a human pretzel? And now, looking out his window, he thinks he sees a form outside, skittering about on the wing of the plane. Peering through the wind and the heavy, sleeting rain, he can't be sure if it's an animal or a person. The other people on the plane look where he points and see nothing. Can it be just an illusion—a projection of his fear? Abject and humiliated as he is, sedated by the head stewardess and trying to act rational, he nevertheless has a compulsion to see what's out there. He lifts his drawn window shade. The shadowy gremlin is attacking the plane, clawing at the wing and tearing out an engine.

Lithgow's performance is like a seizure; the art is in the way he orchestrates it emotionally. With his white face all scrunched up, and anxiety burning out his brain, he takes us with him every step of the way, from simple fear to dementia to stupor, and every step is funny. Valentine never stops embarrassing himself. It's a comic orgy of terror. —PAULINE KAEL

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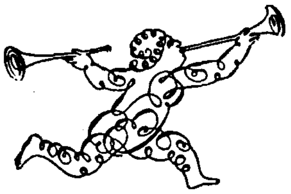

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BOOKS

Hot Air and Steam

IN the spring of 1980, the sixteen-volume Dictionary of Scientific Biography was completed—a work of scholarship that is both wonderful to read and extremely useful. Its editor, Charles C. Gillispie, the Dayton-Stockton Professor of European History at Princeton, said in an interview then that to celebrate the Dictionary's completion he was taking a year's sabbatical in France, where he was going to begin "a little book" about the Montgolfier brothers—Michel Joseph and Étienne Jacques de Montgolfier, who, late in the eighteenth century, invented the hot-air balloon. The book, he predicted, would be "full of hot air and steam." Now, three years later, the book is here. It is called "The Montgolfier Brothers and the Invention of Aviation, 1783-1784" (Princeton; $35), and—hot air, steam, and all—it is a delight.

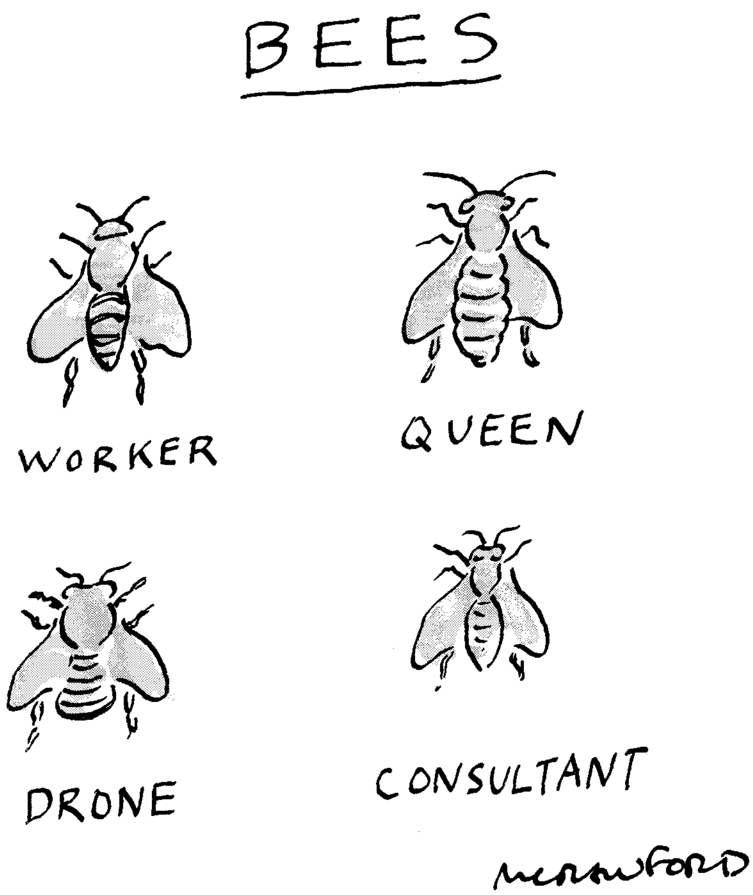
Professor Gillispie specializes in the history of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French science and technology. He is completely at home with the characters and institutions of the ancien régime, the Revolution, and the Terror and its aftermath. (He reminds me of one of those people who know a town so well that if they see someone on the street they can predict, with reasonable certainty, where that person has been and where he is going.) He and his wife became close friends of M. and Mme. Charles de Montgolfier, who are descendants of the balloonists, and he has spent time in the Montgolfier house, near Annonay, and has had access to the Montgolfier family records. Annonay is a town in the Ardèche, not far from Lyons. It was the site of the launching of the very first *montgolfière* (the currently accepted generic name for a hot-air balloon), late in the morning of June 4, 1783. That we are celebrating the *montgolfière's* two-hundredth anniversary is yet another reason to welcome Professor Gillispie's book.

The Montgolfier brothers were, respectively, the twelfth (Joseph) and the fifteenth (Étienne) children of Pierre Montgolfier and Anne Duret. The Montgolfiers, according to family tradition, had been papermakers since the twelfth century, and by the time of the birth of Joseph (1740) and Étienne (1745) they owned two mills (at Vidalon-le-haut and Vidalon-le-bas), employing over a hundred people. The father, Pierre, who lived to be ninety-three, rose every morning at four and went to bed every evening on the stroke of seven. Family life went on after the old man had gone to bed, and the children became extremely close. Much of what Professor Gillispie is able to report about them comes from their correspondence. (Fortunately, he has provided a genealogical chart; without it, one would have some difficulty in keeping them all straight. For example, Marc Seguin, who in the nineteenth century introduced the steam locomotive to France, was the son of Marc Seguin and Augustine Montgolfier, the daughter of Pierre's oldest son, Raymond. Young Marc first married Augustine Duret; after her death he married Augustine de Montgolfier, the granddaughter of Augustin Montgolfier, and Pierre's great-granddaughter.) Joseph and Étienne were temperamental opposites. Joseph was noted for being an absent-minded genius. Early in what turned out to be a very happy marriage, he left his young bride at an inn while he went out for his morning walk. He became so engrossed in his thoughts that he simply forgot about her and walked on, lost in happy contemplation, until he came to Lyons, their final destination—only to be reminded by his hosts that he had arrived without his wife. Étienne, at least on the surface, was a model of rationality and self-discipline. Unlike Joseph, he had been well educated in mathematics and mechanics. In his letters to Étienne, Joseph (who in spelling, as in everything else, had his own system) often pleaded with Étienne to help him put his ideas into some sort of rational order.

There is little doubt, according to Professor Gillispie, that it was Joseph who thought up the idea of the hot-air balloon. Just how this happened is open to some question, but one family story is that Joseph got the idea while drying his wife's chemise over a fire. He noted that the heat seemed to lift and billow the fabric, and he speculated that a large sack could be filled with the same "gas" and sent aloft. At this time—the seventeen-seventies—the nature of heat was considered essentially chemical. Heat was thought to be a sort of elastic fluid, and the idea of filling something with heat had a rather literal meaning. The precise steps that led from this early inspiration to the brothers' constructing their first *montgolfière* are not clear. What is known is that this first flying machine was an elongated sphere weighing some five hundred pounds, with a lateral diameter of thirty-five feet. The great bag was assembled from four fitted segments, which were fastened together with eighteen hundred buttons. The material was sackcloth lined with three layers of paper. Needless to say, it leaked badly. At the bottom of the bag there was an eight-foot-square mouth, and underneath it, in a brazier in an iron basket, the brothers kindled a fire of shredded wool and dry straw, which was ignited with the aid of alcohol. The initial flight lasted only some ten minutes. After landing in a nearby vineyard, the *montgolfière* burst into flames.

d.ehrenberg

News of the flight soon spread to Paris, and caught the attention of the physicist Jacques-Alexandre-César Charles. Charles knew of the experiments of the British scientist Henry Cavendish, who some fifteen years earlier had isolated hydrogen by exposing metals to, say, sulfuric acid. This then novel gas was both lighter than air and inflammable—indeed, highly inflammable. It occurred to Charles that the ideal way to make a flying balloon was to fill it with hydrogen, and he invented a rival flying machine, the *charlière*. A *charlière* took off from the Champ de Mars on August 27, 1783. The attempts to produce enough hydrogen to fill the *charlière*—a spherical bag twelve feet in diameter, made of taffeta impregnated with India rubber—were very dangerous. Professor Gillispie writes, "Just let the modern reader imagine for a moment what was going on here. In a small, enclosed courtyard in a densely populated section of the city, a handful of largely inexperienced people were collecting an unprecedented quantity of the most inflammable gas known through a tube too hot to touch into the confinement of a rubberized bag that was close to catching fire if it was not first chewed through by sulfuric acid.” Despite all this, the balloon took off at 5 P.M. on the twenty-seventh and flew to an altitude of fifteen hundred feet before disappearing into clouds. It flew on for about three-quarters of an hour, at an ever-increasing altitude, until it burst and came down in a field near Ecouen, some twelve miles north of Paris. Professor Gillispie reports that “the peasants among whom it fell attacked with pitchforks and dragged the remains into the village of Gonesse, near the present-day airport of Le Bourget.”



Meanwhile, Étienne had come to Paris. In collaboration with two friends, Ami Argand and Jean-Baptiste Réveillon, and with the constant advice of Joseph and the rest of the family, he began the construction of a new *montgolfière*. Its geometry is a bit difficult to describe. The balloon looked, in many respects, like a decorated Russian Easter egg. The top and the bottom sections were roughly conical, and the middle resembled a slice taken out of a beer barrel. All in all, it stood seventy feet high and at its thickest was forty feet in diameter. The new *montgolfière* was made of taffeta sandwiched between two layers of what was, in effect, wallpaper. Réveillon was one of the most successful manufacturers of wallpaper in France, and it seems to have been his inspiration to festoon the external paper with a gold decoration set against an azure background. In contrast, the *charlière*, which had been designed by technocrats, was starkly striped in red and blue. The new *montgolfière* weighed a thousand pounds; twenty men were needed to move it when it was on the ground. Liftoff was scheduled for September 12th, but it rained that day and the entire balloon came apart in the downpour—ruined. Undaunted, Étienne set to work and built another model, which was smaller and was made of taffeta covered with varnish—a no-nonsense *montgolfière*. To the balloon was attached a cage holding a sheep, a duck, and a rooster—the first aeronauts. This one flew, on September 19th. The balloon took off from Versailles—Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette inspected it before it was launched—and was watched by *le tout Paris*. The balloon flew for eight minutes, and landed in the woods of Vaucresson, just over two miles away. All the animals were in fine shape.

The first person to have gone aloft in a balloon was Étienne de Montgolfier himself. He experimented with secret, tethered flights—reports of which somehow got back to his father, and inspired a stern note from his oldest brother (countersigned by his father) to stay out of the balloons. These tethered flights were in preparation for the real thing—manned free flight—which came about on November 21st. (All this aerial activity took place in less than six months.) The flight was launched from the garden of the Château de la Muette, the home of the two-year-old Dauphin, on the western outskirts of Paris. Ballooning had now become the official rage in the capital. Benjamin Franklin witnessed the flight; when he was asked what use it was, he made the famous reply “What use is a newborn baby?” The two “pilots”—there was little more they could do than tend the fire that provided the hot air—were François Pilatre de Rozier, a dilettante who gave entertaining lectures on scientific topics to an audience consisting for the most part of ladies of fashion, and François Laurent, the Marquis d’Arlandes, to whom Étienne had promised the honor of being the first balloon-flying human being. Incidentally, one of the great pleasures of the book is its illustrations—some ninety of them, eleven in color—which depict the cast of characters and their balloons and other machines. One of the illustrations is a view of the first manned flight; it was drawn from Franklin’s terrace. Despite a few difficulties, the balloonists sailed unscathed into what is now the Thirteenth Arrondissement. (On June 15, 1785, Pilatre and a fellow-balloonist were killed when they tried to make a cross-Channel flight. They became the first victims of an air crash.)

The last of the great Montgolfier balloons flew from Lyons on January 19, 1784. It carried seven passengers, including Joseph. This was his first, and last, balloon flight, and it was a near-disaster. A fire the previous week had weakened the fabric, and once the balloon was aloft the fabric ripped, converting the balloon into a sort of parachute. In fact, this experience led Joseph to begin designing parachutes. (The credit for the invention of the parachute, according to Professor Gillispie, should go to a mechanic from Montpellier named Louis-Sebastien Le Normand, who had the idea in 1783.) After this, Joseph turned his attention to designing heat engines and developing something called the “hydraulic ram”—a simple and widely adopted device for raising water. Étienne, on the other hand, remained deeply committed to the prospects opened by

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manned flight. He envisioned great *montgolfières* being rowed—quite literally—through the air, carrying cargo from place to place. He was never able to raise the money to build one of these dirigibles, and the Revolution put an end to his ventures into ballooning. He died not far from Annonay in 1799.

Joseph withdrew from the paper business in 1795, and moved to Paris two years later, remaining there until shortly before his death in 1810. He obtained a position in the Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers. The position had no fixed responsibilities, so he was able to give all his time to his inventions. In 1800, his fifteen-year-old great-nephew Marc Seguin was sent to Paris to study, and he spent weekends with his granduncle. Joseph was at the time deeply preoccupied with the connection between heat and work—that is, with heat engines—and, in his own way, he anticipated some of the ideas that were soon to flourish in the new science of thermodynamics. His conversation apparently made a strong impression on young Seguin, who, after a distinguished career as a bridge builder, went on to build the first steam railroad in France. The last part of Professor Gillispie's book—the "steam" part—has to do with this development, which he traces well into the nineteenth century. There is a lovely symmetry in the story of the Montgolfier and Seguin families and in Professor Gillispie's beautiful book. In 1859, Marc Seguin moved back to Annonay, where the first *montgolfière* had been launched. Two years later, he was able to buy back the original Montgolfier paper mill, and, as Professor Gillispie tells us, he watched over its operation until his death in 1875. Marc Seguin bought a gigantic house at Annonay, which had, among other things, a small-scale working railroad on which children could play. In his last book, "Mémoire sur l'Aviation, ou Navigation Aérienne," he proposed the design of an airplane.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SELECTED STORIES OF MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN, edited and with an introduction by Marjorie Pryse (Norton; $27.50 cloth, $5.95 paper). "Instead of romanticizing the image of the independent, self-sufficient pioneer and the 'lonesome cowboy'—which the Frederick Jackson Turner

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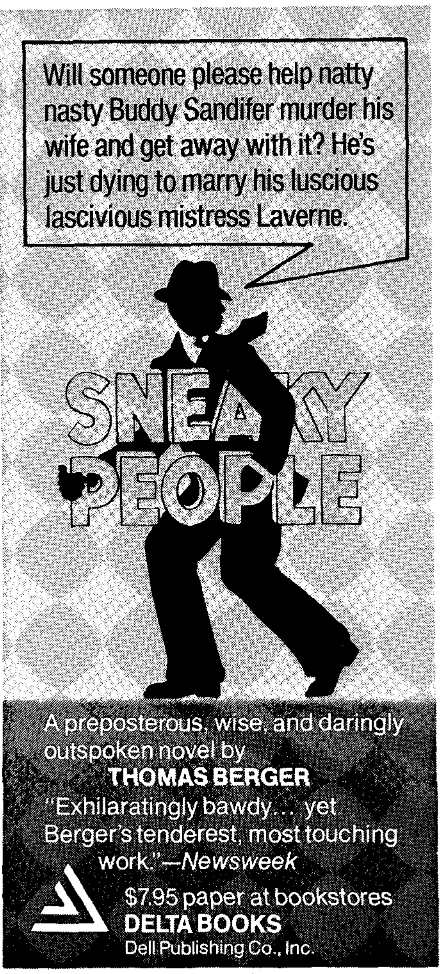
theory of American history has given us—we ought to look to the community Freeman's women created in the wake of the westward movement." With these words of introduction, Marjorie Pryse champions this little-known champion (1852-1930) of postbellum New England's contrariest women. Eighteen distinctive stories, chosen from the best two of the author's fourteen short-story collections, feature paradoxical older women: women graced with a "flexibility more resistant than rigor," who handle "the pease as if they were bullets," and who rate romance somewhere below snake oil. Marjorie Pryse's talk of "patriarchal" this and "quasi-matriarchal" that obscures as often as it enlightens, but most of the stories, whether slight or substantial, are too special to be spoiled by overanalysis. "On the Walpole Road," for instance, is a story told by a "hale and portly" seventy-year-old villager about a bride who speaks up at the altar and then forever holds her peace, and "A New England Nun" is about a fiancée who waits fifteen years and then chooses not to let, as the narrator puts it, a bear into her china shop.

MRS. CALIBAN, by Rachel Ingalls (Gambit; $8.95). "He concentrated on polishing spoons with a silver cloth: six teaspoons from a great-aunt. One leg was slung over the other, which would have looked strange enough, but he was also wearing a flowered apron fastened around his waist, and it contrasted stunningly with his large, muscular green body, his nobly massive head. Dorothy thought he looked, as always, wonderful." Dorothy's husband is faithless and her son is dead; her imagination has become a refuge from tempests—a sort of private island, in her head. As the novel begins, she has been receiving personal messages from her radio, but they stop when an unusual fugitive, whose story has gone out over the public airwaves, is washed up on her kitchen doorstep, or on her island's shore. What follows is a romantic fantasy with comic interludes—involving sunglasses, cucumbers, wigs, and, chiefly, avocados—which soon becomes, if it has not been all along, a tragedy. That Rachel Ingalls, an American who sets her novel in California and who has lived in England for nearly twenty years, stages all this in the space of a mere hundred and twenty pages is something of a miracle.

GENERAL

SYLVIA BEACH AND THE LOST GENERATION, by Noel Riley Fitch (Norton; $25). This book incorporates both the personal history of Sylvia Beach, the first publisher of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (and his proofreader, promoter, nursemaid, factotum, and banker as well), and anecdotes about the writers and other artists who gathered in Paris between the wars at her lending library and bookshop Shakespeare and Company—Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, Thornton Wilder, Samuel Beckett, Janet Flanner, Scott Fitzgerald. The author has availed herself of the Sylvia Beach papers at Princeton, which include the account books and other records of Shakespeare and Company, and which Miss Beach used, selectively, in writing her memoirs, in 1959. That autobiography was something of a disappointment. Miss Beach, a woman of generous heart who valued discretion, could not bear to say anything unkind about her friends; she glossed over her breach with Joyce, for example, and made no mention of the many instances of ingratitude with which he repaid her arduous work on his behalf. This book suffers from no such reticence; it is dispassionate in tone, but its author obviously feels that literary history, like any other, is best served by the full truth. With photographs.

INVENTING MOTHERHOOD: THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN IDEAL, by Ann Dally (Schocken; $19.95). The author, an English psychiatrist who before attending medical school won undergraduate honors in history, recalls that for centuries high mortality rates made what we consider a normal intact family a rarity; and that, for the most part, servants and boarding schools cared for upper-class children, while working-class mothers and children worked. She finds that the very new—post-Second World War—emphasis on a child's need for its mother's full-time devotion derives from research on institutionalized children and on animals, and explains how, in the last few decades, when such maternal concentration has been attempted it has often proved destructive to everybody in a family. Full-time mothering by a natural mother throughout childhood appears to be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not a necessity but a recent fad, which ignores many real needs. Dr. Dally discusses the economic stagnation in Great Britain and the United States which has deterred public investment in such facilities as day-care centers and nursery schools. Her book combines expert knowledge, good will, good sense, and realism.

Gambling with History: Reagan in the White House, by Laurence I. Barrett (Doubleday; $19.95). Although this volume has revealed the acquisition of Carter campaign secrets by the Reagan campaign staff, its purpose and style are not sensational. Mr. Barrett, the senior White House correspondent of *Time*, has attempted to describe the character of this Administration in order to explain the chances and mischances of its first two years. He points out that in matters of domestic and foreign policy there are several strands of opinion in the Republican Party, which, like all successful parties in modern democracies, is a coalition not only of interests but of ideologies. The Administration, like the Party, has tried to make room for supply-siders, monetarists, and old-fashioned fiscal conservatives, for believers in Fortress America and for alliance builders à la Dulles. However, all the President's following agrees that the federal government—except, possibly, for the Defense Department—should be reduced in size, cost, and power. Mr. Barrett suggests that the high unemployment and large deficits produced by the Administration's efforts to stem inflation and stimulate the economy are emotionally supportable to the President primarily because of his temperamental optimism: he is sure there will be a happy ending. The author thinks that the President himself is a first-rate politician.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Dancing Bear, by James Crumley (Random House; $12.95). Milo Milodragovitch, the Montana-based private investigator who performed so formidably in "The Wrong Case," is hardly an appropriate role model for impressionable American youth: he is a binge whiskey drinker, he snorts cocaine, he is crazy about "chain saws and snowmobiles and four-wheel-drive vehicles," and when he feels that he is in the right he does not hesitate to draw blood ("It was so easy it wasn't even funny—I shot him twice in the ribs in mid-dive, then once in the head when he hit the floor"). But it cannot be denied that, for adults, he is a most entertaining fellow to watch in action: in this case, against a consortium called Environmental Quality Control Services, Inc.—a name that could scarcely be more ironic.

The Baked Bean Supper Murders, by Virginia Rich (Dutton; $12.95). The basic ingredients are standard fare—a Down East village stocked with lobstermen, real-estate sharks, and salty "YRPs" (as the heroine, a gourmet named Mrs. Potter, dubs the "year-round people")—but there is also a surfeit of red herrings, and the plot simmers too long; sixty pages lie between the baked-bean supper and the first of the murders. While Mrs. Potter can congratulate herself (as she prepares a fish stew) "on the continuing and repeated success of her own adaptation of a classic and traditional recipe," Mrs. Rich (whose first adaptation was called "The Cooking School Murders") cannot.

Men in Arms, by John Crosby (Stein & Day; $14.95). A welcome reappearance of Mr. Crosby's unusual hero Horatio Cassidy, C.I.A. discard and professor of medieval history at the New School for Social Research. The excitement here has to do with a complicated munitions scam, the abduction of Cassidy's young daughter, and a curious instance of incest. Mr. Crosby writes even better than usual, and adds for good measure a useful comment on the unchanging nature of the world: "The only thing you can rely on absolutely in armaments is that the experts will *always* back the wrong horse. The German High Seas Fleet, which was built at great cost to prepare for World War I, was of no use whatsoever. . . . In World War II the Maginot Line, constructed at hideous expense, might just as well not have been there, and in World War III the one thing we can count on with absolute certainty is that the MX missile now being built at such obscene cost will not work or will work in totally unexpected ways, probably disastrously."

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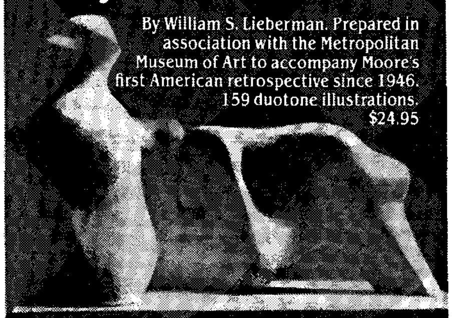

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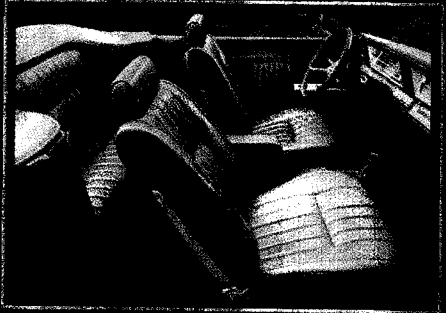

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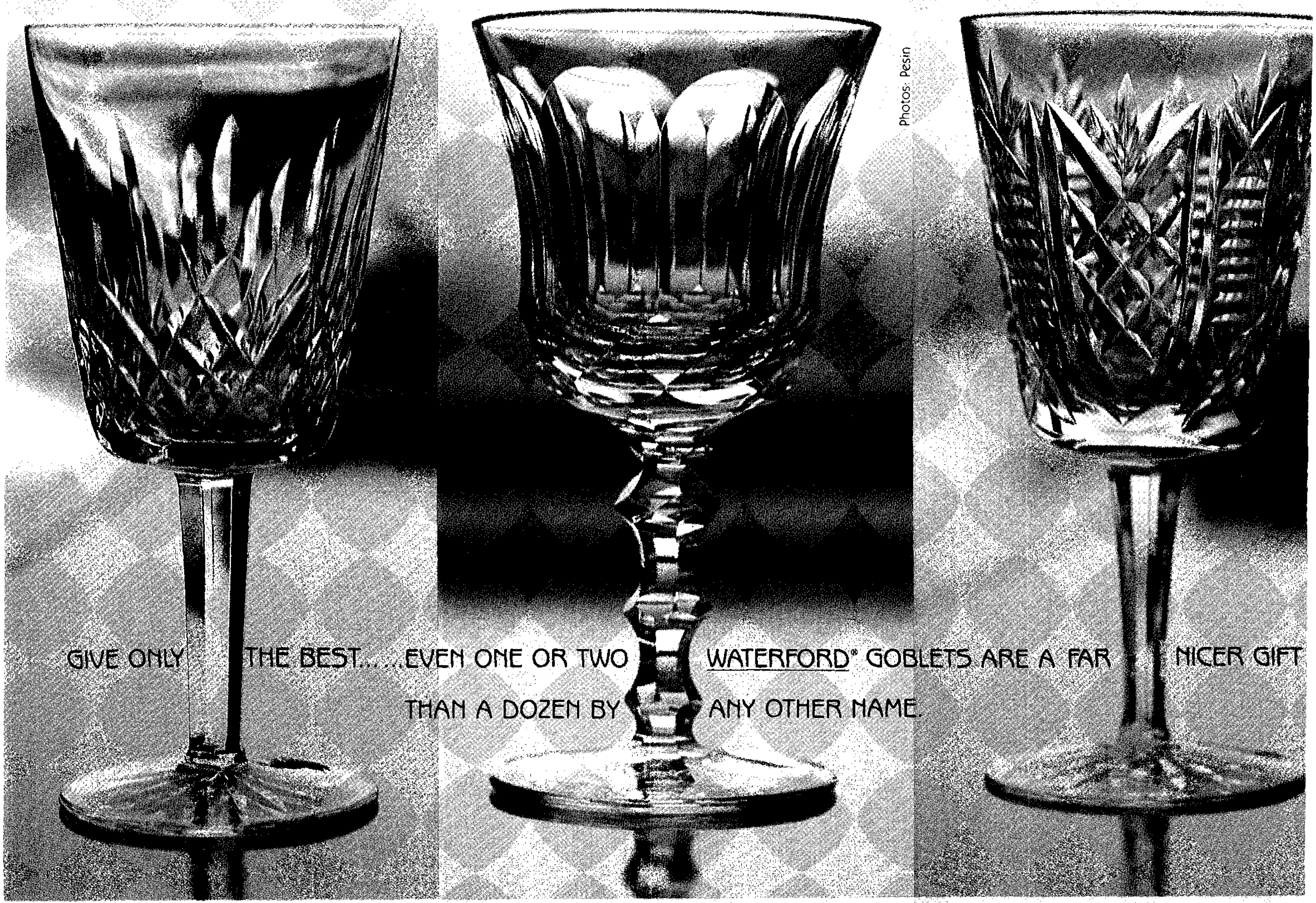
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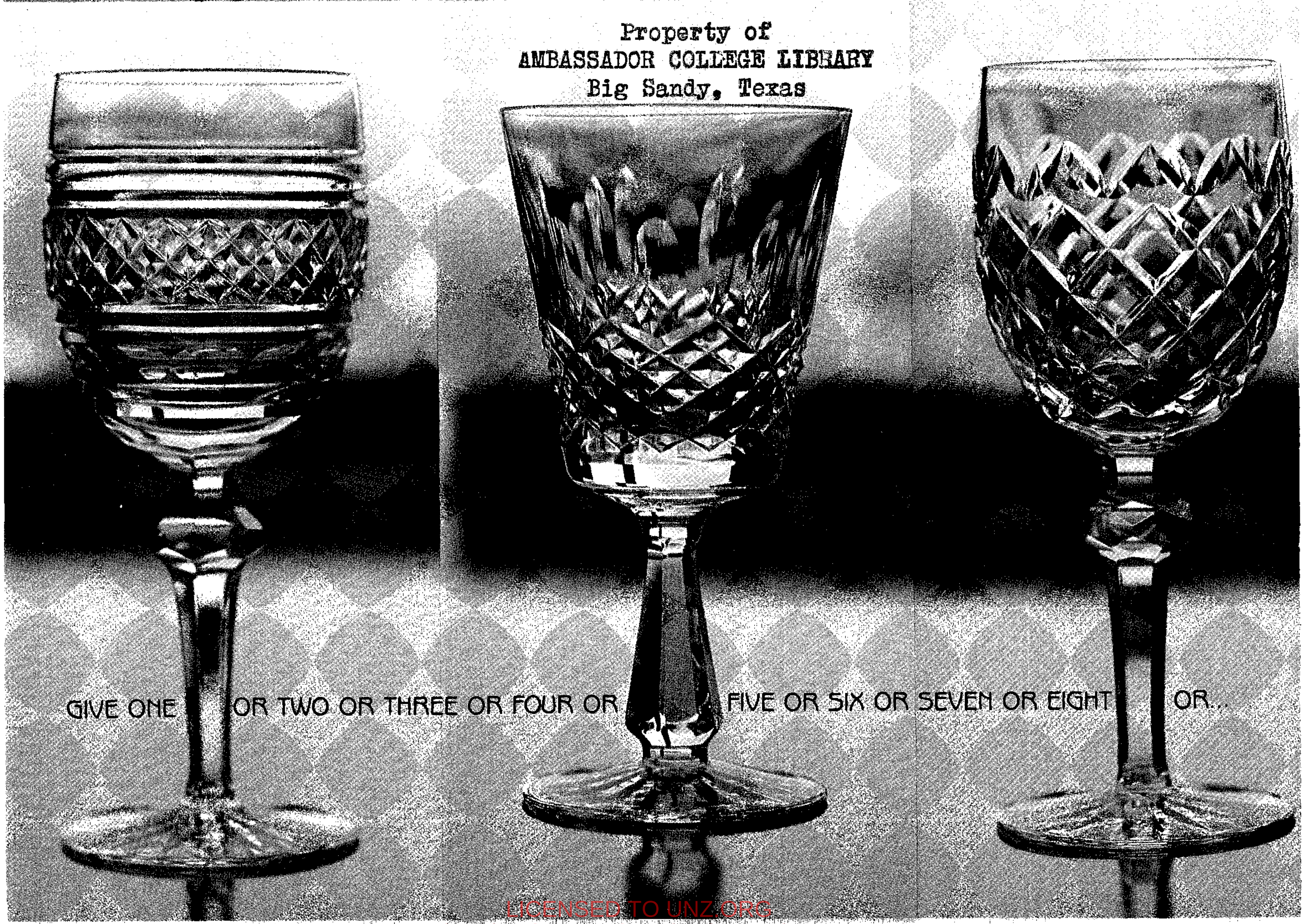
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